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THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

Annals of an American Family

By
CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN



RAY LONG & RICHARD R. SMITH, INC.
NEW YORK - - - - - 1933

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
THE MAKING OF

American Literature, 1800-1860

CLARA LONGWORTH DE BARTHOLOMEW



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*The Making of
Nicholas Longworth*

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NEW YORK

By
CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN

SHAKESPEARE; ACTOR-POET

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. NEW LIGHT AND OLD EVIDENCE

PLAYING WITH SOULS

HIS WIFE'S ROMANCE

In French

GIOVANNI FLORIO; UN APÔTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE À
L'EPOQUE DE SHAKESPEARE (couronné par l'Académie,
Prix Bordin)

UNE AUTOBIOGRAPHIE DE SHAKESPEARE (LES SONNETS)

SHAKESPEARE: ACTEUR-POÈTE

HAMLET DE SHAKESPEARE (couronné par l'Académie, Prix
Jules Favre)

LE ROMAN D'UN HOMME D'AFFAIRES

LA NOUVELLE DESDÉMONE (ROMAN)

DEUX BAGUES AU DOIGT



THE SPEAKER, 1931

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CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN

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PART I SOUTH AFRICA (1895-1900)

Year	Population	Area
1895	1,000,000	1,000,000
1896	1,000,000	1,000,000
1897	1,000,000	1,000,000
1898	1,000,000	1,000,000
1899	1,000,000	1,000,000
1900	1,000,000	1,000,000

PART II SOUTH AFRICA (1901-1906)

Year	Population	Area
1901	1,000,000	1,000,000
1902	1,000,000	1,000,000
1903	1,000,000	1,000,000
1904	1,000,000	1,000,000
1905	1,000,000	1,000,000
1906	1,000,000	1,000,000

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Part I

Early Days

1788-1869

PRELUDE

THESE memoranda deal chiefly with the private life of Nicholas Longworth, third of the name and fourth of the generation in Cincinnati. But, as an explanation of his public activities, they may be more enlightening than a dry recital of party and national services. There was never a case where the adage: "The child is father to the man," applied more fully. The key to his rare personality may be found in this: he neither changed nor stopped growing, steadily, equally, in height and in breadth, like the great hackberry tree under whose boughs his childhood was passed. What essentially Nick was at sixteen, I found him again at sixty, and so did all who knew him: affectionate, humorous, sociable, just, with a never-flagging interest in, and love for, his fellow man.

Unlike many of his contemporaries who, at each decade, slough off their moral skins—not always to the improvement of their complexions—and appear with new politics, new tastes, new friends and, as often as not, new wives, he held to the ideals of his boyhood: family and country.

No man can be truly seen except against his background and certainly no one was more inseparable from early associations than my brother. In recalling some of the salient traits of people who contributed to his moral and

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intellectual formation and made Nick the *well-beloved* as kinsman, friend, partisan and leader, we shall see how great diversity in habits, tastes and tendencies were amalgamated into a unit, typical of America's elect and specially characteristic of the Middle West. I would not have it supposed that I am "setting up" the Longworths as a second Adams family; in the wider sense of the term they have occupied no great place in public affairs, and, too often the melancholy words "might have been, had he lived," are there instead of a record of definite achievement. In the smaller domain of civic annals, however, they have always stood well to the front and have been considered agreeable members of the community.

Nick's philanthropy was innate, and came to him like an ancestral heritage, as did his spirit of broad and tolerant religion. In the minor trials of existence he seldom spoke of personal worries, listened courteously to the troubles of others but took his own to the woods or to a concert—better still, gave them the voice of his violin. For sentiment was at the root of what he did and thought. It made his friendships more solid and durable, adorned with a special halo those who had come within the magic circle of boyhood memories and lent a romantic touch to his feelings about many women. In short, my brother brought his big heart into every relation of life and politics: his unswerving loyalty to the Grand Old Party—because to him it seemed the best means toward a patriotic end—gave dignity to his faithful service and humanized the Republican machine.

Perhaps constant association with his grandfather,

PRELUDE

Joseph Longworth, under whose roof we were all born and lived until Nick's thirteenth year, was what made the deepest imprint. Children detect psychic qualities which cannot be defined and are capable of appreciating unselfish devotion and sorrow bravely borne. Our grandmother was known to us only by the cult which set an aureole round her name, and made the spot under the beech trees where she had chosen to be buried, a place of awed and pious pilgrimage. The vacancy she left was more or less filled by her elder sister Margaret, known as "Aunt Minnie." Having no children by her marriage with Rufus King, this dear lady decided that her vocation lay in helping her brother-in-law bring up his motherless boys and girl and, later, in extending her vigilance to great-nieces and nephew.

We, of the next generation, were inclined to take a humorous view of our aunt's queenly airs, cashmere, shawls and tales of Virginia's departed grandeur. Among the first families of the Old Dominion she rated her own foremost but, having adopted Cincinnati as her home, considered it the first city in the Union and seldom failed to point out that if Cincinnati owed something to the Longworths the Longworths owed still more to the Queen City.

Nick shared this view: he belonged to his native town in a very deep and personal sense, so much so that in attempting to picture my brother in these pages, it must be as a composite of family likenesses and native growth, equally inseparable from his ancestors' history and from his city's past.

I shall therefore begin with a sketch of Cincinnati as

THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

she appeared to those who rounded the majestic double curve of the Ohio and perceived a small settlement not more than two score houses all told crowning the steep bank, then describe the Queen City able to throw down her gauntlet to all competitors, and finally evoke the home of our childhood somewhat crestfallen since Chicago and St. Louis had broken all previous records, but no less dear to those of our generation.

"Rockwood,"

November 5, 1932

CHAPTER I

THE FOUNDERS OF CINCINNATI

WHEN an American sets out in search of "Adequate Ancestry," complacent genealogists usually trace him a descent from a king at least. The Longworths, according to what I can discover, must renounce regal ambition and content themselves with a purely traditional lineage derived from Norman *Longue Epée*, translated into *Long Sword* and corrupted, on the popular tongue, into Longworth. Tradition also says that Alicia Percy selected as a husband some sixteenth-century Longworth, but, though the possession of a few drops of Harry Hotspur's blood would form a pleasant bond with Shakespeare's hero, I find no proof of this assertion.

Firm documentary ground is reached when the *Oxford Chronicle* says: "John Longworth, D.D., of New College, son of Lancelot Longworth of Kettelbury, Worcester, was installed prebendary in place of Richard Longworth deceased in 1590, and became later canon of Canterbury and archdeacon of Wells."

Some years after we find Francis Longworth, proprietor of a house near the Globe Theatre in London, vainly protesting against the odoriferous nuisance of the neighboring bear-garden. Thus it was, perhaps without regret, that he removed his sensitive nose to a grant in

THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

Westmeath, Ireland, where it was the Queen's policy to settle a certain number of English Protestant families to keep order in that "commonwealth of commonwoe," as Sir Walter Raleigh named it. From Craggan Castle a grandson of Francis Longworth, Gent., embarked for the New Jersey settlements, and, as King's magistrate, lived at Newark with his wife, Elizabeth Royall, in good credit and repute. Their son, Thomas, married Apphia Davis Van der Poel, and also prospered until the rampant spirit of Seventy-six began to make existence complicated for all loyalist families, as every British functionary who refused to betray the trust placed in him was declared a "traitor."

By the time their third child, Nicholas, was born (1784) fines and confiscations had depleted the family exchequer, and, as the boy grew, it was deemed prudent for him to learn a trade before starting West to seek better fortune. In that way he could keep his mother and sisters supplied with the high red-heeled slippers worn by them well into the nineteenth century.

Meanwhile, as in the fairy books, two elder brothers, Joseph and Archibald, preceded Nicholas in the quest for a livelihood—one going North, the other South, leaving to their junior the path toward the setting sun.

A careful inventory of young Nicholas' belongings when he fared forth to cross the Alleghanies has been preserved: "Six coats, black and blue; one dozen plain and fancy waistcoats; four pairs of silk and eight of woolen breeches; six dozen plain and ruffled shirts; a like number of hose and handkerchiefs which, with cravats

THE FOUNDERS OF CINCINNATI

and other *et ceteras*," had been carefully marked, pressed and packed by his mother in a capacious leather chest.

Seated upon this trunk placed upon a flatboat—fore-runner of the Ohio River steamers—Nicholas Longworth came floating down from Pittsburgh in the first year of the century. His head was full of projects and of poetry, for he was addicted to writing "witty verse, at least there have been printed worse," in the vein, then popular, of *Praed*.

The boat tied up at a spot between the two Miamis, where the tiny village of Losantiville had grown into a very small Cincinnati under the protection of guns mounted at Fort Washington, "a solid substantial fortress of hewn timber about 180 feet square, two stories high, loopholes pierced for musketry and blockhouses at the angles." Already a handful of enterprising folk had struck root in this privileged soil. Richard Clough Anderson, surveyor of Government lands, was hard at work; Judge Burnet, son of the Surgeon General in Washington's army, and John Gano possessed their grants with others of the military society, including the French families of Grandin, Force, Kemper, Villette and l'Homme-dieu. John Cleves Symmes had purchased a vast tract and Major Silas Howell, of the New Jersey Continental line, who served under Washington and acted as aide-de-camp to Lafayette, had fallen heir to some thousand acres on the old Indian trail—the Grandin Road of our day—and had built his backwoodsman's cottage on what is now "Rookwood," our Nick's birthplace and home. These men, newly freed from the perils of the wilderness and

THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

still in the first flush of national liberty, loved to recount stories of cabin stove and camp kettle and recall the events which placed Ohio on the French map three years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and gave to the region where Cincinnati now stands the lugubrious name "Miami Slaughterhouse." *

No country in the world could have appeared more tempting to the pioneer. Valleys, streams and rivers were happily commingled with hill, upland and savannas or natural meadows, equally fitted for raising crops or pas-

* A vast enterprise of pacific penetration was undertaken by Le Caron and Mesnard as early as 1616; it was continued by Allouez, Père Marquette, La Salle and Cadillac, who prepared the way for the establishment of the French claim from the Great Lakes to New Orleans.

In 1749, the Canadian Governor General Marquis de la Galissonnière organized an expedition placed under the command of Major de Celoron. This veteran officer crossed Lake Erie with a force of 250 regulars and a band of Indian scouts. After an arduous portage he succeeded in launching his canoes on *La Belle Rivière*, as the Ohio was then called. Thanks to the learned Father Bonnescamps, chaplain and topographical expert, the region was carefully mapped. Leaden plates were buried at certain fixed points, establishing the rights of Louis XV to the ground which had been covered. Later, trading posts were created as far as Cuyahoga, Sandusky and the Maumee, in direct contact with the large tribal agglomerations; for then as well as now, the French were able to fraternize with the aborigine without alienating or destroying him.

The French, however, were not equipped to cope with the trade rivalry of Great Britain. England's control of the ocean enabled her merchants to offer cheap goods and cheap rum to the Indians. As early as 1701, d'Iberville warned his Government that, "in forty years, the English would be masters of the most beautiful country in the world if fresh forces were not dispatched to fortify and defend it."

The powerful strongholds of Fort Duquesne and the strategy of Jonquaire and Vaudreuil baffled attempts at armed British conquest. But when Quebec fell, the Treaty of Paris transferred to the English crown all the land that had heretofore been under Canadian rule, including, of course, what is now the State of Ohio, so that, after 1763, this territory passed from French to British control though, as Rufus King wrote: "Men may well question whether the victorious cause was the just one."

THE FOUNDERS OF CINCINNATI

turing animals. Forest-covered slopes spread into open woodland, abounding in game; the rivers were plentifully stocked with fish. No wonder that the red men of the "Five Nations"—Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas—were ready to combat the British advance step by step, and viewed the land-grabbing settlers with even greater alarm. The Indian soon learned that there was no room for his hunting ground in the neighborhood of English fort or squatter's cabin and as between the three evils—King Louis, King George and the pioneer—considered that the least was Louis of France.

The earliest white comers in southern Ohio were French. They led the nomadic life of bushrangers or trappers, and were deemed outlaws by the Canadian government, which held strict monopoly of the fur trade. In order to hunt, without paying the hunters' tax, many of those who had been sent over to colonize at the expense of France slipped out of their government's control and foraged independently for a living. This floating population called *coureurs de bois* was gradually driven onward by the regular traders to the Western plains and mountains where, like Charbonneau and his Indian wife, they became guides to the official expeditions of Lewis and Clark and later ones described by Washington Irving.

In 1758 an attempt made to establish a permanent settlement was undertaken by Mr. Purviance of Baltimore, four gentlemen from Maryland and two French savants, a botanist and a geologist. They had three large boats, were well armed and provisioned, but no trace of them was ever found in spite of the inquiries set on foot by

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General Harmar. The river kept her secret and the Indians, too.

Another effort was made by the Moravians under Zeisberger and Heckwelder, expelled from Pennsylvania with their followers. They established several outposts in the wilderness, imitated the French method of fraternizing with the Indians and often succeeded in obtaining a hearing and even in making conversions. They deserve to be honored as the Pilgrims of Ohio, even as those of the *Mayflower* are remembered in Massachusetts, the more so as ninety-six Moravians were massacred by a lawless band of so-called American Militia under promise of safe-conduct to their settlement.*

It would be pleasant to forget the third attempt to colonize southern Ohio, foredoomed to failure through fraudulent activities of certain promoters. Even during that heroic epoch, there were Kreugers to be found at home and abroad. Three international scamps—French, Scotch and Yankee—cleverly based their scheme on a grant from the Federal Government authorizing the sale of a million and a half acres situated between the “seven ranges of the Ohio and the Scioto Rivers.” The misnamed Playfair, a civil engineer, drew a tempting map of a purely imaginary colony and printed a prospectus describing the Utopian province, which was parcelled off at “easy” rates to five hundred French subscribers. These were chiefly

* The tenets of the “Unitas Fratrum” were few and simple. They adopted a primitive Christian habit of submitting to let all questions liable to breed dissension, trusted in the merits and sufferings of Jesus as Saviour of the human race, and endeavored to imitate His gentle methods of persuasive eloquence.

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farmers and mechanics from Paris and Lyons, with one or two old noblemen, like Comte de Malartie who, glad to escape from the terrors of the revolution at home, undertook this American adventure, only to find, upon arriving in Ohio, that they had bought a "wooden nutmeg," the grounds offered to them by the prospectus having nothing whatever to do with the original grant.*

Other complications had to be surmounted before Cincinnati came definitely into being. Gallipolis, Marietta and Chillicothe were well established when the first idea of creating a town opposite the mouth of the Licking River came to Benjamin Stites, of New Jersey. While sojourning at Maysville, the visitor joined a scouting party from that settlement to pursue predatory Indians who had carried off live-stock. He thus obtained a bird's-eye view of the district between the two Miamis and, struck by its future possibilities, hastened home to form an association of twenty-four members for the purchase of this desirable tract.

The leading men of the enterprise—Judge John Cleves Symmes, Jonathan Dayton, Elias Boudinot, Dr. Wither-
spoon and a schoolmaster named Filson—requested a gov-

* Thinned down to a score or two, they wandered about between Gallipolis and Marietta until an indignant appeal from General St. Clair to Washington against the "disgraceful speculation which reflected upon the American character and involved in total ruin a large number of immigrants who had come in good faith to a foreign land," moved Congress to action. In 1794, what was called "The French Grant" authorized any widow or youth over eighteen who still remained alive in the region to claim land in Lawrence County. Rufus King, in summing up the Scioto case, says: "This scandalous transaction was so skilfully smothered by the donation made to relieve the survivors of those who had already perished from want and ague that it is difficult to trace who were the chief contrivers of this cruel swindle. . . ."

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ernment grant in August, 1787. Without waiting for full authorization, Symmes imprudently went ahead with his scheme promising health, wealth and numerous blessings to those who would engage to dwell for three successive years on this privileged ground. Squatter's title thus obtained was apt to conflict with concessions already accorded to members of the Military Order of the Cincinnati, and was certain to breed rivalry among the New Jersey stockholders. These were divided in two factions—Symmes and Ludlow versus Stites and Filson—each claiming the right to lay out and name the future town.*

Judge Symmes was first on the ground with his surveyor, Israel Ludlow, negotiating successfully for peace with the few straggling tribes, when Stites and Filson, reinforced by a group of Kentuckians, appeared on the scene, determined to impose their own town plat, drawn on the model of Philadelphia and their chosen name *Losantiville*, a mixture of Greek, Latin and French supposed to represent the city opposite the Licking mouth. Some desired to see Columbia, some Delta, some North Bend as center of the new agglomeration. Discussions were rife when all those interested met finally on what is now the public landing, September, 1788, and encamped near Colonel Clarke's old blockhouse. Next day, all rode out to inspect the neighboring country. At about twenty miles from camp they ran into a small group of Shawanee tents, pitched on the bank of the Big Miami. The Ken-

*The confusion which arose created many animosities, sometimes resulting tragically, until an act of Congress, in 1792, definitely conceded the land purchased by Symmes and his associates, while sections for an academy, public schools, seminaries and churches were reserved to the State.

THE FOUNDERS OF CINCINNATI

tuckians clamored to attack; Symmes refused, explaining that he had promised never to molest Indians. Frustrated in their taste for battle the party rode home en masse, leaving Symmes and Filson in a perilous position near their so-called allies.

Although Symmes returned in safety to the camp the unfortunate Filson was never again seen alive. Once more the Indians and the river kept their secret.

Whatever regrets may have been expressed, it is evident that two plans are equally superfluous in war or urbanism.

Israel Ludlow acquired Filson's interests in the company, becoming its chief surveyor and principal land agent with Maysville as base of supplies. Then the army stepped in. Two companies of engineers under Major Doughty came with orders to "lay out a new work for the protection of the people settled in Judge Symmes' purchase"; they fixed upon a spot "high and healthy, abounding in never-failing springs, a most proper position for the purpose" and constructed Fort Washington on ground immediately east of the town plat as designed by Ludlow. The barracks were situated on Eastern Row (now Broadway) between Third and Fourth Streets. The Artificer's yard occupied a three-acre enclosure on the river bank with work shops, dormitories and a "commodious" two-story edifice, known as the Yellow House, built for the Quartermaster General. Behind the fort, Colonel Winthrop Sargent, secretary of the Northwestern Territory, cultivated a spacious garden while Dr. Allison, Surgeon General, enjoyed a comfortable dwell-

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ing and fruitery known as Peach Grove. A room in George Avery's tavern, near a large frog pond interspersed with elder bushes at Fourth and Main, was rented to accommodate the court-martial. This room was permanently equipped with pillory, stocks and whipping post and, on two occasions, saw the shadow of a gallows.

In 1789, Fort Washington was garrisoned by 140 men; General Harmar brought 330 additional troops. A year later, General St. Clair, first Governor of the Western Reserve, came officially to establish the County of Hamilton, inaugurate the Supreme Provincial Court and dedicate the city under a name more historically fitting than was Filson's ridiculous appellation. "The Governor made Losantiville the county seat under the name of *Cincinnati*," wrote John Cleves Symmes, describing the ceremonies, "so Losantiville will become extinct."

Thus the last traces of the unfortunate schoolmaster's passage in southern Ohio were definitely wiped out. Meanwhile forty more families and two frame houses were added to the small group of cabins, but it is estimated that yearly at least twenty citizens fell victims to "the vigilant and untiring ferocity of savage enemies. Every copse, every fallen tree, every tangled thicket afforded covert for the stealthy messengers of death who hovered around the infant settlement, where the sound of the hammers startled the panther in his lair and mingled its reverberations with the hostile war whoop." So more troops were levied until practically the entire army of the United States was concentrated west of the Alleghanies.

and the history of the United States is a story of the growth of a great nation from a small colony of English settlers. The story begins in 1492 when Christopher Columbus discovered the New World. The first English colony was founded in 1607 at Jamestown, Virginia. The Pilgrims founded the Plymouth colony in 1620. The Massachusetts Bay colony was founded in 1630. The Virginia colony was founded in 1607. The New England colonies were founded in the 17th century. The Southern colonies were founded in the 17th century. The Middle colonies were founded in the 17th century. The Western colonies were founded in the 18th century.

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The disastrous rout in which more than 900 men were killed and six cannons lost, tragically checked St. Clair's ill-judged offensive on the Wabash designed to free the district of the Indian menace. This operation did much to retard the growth of Cincinnati. The town lost many men, not only by the tomahawk, but also through fear of it. For some of the "timider souls" retired with their families to the more defensible settlements of Kentucky. Those who remained were required by law to carry weapons when attending the service of the recently constructed Presbyterian church, and it was not without risk that thirty small pupils went to the newly inaugurated school, where, among a curious mixture of studies, manners were taught; and "toeing the mark" became a test of poise and decorum.

Fortunately, in 1795, following the victory of General Wayne, a treaty was negotiated at Greenville. This brought an end to the hostilities which, for so long, had harassed the settlers. In that year the village contained ninety-four cabins, ten frame houses and about 500 inhabitants, and from that moment growth was phenomenal. Before the end of the century, representation by counties was authorized. Cincinnati became the seat of the territorial assembly and William Henry Harrison, then commanding at Fort Washington and later President of the United States, gave up his military commission to take over the secretaryship of the assembly.

Three years after, Ohio became a prosperous state of

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which, for a time, Cincinnati was the capital; so that the newcomer, Nicholas Longworth, never needed to practice the trade which he had learned, but started on more intellectual pursuits, reading law zealously in Judge Burnet's office, and soon obtaining from the court a license to practice at the bar. He accompanied Judge Burnet on the circuit rides, described in the latter's reminiscences, "where often sixty miles were traversed by the judges and lawyers on horseback without seeing a white man's habitation and partaking of the hospitality of Indian chiefs which had no limit but their contracted resources." Though the garrison at Fort Washington no longer played a leading part in town affairs, our young lawyer was learning much that was useful from Major Howell's daughter and succeeded through her help in effacing from his name the blot of "loyalism," for even a Tory, when in love, may develop republican principles.

Although scarcely out of her girlhood, Susan Howell was already a widow, her first husband, Stephen Connor, having succumbed to the hazards of border life shortly after their marriage. She was a striking example of the qualities which rough pioneer existence occasionally brought out among those who did not allow roughness to interfere with intellectual and moral refinement. Though not beautiful in the regular sense, she was fair to look upon, with kindly gray eyes, fresh and brilliant complexion, and a slender, erect figure, remarkable for its poise and dignity. Bred to the woods, she had experienced the hardest part of frontier life, from the first



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, 1857 SUSAN HOWELL LONGWORTH, 1857
From old photographs



JOSEPH LONGWORTH
Photographed by Judge Longworth

THE FOUNDERS OF CINCINNATI

phase when the recent settler *deadened* the spring, girdled the trees and built his rude log cabin. She had seen windows of greased paper give way to that luxury: glass, and knew all about practical matters.

She told how, when the logs had been cut, neighbors were assembled to help build the cabin which, through concerted action, was often ready for its inhabitants on the very spot where the trees, that made it, grew the same morning; chinks and holes were daubed with clay, the wooden chimney freely coated with it; a few pegs to support household possessions were driven into the walls and the family moved in.

Food rather than shelter was the severest want of the pioneers for, although the woods were full of game, there is nothing less satisfactory than constant diet of venison, bear meat or wild turkey. No bread, no salt, so that the "lick spring," scanty and infrequent, was a real treasure. Reliance was chiefly placed on the crop of Indian corn and the lost art of making hoe-cake, dodger and pone flourished. What was superfluous was exchanged at the nearest station, for bacon, pork, and whiskey, sole protection against the dreaded "chills and fever."

The furniture of the cabins was superior to the house itself: excellent tables, cupboards and benches were made with beech and poplar. Buckeye, Ohio's emblem, with its fine grain, served for bowls and platters before tin and queens-ware were obtainable. The split-bottom chair was as comfortable in those days as now.

Squirrel, raccoon or rabbit fur was used for caps and

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mittens. Deerskins served for rugs and heaped-up bearskins made both bed and bedding until the "quilting party" had stacked the cupboards with dozens of the brightly tinted bedspreads, pride of every early housewife. Wood and flax soon abounded; spinning-wheels and looms hummed and creaked in every house. Home-made linen, mixed flannels, linseys and jeans constituted the raw material for clothing. The hulls of walnuts and butternuts, with a root of bright yellow, served as dye-stuff, but soon indigo and madder superseded these as the modish tint for hunting-shirt, "warmus" or petticoat. Later, "storegoods" penetrated, thanks to the Pennsylvania wagons from Pittsburgh and the Ohio River ports.

Barter was conducted through any medium easily transportable by pack-horse. Cut money or "sharp skins" was a curious necessity of the times. Spanish coins were divided into quarters and, as the value was variable, all officers of the territory were empowered to take their fees in Indian corn, rated at one cent a quart. A deer-skin passed for a dollar; a beaver skin, rarer and soon to become extinct, was sold for two dollars. The last buffalo disappeared from these regions in 1796.

One of the seemingly miraculous orchards, the origin of which, for a long time, mystified the settlers, was found by the Howells. These trees had been planted by a curious hermit and wanderer named John Chapman, familiarly, "Johnny Appleseed," who, alone with his ax and entirely unmolested by the Red Men, cleared spots throughout the woods, sowed his seeds, surrounded the

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little plots with a hedge of brush to keep the deer off, and left them as a gift to those who should come after.

The pioneers were not without pastimes and festivities of a sort. Merry gatherings occurred at the "sugar camp" where the maple trees were tapped, the sap drawn, boiled down in an immense "gipsy kettle," and brown slabs of sugar distributed among the makers; militia musters, bear hunts, shooting matches and quarter races assembled the families for miles around.

When the roads became practicable, Susan Howell had seen that first delight of the pioneer, the traveling museum. Three or four box cars were mounted on low wheels, lighted with transom windows run together and united, upon arrival at the showplace, so as to form a gallery. The spectators passed through to enjoy the "sights" spread out on shelves and in glass cases. There was every sort of things from the bones of the mastodon to Dr. Franklin's penny whistle, duly authenticated. Panoramas made of small colored engravings, cleverly illuminated and exhibited through magnifying glasses—a sort of primitive stereopticon—were brought to the delighted eye by the pulling of a string.

Susan also described the first official function organized to honor, with solemn rites, the death of George Washington. The military companies of fort and town fell in respectfully behind the officiating clergyman. A charger representing that of the deceased hero with saddle, holsters and boots reversed followed the pall-bearers; then came Governor St. Clair with the Attorney General, as chief mourners; Masonic brethren and officers of the

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militia in uniform brought up the rear. So conscientiously were all the details carried out that the mock coffin was actually buried in the ground. Little was left to pioneer imagination.

In short, Susan Howell had observed so many strange and curious things which seem like fables to her descendants that she had much to impart to the newcomer. Fortunately she was not inconsolable and, on Christmas Eve, 1807, Nicholas Longworth took the most auspicious step in an exceptionally happy existence, when they were married by the Reverend Dr. Mathew Wallace, a brother of Mrs. Jacob Burnet. The wedding which took place in Cincinnati's first brick building, with Joseph Pierce as groomsman and Julia Elliot as bridesmaid, must have contrasted strangely with that first bridal ceremony performed, according to the ritual of those early settlers, when a wedding among people of the better sort was a three-day festivity concluding with the *Infare*, as it was called, the bride riding pillion in true Canterbury pilgrimage style and escorted by a procession of merrymakers to her new home.

I cannot resist recording what Nicholas Longworth's sister Kate, who had remained in Newark, wrote to him soon after he settled down to married life. Miss Catherine always insisted that visits were due to her, but that she must not be expected to indulge in any such pranks as traveling. The quaint flavor of this epistle, so utterly different from anything we could conceive of nowadays, makes it stand out like an old sampler of the Byronic period against a background of modern fancy work.

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Newark, March 2, 1810.

“ . . . the lines that assure me of your health and prosperity always have, and always will, continue my heart's greatest felicity, while I indulge the fond belief that your talents and virtues will one day lead to the honors and the wealth they so well deserve. You speak of my new “sister” as one formed to confirm the opinion that the world is not quite destitute of amiable female characters; I have not yet written to her and am apprehensive that I may not be as fortunate as yourself in receiving an answer. Your promise of making us a morning visit had given me much pleasure. Pray endeavor to make it convenient this spring. I should thereby (omitting other considerations) indulge a female propensity entitled curiosity and perhaps persuade you to remain.

“Henry the Fourth, they say, on being informed that some spots of his garden at Fontainebleau were barren, instructed his gardener ‘to sew attourneys because they throve on every soil,’ and I should be very happy if you would try the experiment of transplanting yourself into New Jersey.

“I have written thus far without noticing an inquiry you made in your last letter—namely, whether I have yet formed any opinion ‘from experience’ of the Lords of Creation, different from that I formerly professed. This I must answer in the negative. I have only taken a most general view of those who came within my observation, but that was sufficient to make me doubt the existence of those talents and virtues which history and

Article I, Section 1

All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors in that State.

Section 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for a Term of six Years; and each Senator shall have the Qualifications requisite for Senators in that State.

Section 4. The Times, Places and Manner of holding the Elections of Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by Law alter or add to the Rules and Regulations of the foregoing States.

Section 5. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every Year, and such Meeting shall begin at noon on the first Monday in January, but they may adjourn from time to time, and may hold two Sessions in each Year, and may extend the last Session to any day within the next Year.

Section 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive Compensation for their Services, which shall be ascertained from Time to Time by the Congress, and they shall, except Representatives, be inconstant.

Section 7. The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes on Imports and Exports, on all Subjects, but no Tax or Duty shall be laid on Articles exported from any State.

Section 8. The Congress shall have Power to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, to regulate Commerce among the States, and with the Indian Tribes; to borrow Money on the Credit of the United States; to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures; to coin Money, to regulate the Value thereof, and to make such other Laws as may be necessary and proper to execute the foregoing Powers.

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biography so generously ascribe to some of the same species. Had I only consulted European authorities on the subject, I should be inclined to adopt the opinion some of them have advanced: that our country is not favorable to genius, and that the race has degenerated on this side of Atlantic.

"Should any individual ever change my opinion in his favour I think it very likely that I shall not tell you of it, unless indeed, I should be very much at a loss for news. . . . I shall conclude in the old humdrum style, by telling you what I flatter myself you knew before, that I am yours affectionately, etc. . . .

"CATHERINE LONGWORTH."

From the time of their first meeting which had taken place in an artist's studio, the lives of Nicholas and Susan Longworth remained closely identified with the artistic and intellectual growth of Cincinnati whose progress continued ever after to be linked with the prosperity of their descendants.

Intellectual expansion began in 1814 when an association was formed by General Lytle, Dr. Daniel Drake, Jacob Burnet and J. H. Piatt to found a university which should include law school, medical institute and literary faculty. In 1815, the publication of *A Picture of Cincinnati*, describing the town's advantages and activities, drew a great many home-seekers to settle there. Two years later, Captain Shreve with the government steamer, *Washington*, overcame the obstacles of the Mississippi and

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established regular passenger service between New Orleans and the Ohio.

In 1825 the legislature voted a tax of one mill on the dollar to establish free schools based on the declaration—in the original Ordinance of the Northwestern Territory—"that schools and means of instruction shall forever be encouraged" and, although this made a pitifully small sum for public instruction, it was evidently efficacious enough to permit quite a demonstration in honor of Lafayette's visit to the town, in May, 1825.

The first honors which the General received at sunrise were from the boys and girls belonging to the Public Schools. Assembled to the number of six hundred, under the superintendence of their teachers, these children were ranged in the principal street, where they made the air echo with a choral: "Welcome to Lafayette."

Thus the part which the public school children of Cincinnati were to take as choristers in the May Festivals was already foreshadowed more than a hundred years ago, when they were trained under Dr. Ruter's baton!

From that time educational progress was rapid. In 1829 the number of students had swelled to 1,000 boys and nearly 800 girls, the public schools had increased to forty-seven, plus five private "female academies," a "monitorial" institution, forerunner of the kindergarten system, and eleven private schools for boys.

The city took pride in its twenty-three churches of all denominations, Catholic cathedral and Jewish synagogue, twelve newspapers or periodicals, its gallery of

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paintings, two museums, six library reading rooms and a mechanics' institute. The post-office boasted that twenty-three mails arrived and departed weekly, eighteen conveyed by stage, five carried on horseback; in less than four months 2,500 passengers and over 6,000 tons of freight arrived in town by the Miami Canal.

Thanks to this sudden and continuous growth, our great-grandfather found himself well on the way to realize his sister Kate's prophecy that his "talents and virtues would lead to the honors and wealth they so well deserved."

CHAPTER II

GREAT-GRANDFATHER LONGWORTH

THERE can be small doubt that "Old Longworth" as he liked to hear himself called—perhaps to avoid the appellation of "Old Nick"—possessed a touch of genius together with his curious personality. Self-made millionaires were unknown in America at that period; before the Vanderbilt riches had come into being, when those of the Astors were hardly talked about, his fortune was established. He divined the future importance of the great waterway which links Pittsburgh with the Gulf of Mexico through the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The first steamboat had not yet landed at the Cincinnati wharves when he systematically invested all that legal practice brought him in the acquisition of land.

His first considerable success was directly due to his good nature. A penniless client, accused of horse stealing, appealed to him for reprieve and, the defense having obtained his liberation, wished to offer some testimonial of gratitude. "If you can collect two second-hand stills, left for debt in Joel Williams' waterside tavern, you are welcome to them," he said. "They ought to be worth something." And he gave a written order which Joel Williams received reluctantly from the attor-

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ney's hands. Joel had just decided to build a distillery in Butler County, where the machines would be useful, so, in their place, he offered a thirty-acre lot, declaring that it was "not worth shucks," but, viewed optimistically, might represent the price of the copper. Longworth's "eccentric" ideas on the value of waste land led him to accept the compromise. The lot was between Sixth and Seventh Streets, and was computed, fifty years later, at two million dollars.

It would be hard to say whether his extraordinary success was due principally to his keen mind or his immense luck, for certainly fortune seemed to favor all his early ventures; but, unlike many astute business men, his heart was bigger than his purse.

Rarely was his public spirit appealed to in vain; when Professor Ormesby McKnight Mitchel, one of the leading astronomical scientists of the day and founder of the Society for the Dissemination of Useful Knowledge, was trying to raise subscriptions for an Observatory, the first official one to be erected in the United States, Mr. Longworth immediately donated the necessary acres at the highest point of the region.

In spite of his constant interest in civic growth he never sought official recognition; the only elective office, the gift of his fellow citizens, which he ever held was that of "Fence Viewer."

This was a responsibility which he shared with John Kilgour. A doggerel of the period praises the appropriate selection of the yoke-mates:

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For Kilgour, straight and slim and tall,
Could gaze severely o'er each wall,
While Nicholas, rather short and small,
Spied through the holes where pigs might crawl.

In 1818, he practically relinquished pleading in order to consecrate his time more fully to the care of his growing estate and indulge his passion for botanical science. In this hobby he found a kindred spirit in John Adlum of Maryland, a major in the Revolution, who had settled two miles from Georgetown on the old Pierce's Mill Road. Both were equally interested in the future of grape culture and carried on a constant and animated correspondence. The Major used to say, "Never did I see a man so inquisitive and so lucky in all that pertains to natural science as 'Old Nick.' If you threw him into the Ohio river, I bet he would at once begin to search for a rare species of fish and not come to the surface until he found it."

Nicholas Longworth's faith in the botanical riches of southern Ohio was as great as his interest, and it would be difficult to estimate all that agricultural development owes to his enlightened curiosity and research. He took infinite pains to seek out valuable plants and wild flowers, improving their species by rational culture. Establishment of the garden strawberry from selected plants was his personal discovery.

His conservatories, for the first and only time in America, saw the *Victoria Regia*, or century plant, come into bloom, and, during a month, were opened nightly

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for the benefit of botanists who came from far and wide to see the strange spectacle.

Not only was Nicholas Longworth ahead of his own time but, in many ways, he was in advance of ours. Before the recent findings concerning the necessity of vitamins for nutrition, he realized the value of pure wine in the development of brain cells and tissues.

Coming, as he did, from a hard-drinking section of the country, where rum and gin formed the staple consumption of the agricultural laborer, he was fully alive to the evils of alcoholism and eliminated gin, rum and whiskey as articles of personal use, meditating often on what the American race might become if excessive indulgence in strong spirits should be carried on through several generations. He compared the ravages made here by hard liquor with conditions in France, Spain, Italy and the Rhineland. Convinced that drunkenness decreased in direct ratio to the use of light wines, he decided that the greatest service he could do his country would be to generalize their production. Though a reformer, he was not a prig; and, when, being a lover of cards, he decided nevertheless to "cut out" playing for money, he did so humorously: "I used to win a great deal," he said, "but it did me no good, for the chief loser always borrowed money from me to settle up. So, finding how expensive it was to be a winner, I was afraid to try what losing might cost!"

His wine-making enterprise was primarily philanthropic, but he was too practical not to look forward to a time when vineyards would pay. He offered five-hun-

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dred-dollar prizes for useful grape discoveries, and this encouraged many landowners to plant vineyards and press the juice. They knew that Longworth would buy all the "must" they could bring to his vats. Soon, therefore, not only the Ohio hillsides were crowned with vine leaves but many successful attempts directly due to his initiative were made in Kentucky and the northern part of our state. If we cannot attribute the vine-growing industry, which sprang up in California, to Longworth's influence, since these experiments were made with European plants instead of the native wild grapes, it is probable that Western growers learned much from his experiments.

The following extract from a letter addressed to the London botanist, Pliny Miles, will show Mr. Longworth was as keen on his hobby in 1855 as in the first flush of success and gives a characteristic example of his dry wit.

"You say there is a prejudice in London against our grapes and wine. Your leading London editor, Mr. Mackey, left here recently. He entertains a different opinion.

"Supposing our minister, Mr. Dallas, would take a pride in handing over my wine to a wine-house in London, to have its quality tested, I shipped from New York some boxes to him, all charges and duties paid, requesting him to hand it to a leading wine-house and to accept a box himself. As he belongs to our old Democratic Party, I was not aware that he had become a Lord.

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He wrote in answer for me not to make the shipment—
'he was no commission merchant and would not receive
or accept the box tendered him.' The wine reached
London a few days later and he wrote 'he had ordered
it delivered to our consul.' The consul proved to be a
modest democrat, took it in charge, handed it over to a
wine merchant who sold it, and the proceeds were re-
mitted. I forgot to say that the minister spoke of the
box offered *as a bribe*. The consul did not so view it and
drank the wine without unpleasant feelings. I wish, if
you see the consul, to name it to him."

During the prosperous epoch of manufacture, 150,000
bottles of sparkling Catawba were annually placed on
the market. Longfellow evidently drank some of it, for
the following stanzas are extracted from one of his early
poems:

CATAWBA WINE

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine
By Danube or Quadilquiver
Nor on Island or Cape
That bears such a grape
As grows by the beautiful river.

For the richest and best
Is the wine of the West
That grows by the beautiful river;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

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And this song of the wine
This greeting of mine
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West
In her garlands dressed
By the banks of the beautiful river.

Over the cellars was a forty-story barrack for the accommodation of poor laborers who, being housed gratis, soon proved the most lawless and troublesome tenantry. Every week the proprietor distributed from three to eight hundred loaves of bread to indigent persons who would call for it, and never allowed his philanthropy to be discouraged. "It doesn't hurt me half so much to meet ingratitude as to see suffering and privation," he used to say simply.

His whimsical reply to a cautious giver, who reproached him for helping worthless "ne'er-do-wells" was characteristic: "You must find giving money only to those who are irreproachable citizens, a very economical method. For my part, I don't meet very many Bayards among paupers. My charities are for the Devil's poor, because I am the only man in the city imprudent enough to help them." And he delighted in the assurance of an old Irish woman, for years pensioner on his bounty, that "she would leave, in the life to come, her golden throne in the skies to bring him a cup of cold water down below."

No one was more keenly endowed with the spirit of comedy which, according to Meredith, is the true germ of civilization. He greatly appreciated the witty appli-

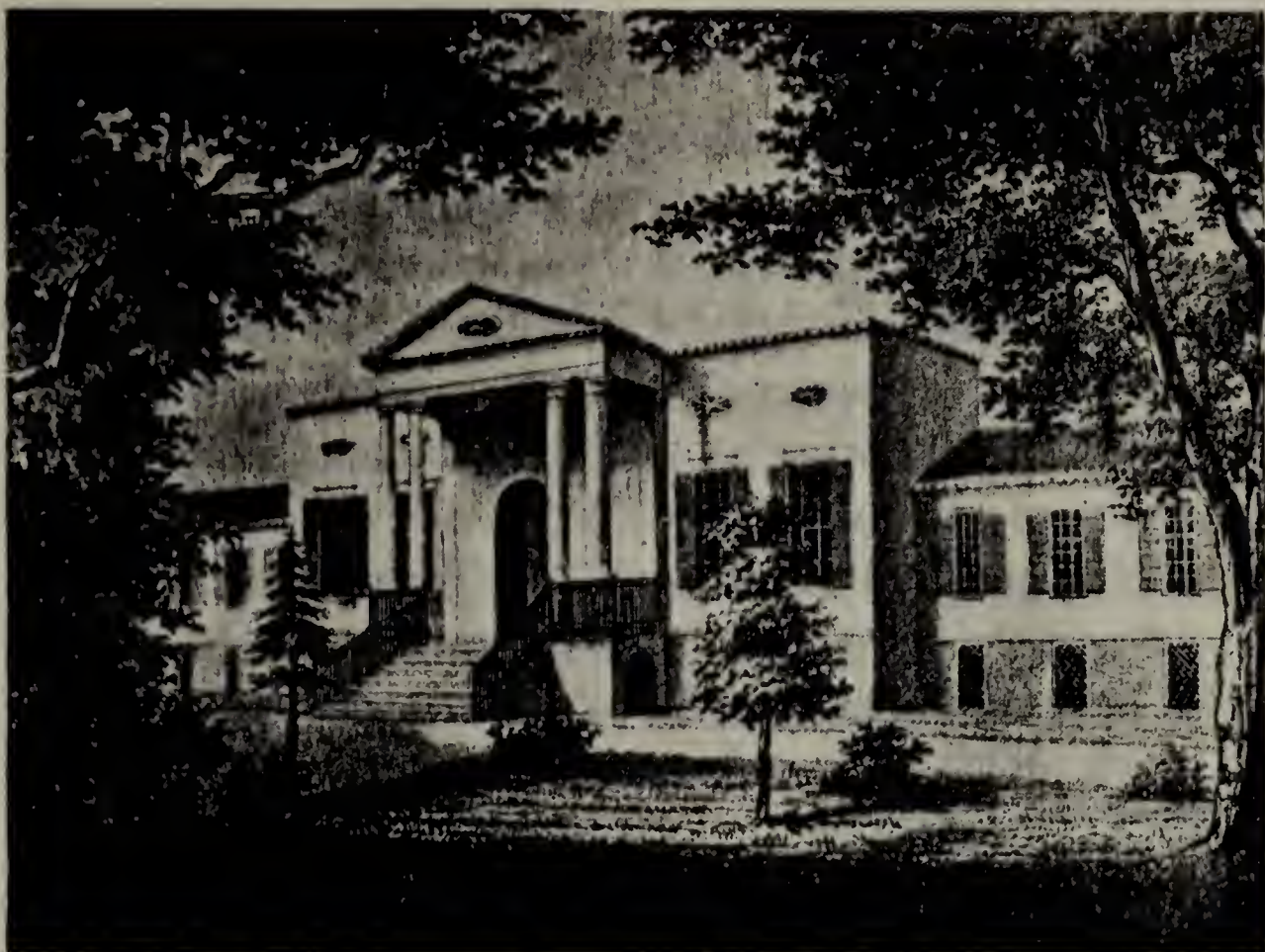
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cation of Pope's lines made by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who had become a friend of his son Joseph. One day in Cambridge, a busy maker of conversation persistently addressed Joseph as Mr. Longfellow. The poet intervened. "You are doing a grave injustice to my friend in forgetting that *t's Worth makes the man and want of it the Fellow.*" An example of quick and courteous repartee which went rounds of literary circles at that time.

No knight-errant was firmer in championing the downtrodden and oppressed than Nicholas Longworth. A dramatic incident which led to one of his generous deeds was utilized later by Harriet Beecher Stowe in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. She cites the adventure as an historical fact, but renders it with such embellishments that it may more properly be characterized as feminine fiction. I refer to the supposed escape from Kentucky of the quadroon girl, Eliza, whom she represents leaping from block to block, while the baffled bloodhounds bay vainly after her from the Kentucky shore.

Instead of a terrified woman with a child in her arms, the real Eliza was a muscular young negro, unburdened by anything but a pair of tattered blue jeans. Such a feat, however, as pictured in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was considered remarkable when it was accomplished by Harvey Young, whose entry into my great-grandfather's household was certainly dramatic enough to satisfy anyone but a female novelist.

It must be remembered that the ordinance given to the Northwestern Reserve Territory decreed that "there



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH'S HOUSE ON PIKE STREET
From the "Golden Wedding Book," 1857



"DRESSING UP"

LANDON LONGWORTH AND
HARRY FARNY

MARGARET HARRISON AND
MARGARET NICHOLS

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shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude otherwise than in punishment of crime." Consequently any escaped slave in theory was a freeman on entering Ohio. In fact, however, another law highly unpopular in the North, allowed the proprietor of a runaway slave to utilize the official state machinery to recover his property.

When Harvey Young made his dash for escape, a lucky instinct turned the flying negro's feet toward Pike Street, where my great-grandfather was just entering his gate. Being a man of quick decision, he did not wait to hear the tale of stripes and cruelty; the human appeal was enough.

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"Jump in that cellar window!"

In a few minutes the pursuers stood at the gate.

"Say, boss, seen a runaway nigger?"

"Yes, but you'll have to run faster than that to catch the one I saw over yonder." And off they pelted down the street and up into the hills.

Meantime, when "Old Longworth" had heard Harvey Young's story, over he went to Kentucky and bought the man's freedom from an employer very ready to take cash, and, from that moment, the tale of cruelty and violence reads like a Sunday-school book; for, once liberated, Harvey became the most faithful of slaves, offering to his new master's entire family the voluntary servitude of complete devotion. He remained as butler and "body servant" as it was called in those days, until his patron's death, and outlived most of his own generation. As a child I remember the shrunken old darky with snow-white hair, perched on the box of an immense

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landau, and holding sway over a pair of staid livery horses. All this magnificent equipage, together with a stable to contain it, was bought by Harvey with the five hundred dollars left him by his benefactor as a "memento of regard for his most amiable disposition and honest character."

The anecdotes of Nicholas Longworth's curious but generally lovable eccentricities were a perpetual source of astonishment and surprise. Out of the large mass I will select another which has an historical as well as personal appeal.

On a summer day, in 1857, a tall man who appeared to have outgrown his clothes, hesitatingly passed through the Pike Street gate. The business for which he had come to Cincinnati had not materialized. Time hung heavy upon his long lean hands. He had already killed some of it by visiting the Observatory and the Art Museum, founded in 1854 by the ladies of the Queen City, and in admiring the lions which already formed a nucleus of the famous "Zoo." The only "sight" now appealing to his touristic sense remained in the gardens and conservatories talked about even down in Indiana.

In the middle of the gravel path leading to a pillared portico, a small, queerly dressed old man with no appearance whatever of having outgrown his old-fashioned raiment, was weeding. Loose pantaloons lay in folds over "Old Nick's" latchets, and a shirt with a huge collar almost obscured his ears.

"Excuse me, but I have heard a good deal about the beauty of these grounds, and would be interested in see-

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ing them. Does your master allow visitors to his premises?"

The seeming gardener rose to his feet and, as was his wont, began a slow survey of his tall interlocutor. Such demands were not infrequent, but the person before him appeared unusual and perhaps would not say stereotyped things. Commencing at the stranger's feet, Longworth's glance traveled methodically up the spare, gaunt limbs to the long coat which hung—but not in "ample folds"—from angular shoulders, then rested some minutes on the plain, almost harsh face with its keen, kindly, gray eyes.

"My master is a queer duck. He doesn't allow strangers to come in, but he makes an exception every time someone *does* come. He would be glad in this case, to consider you as a friend, sir. But, before viewing the garden, perhaps you would like to taste his wine."

"Excuse me, Mr. Longworth, mine was a foolish mistake!"

"Not at all. I am quite used to it; in fact, you are the first to find me out so soon. That's my loss, perhaps. Sometimes I get ten cents and sometimes as much as a quarter for showing visitors my grounds. In fact, I might say that it's the only really honest money I ever made, having been, by profession, a lawyer!"

"So am I!"

Longworth's quizzical smile broadened. "Well, if you are of the fraternity, there is no reason why two fellow scamps should not shake hands! Are you here on business?"

"I came with that understanding. Unfortunately, how-

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ever, I seem to have lost the job. I was retained to defend a patent-reaper suit against one of the big men from Baltimore—Reveredy Johnson. I confess it had been my ambition to measure swords with him, the best at the bar from common report.”

“Well, why don’t you, having been retained?”

“Most likely the defense got scared and opined that Abraham Lincoln was no match for a celebrity; anyway they engaged better or, at least, more expensive council over my head, without troubling to inform me of the fact. So, I am down and out!”

“That is contrary to all customs and etiquette of the bar. I hope you are going to protest. It’s an infamy!”

“I’m not much addicted to protesting. They *want* Edwin M. Stanton; they have asked for him; so why not gracefully step aside?”

“It’s an excellent precept, indeed, to retire when a skunk is in the path!” said Longworth dryly, “but if you will allow a comment: I have acquired a certain acumen during the last three score years and don’t hesitate to affirm that the employer who prefers to get Stanton to plead his cause rather than the man I judge you to be is a confounded ass or a dishonest scoundrel. So, don’t take it to heart pray; you are certain to get even before long.”

The advice though good was hard to follow, for this affair had mortified Mr. Lincoln deeply. He had looked forward, being in thorough possession of the “Reaper case,” to make a legitimate triumph in Cincinnati. However he did not often let slip an opportunity of seeing how court affairs were conducted outside his State and

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decided, in spite of depression, to spend the following morning in the Superior Court room presided over by Judge Bellamy Storer, whose son, in another fifty years, was to marry Mr. Longworth's grand-daughter.

Judge Storer had a unique fashion of conducting routine business; miscellaneous demurrers, motions, submitted dockets were passed at lightning speed amid flashes of fun-provoking comment which did not detract from the dignity of office. His exuberant spirits, together with the lively wit of Bob McCook, made Mr. Lincoln feel in his element and caused him to declare: "I want to bring that Judge back to Illinois; if only to share the onus of half the legal jokes of our bar which, as it is, are all put upon me! And while we are about it let's take old Longworth too. He strikes me as having a good dose of mother-wit and can recognize a skunk before I even began to smell him!"

During the first twenty years of their marriage Nicholas and Susan had lived in an unostentatious house near the corner of Pike and Congress Streets with nothing distinctive about it, save the garden which spread up the slopes of Mt. Adams. But, as the elder girls were about to reach womanhood, doubtless a certain amount of feminine pressure was brought to bear upon the good-natured parents in order to persuade them to acquire a more important dwelling place.

"I have bought 'Belmont' which is large enough to contain all the Longworths in the nation," wrote our great-grandfather adding characteristically: "the old place

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would have answered all my needs, but the young fry wants a change."

This beautiful mansion, by its dominating situation and harmonious lines, certainly justified its name. The style, pure and spacious, recalls the White House in Washington; designed by the same architect, this is not surprising. A lofty colonial portico, to which eight marble steps with gracefully curved bannisters give access, projects from a long, low façade lighted by twelve symmetrical windows. Only one story high, as seen from Pike Street, the building presents two stories at the rear, on account of the sharply sloping ground. Stately trees and well-designed gardens lent charm and dignity to the residence known to old Cincinnatians as the Longworth Homestead. It is unfortunately dwarfed to-day by neighboring factories.

The patriarchal régime which was here inaugurated seems so typically pre-Victorian that, were not Nicholas Longworth's letters before me, I could hardly believe that his dealings with his children, and theirs with him, could conform so entirely to the polite literature of the period.

Mary, the first born, remained her father's favorite. The arrival of an only son, Joseph, could never dethrone her; still less, that of two younger sisters: Eliza and Catherine. But when Mary was about fourteen, her parents began to think it was high time for her to maintain supremacy over the "small fry" and to learn the important precepts which had guided her elders to success. "Happiness does not consist so much in having all that we want,

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as in wanting nothing but what we have or can easily obtain," counted among her father's favorite maxims.

How practical a philosopher he was is proved by a letter written to Mary from Washington in January, 1823. He had gone to exhibit botanical specimens, only to meet with the disappointment of seeing the building, which contained them, burn down.

"We are truly the most ungrateful of animals, always repining at misfortunes of this sort; but, after all, the greatest part of my regret was the alarm which an account of this accident was calculated to cause your mother. I trust that you give her little trouble in my absence. Explain that if I do not write directly more often, it is because I know she will be more gratified by having my letters addressed to you. I have, however, written five letters to her one. This I say, not by way of complaint, for I know her aversion for writing, and I am rather pleased when I see something in her with which I can find fault, for no one is more sensible than myself, that she is emphatically 'the best half.' . . .

"I have often told you that we should not seek 'perfection' in friends, but love them as we love ourselves, with all their faults, and study to bear with, not oppose, their proclivities. If this is our duty to our friends, how much more is it in our intercourse with our brothers and sisters. We ought not to let their behavior influence our own, but to pursue a systematic course of affection and forbearance that would, in time, lead them to imitate our conduct. This is peculiarly the duty of elder children to the younger ones and I trust you will instil this principle

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in Joseph and Catherine, that they may demean themselves accordingly.

"I know no sight so painful to a parent, so degrading to human nature, as that of brothers and sisters quarreling. On such occasions, I never think there is a *right* and a *wrong* for, if a brother or sister cannot bear with us when unreasonable, if their affection will not forgive our faults, what are we to expect from others?"

"I am much pleased to learn that Dr. Lock is with you. I trust you may, by your devotion to your studies and prompt attention to his directions, lighten his labor and render his situation too pleasant for him to be anxious to leave us. I shall bring you all presents, but their distribution will depend on your improvements. Tell Joseph, in particular, that a greater attention to his book is necessary than when I left home."

Joseph not attentive to his book! What revelations are contained in an old correspondence! My grandfather—the best and most conscientious student, the most brilliant reader and conversationalist it has been my lot to meet among professionals or amateurs of literature—not attentive to his book!

I hope the reader shares my taste for letters of long ago. They show the character of "Old Nick" better than I could possibly describe it. With what spirit and fun he could enter into his daughter's first contact with a larger "social sphere," when she went with her friend, Jane Bembridge, to visit Judge McLean's family in Philadelphia! Mary's caustic account of her impressions on enter-

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ing the great world evidently terrified those at home; but her father was too wise to check the natural outpouring of her confidences.

Warm-hearted Mary felt natural disappointment at finding that "young Western Ladies" were objects of jealousy and malevolent comment from certain "beaux and belles" of the Quaker City. With diplomatic tact, her father enters sympathetically into the feminine conflict which his allusion to the well-dressed rival implies.

" . . . In commenting on manners, dear Mary, take care to do it only with your friends. There are more fools in the world that are willing to be objects of remarks as such. My father's advice to me was, when setting out in the world, 'keep your eyes open and your mouth shut,' but I do not know whether he would not have thought this too much to ask of a lady!

"Your criticism is, however, undoubtedly true. In what is called 'the best society,' you will meet too many vain belles and conceited coxcombs who think themselves so much better than the world at large that they are truly disgusting. . . .

"Jane and yourself will certainly have to plot in order to countermine and destroy the effect of the blond lace dress. The Judge might be very competent to advise in this matter, if it would not derogate from the dignity of the woolsack. My good friend, the Madam, is, for a wonder, less qualified to advise in a case of so much consequence, for she has never sailed under false colors, and her greatest charm is not that of being a fashionable belle, but her ingenuous heart and great naïveté of character—

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certainly not a growth of the metropolis. You will, however, be in little danger from fortune hunters, who judge from the costliness of the casket, of the jewels within, nor from those gentlemen said to be 'prudent matches,' who though not considered absolutely as fortune hunters, have an eye to the main chance.

"Jane and yourself may, with a little management, be able to enlist some poor clergyman, member of a charitable society—say, the cold water, mite, cent or rag association—to give it out generally that your opponent in the blond lace dress resembles the snail only in one of its qualities, *that of carrying all the property it possesses on its own back*, whilst Jane and yourself partake of that better snail attribute common to our young Western Ladies, of usually being content to remain in your own house."

To be content at home, that was the chief virtue which our great-grandfather required of his children. He was never thoroughly happy himself when far from Cincinnati. His correspondence, whether dated, Washington, Newark or New York, expresses the same homesickness and "fear of becoming dyspeptic" on remaining long absent from "the wilds of the West."

The Longworth couple were so old-fashioned in their ways that neither could bear the idea of filial abandonment. They loved to keep the house full of youthful life and practiced lavish hospitality.

When young John Stettinius arrived in Cincinnati with excellent credentials, the distinction of being the "first white child born in Washington" and the declared object

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of studying banking in the Ohio Valley, he was told that he might consider Nicholas Longworth's house as his home. When, however, it became evident that John preferred Washington, and hoped to persuade Mary Longworth to return there as his wife, Mary's father began to regret the warm welcome accorded to the visitor. Perhaps a divining fear, later too fully justified, that this marriage would mean definite separation, caused the deep sadness expressed at her engagement.

Parental apprehension was not grounded upon any failings on the young man's part, for from what can be learned, John Stettinius was as distinguished and charming as the son who bore his name; but his incomprehensible desire to abandon Pike Street for Pennsylvania Avenue caused serious alarm.

"Cincinnati, August 7, 1830.

". . . Think not, my dear child, that there was aught of unkindness—I had almost said of complaint—intended in my farewell. When the young dove no longer requires the protecting care of its parents, by a law of nature, it flies off. By a law equally inevitable, sons and daughters leave their parents to form establishments of their own; and, though the tie may not be weakened, nature has wisely ordered that a more tender and stronger affection should be formed that appears to engulf all others. I could only consider your dear husband a rival, come to deprive me of a daughter, and it was long before I could bring my mind to look on him, as I should have looked at a future son; nor am I certain that the jealous feeling

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is yet entirely eradicated. But when he brings you to see us it will be lessened and when finally to reside with us, it will entirely vanish.

"All join in love to you and John. Whatever my jealous feelings are, or were, nothing will give me more pleasure than the conviction that you and your husband are all in all to each other. May your affection and devotion equal those of your mother's and mine, so that, after a lapse of twenty-three years, he may say of you, as my heart prompts me to say of her, that his respect and affection is greater than on his wedding day."

A new happiness came into the lives of parents and grandparents through the birth of John Longworth Stettinius, but it was soon clouded by the serious illness of the father, who, after vainly seeking change of climate and other remedies for his ill-health, died while wintering in Cuba. Meanwhile, his little boy was left in Cincinnati under Eliza Longworth's care. He remained, up to manhood, this aunt's special darling, for after his mother's death, which followed soon after that of Mr. Stettinius, Eliza practically adopted the orphan nephew. She herself married William Flagg of New York, a model son-in-law, according to the Longworth pattern, content to spend more time in Ohio than in New York, and who showed an affectionate veneration for his wife's parents which, however well deserved, may be considered rare.

Catherine, too, was married, in the same satisfactory manner, although she chose Larz Anderson of Louisville, Kentucky, a widower with a boy of his own. Larz made

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no objection to life across the river, and a house was built for the couple under the wing of "Belmont." It is true that Nicholas had declared the Pike Street house big enough to lodge "all the Longworths in the nation," but even "Belmont" would have been rather cramped when it came to containing all the Andersons of Pike Street. Nine boys were born to Larz and Catherine, grew to manhood and each, when he had a son, named him Larz. This multiplicity of cousins and the questions as to "who was which" caused a tangle in my mind not yet unraveled.

Neither Eliza nor Catherine saw anything strange or objectionable in the curious "clan" life, as it was lived under their father's roof. He had invented an extremely simple plan in regard to accounts and allowances, "hating to be pestered for money," as he said. Daily, a liberal sum was placed in the open drawer of his desk, accompanied by the verbal recommendation: "Let every one take what he wants or what he needs, and don't bother me." I believe his daughters rather liked the arrangement; certainly his sons-in-law did not protest.

The viewpoint of a daughter-in-law is very different, however, and when, in May, 1841, Joseph Longworth brought his youthful bride, Annie Rives, into his father's house, she found it difficult, if not impossible, to adapt herself to a régime of family communism so different from anything that she had been accustomed to in "Old Virginia." Her dream was to make a new home for her own family, like that at "Oak Ridge" and "Castle Hill" and to bring up her children with the same independence

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and freedom which had been hers. As Americans, grandmother Rives' family were older by a century than the Longworths, all of them having settled in "the Virginias" during the Cromwellian period.

The first of these Southern relatives to appear in Cincinnati was our great-grandfather, Landon Cabell Rives, elder brother of William Cabell Rives who attained distinction in American diplomacy and who seems to have transmitted, in two instances at least, great literary talent to his descendants: Amélie Rives and James Branch Cabell.

Landon Rives was born in Nelson County, Virginia, October 24, 1790. He was a graduate of William and Mary College and obtained his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania, before marrying Annie Maria Towles of Lynchburg. The removed to Cincinnati in 1829, where he practiced for more than thirty years, and was also professor in the Ohio Medical College. He lived up to his eighty-second year, a veritable slave to his first great-grandchild, Nick, whose toddling steps he guided. The twain must have made a curious picture. Dr. Rives always remained the typical sporting gentleman of old Virginia with his high black satin stock and hair arranged in a queue which quivered with indignation at sight of "two Yankees" among his "in-laws."

After 1840, the town, formerly concentrated in the river region, began climbing and spreading out on the neighboring heights where to-day a vast area of suburban dwellings extends in all directions covering Mount

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Adams, Mount Auburn, Clifton, Avondale, Glendale, Price Hill, College Hill, Norwood and our own dear Walnut Hills, East and West. On the latter, in 1833, there were not more than five or six houses, and all the land, except for a few clearings where corn and potatoes grew, remained an unbroken forest.

The earliest inhabitants of the West Hill were the James Kempers, leaders in the Presbyterian church where they were joined by Lyman Beecher with a view to founding the Lane Theological Seminary which still flourishes there.

The situation was thus described by Catherine Beecher upon walking out with her father from town:

"I never saw a place so capable of being rendered a paradise as the environs of this city, nor where there is so fair a prospect of finding everything that makes social and domestic life agreeable and pleasant. The country consists of a succession and variety of hills of all shapes and sizes forming an extensive amphitheatre. (The site of the Seminary is very beautiful and picturesque though I was disappointed to find that both city and river are hidden.) They say Walnut Hills is so healthy that people have to leave there to be sick."

The "splendid air" of Walnut Hills which would be so good for young Nicholas, Landon and Maria perhaps turned the scales in favor of Annie Longworth's desire for free country life. This is the more probable, as two severe epidemics of cholera, during which upwards of forty deaths were daily registered "down town," made young mothers tremble. Although the local press reas-

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sured the old and acclimatized Cincinnatians that mortality was heavy only among recently arrived Germans and Irish, the Longworths "not certain of not being Irish," wished to be on the safe side.

Eliza fled to that charming little watering place, Yellow Springs, with precious "baby John." Catherine Anderson followed suit and soon the chalybeate waters were declared superior to any in Europe; so, for a certain period, the vogue of this little Saint Ronan's Well, situated in Green County near the picturesque falls of the Miami, drew visitors from Philadelphia and New York.

But, when the principle was finally admitted on Pike Street that Joseph and Annie might quit the parental roof and set up a rural establishment on the hill-tops with their three children, there was no hesitation about the spot selected, for it was part of the original Howell grant and was endeared to Joseph as the place where he had spent youthful vacations with his maternal grandmother. Until her death, Mrs. Silas Howell continued to inhabit the picturesque cottage which, with its pretty well-house, long remained a landmark of pioneer days.

The large domain, called "Rookwood," consisted originally of two hundred acres of fine arable ground, pasture land and primeval forests composed of beeches, walnuts, maples, liriodendrons—one hundred species of trees and shrubs according to the computation of Doctor Drake. It was limited by the Grandin, Edwards and Observatory Roads on three sides and by W. W. Scarborough's large tract on the fourth, which is now the Cincinnati Golf and Country Club.

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The Hill where the tower of "Rookwood" rises marks the highest point of the region. The only trees near the summit between the house and the Grandin Road—which in 1850 was but a wagon track—were the gigantic hackberry, destroyed, alas, by a storm after two centuries of existence, the elm whose beauty, better seen, compensates for its comrade's loss and a sycamore which, though topped, still spreads its lower branches far up the slope. Save for these venerable witnesses of tribal customs, all that afterwards became the lawn was bare cornfield. Every beautiful variety of oak, larch or sweet gum, including the freak "*quercus Longworthiana*," unique of the species, were planted by Joseph Longworth.

A flock of Southdown sheep browsed with picturesque effect on the adjacent knoll where stands the house built by Joseph Longworth for his daughter on her marriage and now owned by James Hutton, Esq. It is almost concealed to-day by magnificent trees which I remember, in my childhood, of very moderate size.

As originally designed after an old Virginia model, "Rookwood" consisted of two square constructions—master's dwelling in one, servants' quarters and kitchen in the other.

Soon the rigors of winter proved the impracticability of this Southern plan and the tower was built connecting the two houses; the top story with its magnificent view, served as my grandmother's studio and appealed to her taste for things romantic.

A quantity of fast-growing evergreens, hemlocks, cedars and Norway pines were put in at once and attained a

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large size before interfering with the deciduous trees which eventually took their place.

Four miles of rough pike separated town from the small settlement at the corner of Madison and Grandin Roads. In spite of determined efforts to name it Aubrey, the hamlet was generally known as O'Bryonville, or Dutchtown. A lumbering omnibus made a daily journey in and out, obliging passengers for "Rookwood" to cover the last mile on foot. There were, of course, no lamps, but in spite of equal risks from upsets and attacks by highwaymen, it soon became a center of hospitality and good cheer.

Annie Longworth possessed that quality, so highly developed in Nick, of drawing to her a host of friends, becoming, wherever she went, a magnetic pole; she possessed the gracious art of giving a friendly and informal touch to all social occasions. Artists and musicians were seldom absent from her "Saturday to Monday" parties—not called week-ends in those days. A bevy of pretty girls surrounded the hostess: "Fanny" Goodman, "Katey" Greene and the town-toasts, Olivia Groesbeck and Sally Carneal. Her most intimate friends, Mrs. Curwen and Mrs. Perkins, lent a touch of "strong-mindedness" and originality to the tone of conversation. James Whittredge, Joseph Eaton, Buchanan Reid with his gifted sister, Mrs. Harriet Hosea, the sculptress, arranged tableaux, theatricals or charades.

But the special institution for which "Rookwood" became renowned was tea under the hackberry. Those who

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frequented these gatherings dwelt on the charm of Annie Longworth, her starry eyes, fair, shell-like complexion and raven tresses conforming to the type of a Waverley-novel heroine. Others sketch her as a Murillo madonna with children playing in the foreground, better still, like one of the paintings of the Italian Renaissance where a bower adorned with roses, tables heaped with fruits and flowers, well depict these sylvan banquets. For, thanks to a most competent French gardener acclimatized in American horticulture by Nicholas Longworth himself, roses of every hue and fruit of every flavor, peaches, strawberries, pears and nectarines, lent color to the snowy table.

Ralph Waldo Emerson came frequently to "Rookwood" and used to tell of his astonishment at witnessing a scuffle between the children on the lawn. There was much violent contradiction and even hair pulling; so, the gentle philosopher, in an early endeavor to "outlaw war," intervened to inquire into the rights and wrongs of the hotly contested cause. He learned that the contention involved solely the quarrels of ancient Greece.

"Nick thays that Clytemnestra hated Orehtes," lisped Landon, "and I thay it can't be true 'cause Orehtes was her little boy."

"What manner of child is this?" was the only comment the Brook Farm sage was capable of exclaiming as the battle continued.

One Christmas party became quite historic: the carriage belonging to "Cincinnati's Bayard," Wyllis Pomeroy, upset in the narrow lane and blocked the entire procession. Mr. Pomeroy had earned this sobriquet on account of the

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extreme courtesy he was overheard using to a lamp-post with which he had once collided, but no one dared record the language employed when the social flower of Cincinnati were obliged, by his fault, to wade through mud and slush until "Rookwood's" greeting made them forget the adventure.

"A merry place it was in days of yore!"

Mr. Thackeray, in giving his famous lecture course in Cincinnati, "the Four Georges," hit upon a happy formula to express an impression which many, before and after him, have felt when received at "Rookwood."

"I never saw a spot where even the landscape seems to wear such a cordial smile of welcome."

Soon, quite a colony from town joined the Joseph Longworths on the Grandin Road—Burnets, Hoopers, Harrisons and Groesbecks, Douglas, Sibleys, Goodmans and Le Boutilliers—so that, when those of our generation appeared on the scene, we not only found enough children to play with, but our juvenile friendships were enhanced by the charm—rare in America nowadays—of knowing that our little comrades bore names which had already been endeared to parents and grandparents.

CHAPTER III

MATERNAL ANCESTRY

MEANTIME, another strong influence was making its impression on the community, for my mother's parents were almost as closely identified with the culture and development of the Queen City as the Longworths, Riveses and Howells, although they came of more rigid and more formal stock.

It would be difficult to find a better laborer for the good of his adopted home than Timothy Walker who founded the Young Men's Mercantile Library and established the Cincinnati Law School, the reputation of which was to become nation-wide.

Three State Governors, Stevenson, Hoadley and Cox, three Chief Justices of the United States Supreme Court, Salmon P. Chase, M. R. Waite, William H. Taft, were connected with the Law School faculty, and it was generally admitted that Judge Walker, like Stanley Mathews, would have found a place on the federal bench, had not accidental death cut short his career. An outstanding authority on the Constitution, he was surnamed the "American Blackstone" on account of his work, still used as a textbook: *Digest of American Law*.

Timothy Walker, born in Wilmington, Massachusetts,

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December 1, 1802, was sixth in direct descent from Elder William Brewster, chief of the *Mayflower* pilgrims.*

He possessed a broad mind but retained a very puritan conscience which obliged him, although yearning for Harvard, to send his brothers there before himself, raising funds for their education by teaching school at Round Hill Academy in Northampton. On graduating at the Cambridge Law School, he was tempted by the professional opening Cincinnati offered and at once achieved success as lawyer and jurist. His journal shows him on board the steamboat *Emigrant* in September, 1830, at Wheeling, having already experimented in the first attempt at railway travel:

"While visiting Baltimore, I went with Mr. Appleton's family on the railroad, where we traveled at a rate of twelve miles an hour without the least jarring. When finished, it will extend from Baltimore to the Ohio River below Wheeling. I shall then be able to come from Cincinnati to Boston in five days. One horsepower easily draws ten tons. In England steam carriages have moved on railroads at a rate of thirty miles an hour. The greatest velocity yet attained in steamboats is eighteen miles an hour. When this was achieved it was thought that human ingenuity had done its utmost, but railroads are

* Love Brewster, the Elder's son, married Sarah Collier; William Brewster married Lydia Partridge; Joseph Brewster married Elisabeth Greenough; their only daughter, Eunice, married Timothy Walker in 1758 and their son Benjamin Walker married Susanna Cook; these latter were the parents of Timothy and of his no less distinguished brother, Sears Cook Walker, the astronomer.



TIMOTHY WALKER, 2ND



TIMOTHY WALKER

SUSANNAH COOK



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destined, I believe, to do immeasurably more for locomotion than canals and steamboats.

"On Thursday, the 29th, at one A.M., I left Baltimore in the mail stage over the Great Cumberland Road. Through Frederickstown, Hagerstown, Brownsville, Washington, etc. We traveled night and day, stopping only long enough to eat and reached Wheeling in seventy hours. We were twenty-five hours crossing the Alleghanies. Here the weather was sensibly cooler but the road the roughest I have ever traveled, but our fellow passengers were agreeable and the time passed cheerfully. We told stories, talked politics, made our observations on the country, and now and then caught a short nap.

"We found the water in the Ohio so low that boats could not navigate without difficulty, and it seemed, for a time, that we should have to take the stage for another three days, but my trunks are on board the *Emigrant* where I am now writing. We shall depart to-morrow at noon, arriving in two and a half days, that is, the 5th of August."

Upon arriving in Cincinnati, the traveler of twenty-eight set down this impression:

"I am delighted with this beautiful city. It seems the work of enchantment."

His journal is an interesting, human as well as historical document, for his inflexible spirit often had difficulty in conforming to the rather lax ways of a town where the Southern element predominated over that of New England. The record begins in June, 1838:

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"I have occasionally kept a diary in days gone by. Henceforward I mean to do so regularly. I cannot hope to occupy that station in the world which will render my autobiography of interest to the public; but I trust to leave friends behind me who will take interest in my experiences. Certainly I have seen great variety of fortune for a retired individual and my little history might teach some useful lessons. My professional experiences alone ought to furnish many interesting memoranda, for I must be brought into confidential intercourse with all sorts of characters.

"By way of commencement, the following recent occurrence is worth noting. I was called on as umpire between a broker and a bank of this city in a case of forgery. The law is that if a check be left blank as to the amount, or be so carelessly filled out that the amount may be increased without erasing the original words and figures and thus a forgery be committed, the drawer shall suffer the loss for his negligence; but otherwise the bank. In this case, the claim was that a check was intended for \$100, but it was presented and paid for \$3100. The number three was evidently in a different hand from the signature, which was admitted to be genuine. The drawer had never been known to issue a check in blank and his book showed that this was intended for one hundred dollars only. But there was no appearance of erasure with any instrument, and the printed lines had not been disturbed. We were thus on the point of deciding against the drawer, when it occurred to us that possibly chemical means might have been used. We called

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in a chemist who said that writing could be obliterated by means of chlorine, without affecting print. He made the experiment and the result was a complete demonstration that chlorine *had* been used. By this evidence we at once decided against the bank. I regard this as a beautiful illustration of the discovery of truth by scientific means. Chemistry perverted to commit this forgery, when properly used, detected the fraud. I have become a member of the new Friday Evening Club, which meets for conversation once a week. The talk turned on the uses of history.

"June 11th. Drew a legal opinion against the power of the city council to require brokers to take out a special license for purposes of revenue. Am now going to a party at Mrs. Stetson's to meet the Silsbees from Salem. I dislike parties, especially in hot weather, but I go as a social duty. When I give a party I expect my friends to come and I do as I would be done by. President McGuffey called and asked me to attend a meeting to devise means for establishing a city library.

"June 17th. I mean to see the great West as soon as courts are through, and hope the Mississippi will be so high that I can ascend to the falls of St. Anthony. Have been to the opera several times to hear Mrs. Bailly.

"To-day being Sunday, I heard an extraordinary sermon from Dr. Bellows, an old pupil of mine at Round Hill. Conversed later with Miss Emily Maxwell, an interesting young lady of fine mind who astonished me by saying that she did not believe in Revelation. All her family are believers; her reason cannot admit evidence.

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She has read and thought much of the subject and becomes more confirmed in unbelief. Advised her to read Dr. Channing's lecture on the *Evidence of Revelation*, and ordered her the book. She is the first female I ever heard admit positive unbelief. . . .

"June 24th. Heard of the return of the steamer *Great Western*, fourteen days from England. What will not steam accomplish! I expect to see the time when the voyage will be performed in ten days. I recently asserted that James Watt was worth to the world a hundred Carlyles. Some years ago, I reviewed in the *North American* an article of his in the *Edinburgh Review* against the mechanical tendencies of the age. Since then, his spiritualism has been growing more and more incomprehensible, yet our young Unitarian preachers are all fascinated with him. Read a masterly essay in the *Edinburgh Review* on Lord Bacon, so great and yet so mean! While reading, it occurred to me to attempt a work on the principles of American legislation where I could present my notions on legal reform in a popular garb.

"Finished Lockhart's life of Scott. One of the most delightful books I ever read. Scott was as good as he was great, a rare and charming character, yet Carlyle has undertaken to prove that Scott was not a great man. Bulwer does not make his men speak naturally, all walk on stilts. In this respect Sir Walter is unequalled. I should like to write one good novel, a domestic one, interweaving politics, ambition and party rancors, eulogizing personal independence and satirizing demagogism. . . .

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"July 5th. Yesterday I made my speech in Newtown. This is the fourth time I have played Orator on Independence Day, but the first time of attempting an extemporaneous speech. There were six or seven hundred persons in a beautiful grove. I spoke from a wagon, grew excited and continued an hour, and the consequence is I have not been able to speak loud since. For a first attempt, a pretty successful stump speech; it seemed to suit the audience better than an elaborate oration. . . .

"August 1st. *Prophet not without honor*, etc. Mrs. Doctor Price told me that recently in Philadelphia a Mrs. Mott read her an extract from a lecture of mine on the rights of women, with which she was delighted, regretting she had not heard of it here. Could I not furnish her with the text? I told her it was taken from my law book under the title of *Husband and Wife*. Captain Marryat made us a visit. I have met him three times, once at my own house. I have liked his books but *he* is anything but interesting. He is awkward and ungainly in person and manners, coarse and almost vulgar in conversation. How he could have reached a captaincy in the British Navy and his present distinction as an author without better manners, puzzles me to comprehend. I have read little of late, the evenings being too hot. The book now in hand is de Tocqueville's *American Democracy*, often able and ingenious but abounding in errors. What is extraordinary is that he should understand America so well.

"October 18th. Returned this day from my trip to the West but went no further than St. Louis, disappointed in

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a boat to the falls. Passed a week at St. Louis with my brother Benjamin and made acquaintance with most of the lawyers. The leading ones are Gamble, Gayer, Spaulding and Allen. The place did not equal my expectations. The buildings are poor and mean compared with Cincinnati, but the business seems immense and there can be no doubt that it will be a great city. Still, I do not see why Cincinnati would not keep ahead. It was never improving more rapidly than now. During the trip I read *Godolphin, the Cabinet Minister*, Combe on the *Constitution of Man*, and Stevens' *Travels*.

"Nov. 4. The Law School reopened on the fifteenth of last month with better prospects than ever; after all, my real vocation is to teach; I can do it better than anything else, but my practice is growing more and more interesting. We are concerned in all the most important cases in litigation and are often called upon for written opinions. To Salmon Chase's this evening to meet the bench and the bar.

"November 23rd. I have lately received a long and envious anonymous letter urging me to become an advocate of free banking and promising me an immense accession of popularity. The tendency is truly alarming; the late mob at Harrisburg read a solemn lesson to every reflecting mind; if the friends of order do not rally against the mob spirit in every form, our American experiment fails. Corruption seems to pervade the whole body politic.

"December 23rd. Yesterday was the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. What a change 218 years has

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produced! Where is now the spirit of the Puritans? I do not believe there is a more corrupt and unprincipled administration on earth than that which at present controls our public affairs.

"On the 26th we are to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cincinnati. The retrospect is glorious so far as relates to physical growth, but our moral development has been retrograde and never did I feel less interest in my profession whose tasks leave my mind no relaxation, no time to read or play or enjoy society. However, I do not work for nothing. Business last year was worth at least ten thousand dollars and the law school is a third larger than ever before, regular attendance and fine young men, too. If I could take interest in such things—but all elasticity of spirit is gone. . . ."

The reason for such pessimism is not far to seek: it appears in a pretty love story of "pride and poverty" recounted in Judge Walker's journal, for this Solon had fallen deeply in love and had been vigorously "turned down."

The object of his admiration was a young English girl, Ellen, who, by her unaided efforts had been, for several years, the breadwinner of a family which had known ease and prosperity. Her mother, Ann Bryan, was born in Gloucester, January, 1780. She married James F. Wood in 1809 and, as though to confuse and confound future genealogists, her sisters Emily and Olivia, also chose husbands named Wood. Except for that, Anne Wood's record is simple. From December, 1827, her life of cour-

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ageous effort was entirely identified with that of Cincinnati, which she saw grow from a town of twenty-four thousand inhabitants to a city counting a quarter of a million. Her excellent education in England was completed by the accomplishments then in vogue: French, music, drawing and dancing.

James Wood and his bride sailed from Liverpool shortly after their marriage and arrived six weeks later in Philadelphia, where he was to represent a mercantile house of Manchester, England. For a time all went well; business flourished and the family increased; but unfortunate endorsements brought disaster and with what could be saved from the wreck the Woods set out to that Eldorado, Cincinnati, where they arrived by the various modes of transportation then available: canal, stage and river.

James Wood went into business with Dr. Price, a leading physician who added to his professional practice, the manufacture of ale and porter, and consequently, if only for the sake of local color, felt the need of British collaboration. Evidently this new industry was not sufficient to provide good living for a numerous family. The Cincinnati directory for 1829 contains this quaint entry:

"Mrs. Wood has a respectable female school on Pike Street between Symmes (now Third) and Fifth Street." This was that very residence built for Martin Baum, known as "Belmont House" and bought, two years later, by Nicholas Longworth. So, curiously enough, our great-grandparents on both sides lived for a time, at least, under that beautiful colonial roof-tree!

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In 1834 the Woods were established on the north side of Third Street between Broadway and Ludlow, almost opposite the Turkish Bazaar, which was expected to make the fortune of its English promoter—Thomas Anthony Trollope. Shops of all kinds were to be grouped in oriental fashion beneath the central rotunda. Reading-room and a small auditorium had their place in the scheme; an enormous panorama of London and a terrestrial globe of gigantic proportions were planned. Externally, it was described as a strange conglomeration of Grecian, Moorish, Chinese and Gothic architecture which might come under the style heading “preposterous.” After Trollope’s sensational failure, it was taken over as a center for balls, fairs and public gatherings. Destroyed in 1884, I remember it still standing in my early childhood.

Cincinnati called the Bazaar “Trollope’s Folly.” This same unfortunate epithet was also destined to attach itself to the ale-making experiment of Doctor Price, in which our English great-grandfather engulfed his small remaining capital.

So, when the terrible cholera epidemic of 1832 visited the city and eliminated James Wood from life’s struggle in the space of an afternoon, his widow had little but her own courage and that of her eldest daughter with which to face a desperate situation.

Ellen, a finished musician, drudged as piano teacher, while her mother, established on Fourth and Broadway, took in what she optimistically called “paying guests,” though an establishment run in so amateur a fashion could never be a lucrative affair.

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This struggle was observed by Mr. Walker with mingled interest and indignation. Sympathy went to the industrious Ellen. His wrath was directed against her brother who, having been expensively educated in England, obtained the position of cashier in the Franklin Bank and left this employment to enter the priesthood. Frederick Wood probably considered that he could claim as good right to follow a spiritual call, as his mother and sisters might invoke, to work for a living. Neither the one nor the other would have appeared "genteel" to their English relatives, the Dean of Gloucester and the Canon of Penmark; but to the credit of all, it should be said that the young priest met no opposition or bitter feeling from his womenfolk who, while remaining staunch Episcopalians, showed constant interest in Frederick's career. After seven years' study in Rome, he returned to Cincinnati as rector of St. Peter's Cathedral and, in 1857, was consecrated Bishop of Philadelphia.

Mr. Walker had decided that these lone women needed a man to help them, so, after having made costly repairs on his house, he invited Ellen to come and preside over it, convinced that she would not refuse.

A woman's "No" is proverbially liable to modification, but it took our grandmother some time to change her mind. I believe she had a certain prejudice against marrying a widower; however that may have been, on March 12, 1840, Mr. Walker's journal records:

"Yesterday was married to Miss Ellen Page Wood. The ceremony was performed by our minister, Mr. Channing, in the Unitarian Church in the presence of a large

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concourse, to my utter surprise. From church we came home and were visited by a large number of friends in an unceremonious way. Ellen was born on the 27th of June, 1811, so is, of course, in her 29th year. She is all I could desire in a wife, but I am too happy now, with her sitting beside me, to write her panegyric."

After his marriage, Mr. Walker was appointed to the Superior Court Judgeship. In this capacity he was often called upon to officiate on solemn obituary occasions, pronounced an eulogy of John Quincy Adams and another on Henry Clay. He seems to have vied with the Longworths in entertaining distinguished visitors to Cincinnati, the most prominent of his guests having been Charles Dickens, Chief Justice Coleridge and, in another line, the tragedian Macready, for Judge Walker was a fervent admirer of dramatic art.

It was through him that Dickens learned of the curious case of a Cincinnati woman who, having been abandoned by her betrothed, shut herself from the light of day and lived in her wedding dress among the preparations for her nuptials. Dickens made use of the story in *Great Expectations*, giving to his "mourning bride" the name of Miss Havisham.

At about the same time that the Joseph Longworths established themselves at "Rookwood," Judge Walker bought ten acres of ground on the Madison Pike, then a toll road with a gate where the Alms Hotel now stands. "Woodland Cottage" was about three hundred yards from the corner of Grandin Road and in the immediate neighborhood of "Owls Nest," the home of James and

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Sarah Perkins, donated some years ago by their descendants to the city as a playground and park.

Near "Woodland Cottage" there was a rambling frame house almost hidden under a luxuriant pepperidge vine where Timothy Walker established his mother-in-law. It was indeed a delightful spot with stately elms shading ample porches, a red tanbark drive circling the grassy apple orchard, and it soon became a daily stopping place for the whole neighborhood. No one was better loved than the old lady who had one of those happy natures which, even at eighty and upwards, irradiates sunshine. In her becoming silk gown and white lace cap, seated in a deep armchair, she held a little court amid her devoted friends: Governor Hoadley, William Hooper, Judge Bates, Learner Harrison and W. W. Scarborough. Her memory is still kept green, for the lane where her cottage used to stand now bears the name of Annwood Street.

Two of her daughters besides Ellen married in Cincinnati. Bertha chose Edward Cranch, one of the "characters" of early society. Olivia became the wife of U. P. James whose publishing house was known as the Harper's of the West. Under the present director, Davis L. James, the book store enjoys the unique distinction of being the only establishment of the kind in America, which, for more than a hundred years, has belonged to the same family.

Living scarcely a mile apart, the Longworth and Walker children were bound to meet.

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Susan Walker was born on St. Valentine's Eve, 1845, and, from babyhood, was a delight to the eye through her grace and beauty, and to the heart through her sympathy and understanding. Her romance, we were told, began at the age of five; when, dressed in a white muslin frock with lavender dots, she captured her future husband's susceptible heart during the first visit which Mrs. Walker, recently established in the country, made in a neighborly spirit to Mrs. Longworth at "Rookwood." Precociously inclined toward things romantic, young Nicholas, aged six, felt that he must declare his passion openly and in due form. So, borrowing his mother's ring, he inscribed with care, upon the window pane, these cabalistic words: I LUV CO. After patient questioning, his mother found the clue to this enigma. Her son was not registering his taste for a company but, on the contrary, offering exclusive devotion to lovely little Sue. Although years of separation intervened, and the young people did not see each other between sixteen and twenty, the boy's sentiment persisted.

Susan lost her father suddenly, for Judge Walker's useful life was brought, in its prime, to a tragic close when the "buggy" in which he daily drove himself to town was overturned by the careless brutality of a German teamster who, having lashed his horses to a gallop, "did not care to take the trouble" of checking them in mid-career. He professed the theory that he "got as good a right on that side as any American." In consequence of which, the wagon-pole struck my grandfather full in the back, fatally injuring his lung. One of his

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favorite comments on the Constitution was "the danger of confusing equality of *right* with the *right* to equality of condition," a modern popular demand which no one nowadays, apparently dares deny.

Meanwhile, my grandmother, left a widow with a family of five, just as her own mother had been, began, in a lesser degree a like effort to make both ends meet, and managed to give the best educational advantages to each and all. She rented "Woodland Cottage" to Mr. Harrison, while his own house was in construction, and took her children to New England. The younger boys, Timothy and Edward, were placed at Exeter; Bryant, the eldest, at Harvard; while my mother and her sister, Annie, went during four years to Professor Agassiz's school. Then came the war and the Walkers' return West. Bryant enlisted in the Sixth Ohio Volunteer Regiment. At the side of General Manning Force, he was desperately wounded and both were nursed at "Woodland Cottage" where the dwellers did not escape the risks of conflict. Cincinnati suffered more than once, menaced by Morgan's famous cavalry raids against which a serio-comic Home Guard was recruited and drilled by Gus Copt, a German deserter. Before attempting the rôle of von Steuben, Copt had been peacefully gardening in the service of Mrs. Perkins.

I have heard it said that my father lost no opportunity of helping on his suit by the prestige of a uniform. However, the war was finished before he graduated from college and he was obliged to rely upon other means of conquest than military advantage.

A tangible reminiscence of some of his literary efforts

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION

THE REFORMATION was a movement which began in the fifteenth century, and which led to the establishment of the Protestant churches. It was a time of great religious and political change, and it was a time when the power of the Pope and the Catholic Church was challenged. The Reformation was a time when the Bible was translated into the vernacular, and when the people were able to read and understand the Word of God for themselves. It was a time when the Church was reformed, and when the people were able to live more fully in the light of the Gospel. The Reformation was a time of great faith and courage, and it was a time when the people were able to stand up for their beliefs and their freedom. The Reformation was a time when the Church was reformed, and when the people were able to live more fully in the light of the Gospel. The Reformation was a time of great faith and courage, and it was a time when the people were able to stand up for their beliefs and their freedom.

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to shine may be recalled in the dedication to a translation of Sophocles' *Electra* which earned an M.A. degree.

TO CO.

As in the days of faery and romance
Roland de Vaux gained for his guerdon fair
The chiefest trophy of a sword and lance
A laurel garland for his lady's hair.

So I have yearned in the bright lists of fame
To win some shining chaplet of renown
Worthy thy beauty and thine honored name,
At thy fair feet to lay my trophy down.

Weak is my arm and weary are my steeds
Full oft unhorsed, from the unequal fight
I bring thee but this wreath of flowers and weeds
The humble offering of thy faithful knight.

When years later, my father's steam yacht was launched upon the waters of the Ohio, there was no hesitation about what name she was to bear, but the reason for the choice was supposed to be a secret; a mysterious smile was the only answer given to those who asked why the new boat was called *C. O.*

However, as is the case with most mysteries, the story must have either leaked out or have been divined by the rivermen; for, thinking it perhaps disrespectful to make free with the name of "Sue," they ended by calling the little craft *The Madam*. I remember an old pilot, "Cap'n Doss," comrade of Mark Twain, who knew every snag and sandbank between Pittsburgh and New Orleans, delivering the following oration: "I tell you there ain't

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a craft afloat that can hold a candle to that there C.O., nor there ain't a lady alive to put alongside the Madam, nor yet there ain't no river you can talk about in the same breath with ourn. Speak of the Rhine or the Hudson! Pooh! I tell you this here Ohio is the finest stream on God's earth!" Then, as a final argument which could cap and confute all others, he would add: "The French, they knowd it. Didn't they call her the *Billy Riverree*?"

In selecting the foregoing portraits from the family gallery, I have chosen the ones which best explain why my brother became the sort of man he developed into. They show how even as a boy he took equally from both ancestral branches. Much of his grandfather Walker's strength of mind, high seriousness and ability to concentrate upon an arid task, was Nick's maternal heritage; but gravity was pleasantly dashed with the wit and original humor so characteristic of the Longworths, one and all.

His exceptional talent, and love, for music was drawn from his two grandmothers: Annie Rives and Ellen Wood were as highly gifted as their husbands Longworth and Walker were deficient in harmonic sensibility.

Perhaps it was living among people so essentially different as were Nick's parents, grandparents, sisters, cousins and aunts, that gave him unusual respect for *personality* wherever he found it and engendered broad tolerance for the political, religious and social views of those with whom he came in contact.

He went his sane and normal way as independently as his eccentric great-grandfather, "Old Nick," uninfluenced

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by jealous or adverse comment, and accounted to no man for his private conduct or personal tastes; but he was always respectful of constructive criticism and loved to discuss topics of the time with Democrat, Republican or Progressive. His sympathetic insight enabled him to distinguish, at once, what was *unalterable* in the mind of friend or foe and saved many a vain argument.

If he did not "suffer fools gladly," he did so at least with never failing urbanity; his quick and pointed repartee gave him great advantage in debate. His simple and charming manners appealed to all sorts and conditions of men and women. Although like many others whom fortune and natural talent place in the public eye, his path was not always free from the envious serpent; in so far as jealousy can be disarmed, Nick disarmed it and brought the antidote of his philosophic smile to the stings of the world.

In order to understand an individual we must give a legitimate part to the *place* where he has grown, especially in a case like his, where character and personality were fully developed before leaving home.

The stage is often as important as the actors who participate in each life drama. So, before Nick appears as the principal character of this volume, I must describe the scene upon which our curtain rose when the fourth generation came into its own.

CHAPTER IV

THE QUEEN CITY

WE were brought up to believe that early Cincinnati was, in many respects, more remarkable than when she attained full growth; certainly, in those ante-railroad days no other midland city could claim rivalry. Her central situation as thoroughfare of Western and Southern trade commanded even the Northern commerce, which could be reached by a canal system abutting in the middle of the town.

Spoiled as we are by the ease and rapidity of modern travel, it is hard to realize how so many visitors came and went between Cincinnati and the North, South and East, and one of the surprises which comes to readers of old correspondence is that our ancestors were just as active as most of their descendants, and comparatively more energetic; also that notwithstanding the length of the journeys undertaken, they did not, perhaps, waste more time than we do.

Cincinnati made a great mistake, according to our family authority, Aunt Minnie (Margaret Rives King), when she allowed the invasion of the railroad to rob her of manifest advantages as the center of traffic on a great waterway and permitted herself to be "side-tracked," thus



CINCINNATI IN 1857
From the "Golden Wedding Book"

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removing commercial supremacy to the main-line cities of St. Louis and Chicago.

Travel, she assured us, was not made more agreeable by modern methods and the descriptions she gives of vacation journeys to her former Virginia home by river and stagecoach, go far to uphold her contention.

"Steamboats, even the small ones, made for low water and called stern-wheelers, were arranged with every comfort: ample cabins, well provided table, and an easy smooth motion which made sewing, reading and sketching possible. Moonlight evenings on the Guards, as they called the verandas which encircled the boats, were enchanting. Then came five days' drive through the lovely Virginia mountains where rhododendrons blushed under a lacey veil of dogwood. There where plenty of wayside inns where mine host, originally a straggler from Burgoyne's disbanded army, had thriven and was ready to supply, for travelers' appetites, buckwheat cakes, delicious brook trout or venison steak. There was as much emulation among these hostels in the matter of food as between the brightly painted coaches for superiority in horse flesh."

Even accidents seemed to turn out well in those privileged days, as one of her return journeys demonstrate.

"On reaching Guyandotte, *La Belle Rivière* was but a bed of sandbanks between which wandered a lazy stream, too shallow for even a stern wheeler to ply. Some flat boats which had been fitted up were not sufficient to accommodate the passengers already gathered. My mother,

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equal to the emergency, suggested that we should hire a yawl from one of the stranded steamers. With an efficient man servant and her own maid, we might make ourselves comfortable and even have a jolly voyage. A large row-boat was provided with a sail and two river men to manage it who, knowing the shores well, said that we could find lodgings nightly on the Kentucky side, where fried chicken and corn were plentiful. Our party with the oarsmen numbered ten; the boat held twelve, so my father decided to invite two very agreeable and entertaining gentlemen who had been waiting to get off for days. My sister and I had our guitars; both played and sang duets to the instruments. With plenty of provisions, chess, cards and books we started as merry a set as ever left shore and drifted along through six mellow autumn days, stopping at sunset to send our good servants forward to get lodging for the night.

"About ten miles from Cincinnati, we were caught in a fearful storm and stuck fast on a sandbank. Umbrellas were raised but were immediately blown inside out. By concerted effort we were dislodged but progress in the blackness of the storm was slow indeed. At last a glint of the city lights with a line of steamboats tied to the wharves cheered us; then a sudden lurch and we were again aground. Shouts for aid brought response at last and we were helped ashore, drenched to the skin. But, after hot coffee, bright fires and home coming, all that was unpleasant in the adventure was forgotten, leaving only the memory of that happy drifting through those hazy Octo-

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ber days between the brightly tinted forests and glory of the sunsets."

I shrewdly suspect, from all this "glamour," that one of those stranded and agreeable gentlemen must have been Rufus King to whom the narrator was soon to become engaged.

Dear old Aunt Minnie was inclined to be somewhat lyrical in praise of people and things she loved, so that her descriptions of Cincinnati and its people partake of her own fervor. But her descriptions possess two distinct advantages over those of certain unfavorable critics: they were written at the time and on the spot. However, as controversy is always entertaining we shall listen to both sides of the question before judging whether her home town's reputation is or is not justified.

James Truslow Adams, in his book on the Adams family, gives a derogatory picture of the "Middle West." He speaks with scorn of the "settlers beyond the Alleghanies, scrabbling for a living, who snapped their fingers at learning, at drawing-room manners, at refinement, at social standards . . ." and would have us believe that it was only east of the mountain barrier that there were, before 1860, in his own words, "men and women of gracious manners, of intellectual interests, representative of an established and polished social order."

James Fenno Hoffman, writing in 1834, had replied to this categorical statement almost a hundred years before Mr. Adams' detrimental comparison was formulated.

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"It is in the highest degree absurd to speak of Cincinnati as a provincial place when the most agreeable persons hail originally from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore or Virginia, and are very tenacious to the style of living in which they have been educated. Nothing can be more agreeable than the society one meets in the gay drawing-rooms. The materials being selected from every State in the Union, there is a total want of caste, a complete absence of selfishness.

"Scarcely an hour has passed without some gay and agreeable engagement. The acquaintance of Mr. King and Mr. Pendleton, distinguished members of the Ohio Bar, inducted me at once into the society of the place, and I see no end to the hospitalities, should I prolong my stay."

Even according to the standard of literary success, Mr. Adams might have remembered that the two books which "broke all records"—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Ben Hur*—came from the pens of authors who were closely identified with the Queen City. As to the appearance of the town, this is the way it looked to the author of *A Winter in the West*, in 1834:

"It was a still, sunny morning when, on rounding one of those beautiful promontories which form so striking a feature in the scenery of the Ohio River, we came suddenly upon a cluster of gardens and villas which indicated the vicinity of a flourishing town; then, our boat, taking a sudden sheer from the shore, the whole city of Cincinnati, embosomed in its amphitheatre of green hills, was

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before us. It rises in two inclined planes from the river, one elevated about fifty feet above the other and both running parallel to the Ohio.

“The streets are broad, lined with trees, the houses, generally well built and of brick, but there are some pretty churches and noble private dwellings of cut stone and stucco—several with greater pretensions to architectural beauty than any I remember in New York.

“The first impression upon touching the quay at Cincinnati and looking up its spacious avenues terminating in the green acclivities which bound the city, is exceedingly beautiful. The girdle of hills, on some of which the primeval forest still lingers, commands the most beautiful views imaginable of the opposite shores of Kentucky, with two pretty manufacturing villages on either side of the Licking River. The principal buildings are the Cincinnati College, a couple of theaters, four market houses, one of which is five hundred feet in length, a courthouse, United States Branch Bank, Medical College, Mechanical Institute, Catholic Atheneum, Hospital, High School and two Museums.

“On climbing to the hilltops, Cincinnati herself, with her twenty gilded spires gleaming among gardens and shrubbery, lies before you . . . with charming glimpses of groves and villas scattered along the river bank. Verily, if beauty alone can confer empire, it is vain for thriving Pittsburgh or flourishing Louisville, bustling and buxom as they are, to dispute the title of ‘Queen of the West.’ Transportation is so easy along the great western waters that you see no poor people lounging about, for when

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business languishes and it is difficult to find work, they are off at once to another place.

“What would most strike you in the street would be the number of pretty faces and stylish figures one meets in a morning. A walk through Broadway rewards one hardly less than to promenade its New York namesake. I have had more than one opportunity of seeing these Western beauties by candle-light; the evening display brought no disappointment to the morning promise.”

In striking contrast to what we see to-day, the loveliest spot of the whole town was the thick grove near Sixth Street and Gilbert Avenue, where unsightly tracks and dumping-ground now cover the pebbly bed of Deer Creek, which meandered to join the Ohio through the Apollonian gardens then occupying the large tract bounded by Symmes Street, the River, and Pike Street. Where the Good Samaritan Hospital now stands, a magnificent spring bubbled up clear and cold, and a large aviary was a delight to children and bird-lovers. The Stetsons, Greenes and Footes had fine houses near Third and Vine Streets; the residence of Judge Burnet took in a whole square planted with superb trees; Mr. Groesbeck and Mr. Lawler owned impressive stone mansions between Vine and Walnut; the Pendletons overlooked Broadway; General Lytle was established on the corner of Third and Lawrence near the Dexters.

The most celebrated detractor of our town was undoubtedly Frances Milton Trollope, but it is amusing to note that the very person responsible for one of the most

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atrocious monstrosities that ever brought ridicule upon an architect should accuse Cincinnatians of making no attempt at architectural beauty. *The Domestic Manners of the American*, published in 1834, gives an unflattering description of the region:

"We had heard so much of Cincinnati—its beauty, wealth and unequaled prosperity—that when we left Memphis to go thither we almost felt the delight of Rousseau's *Ingenu*—'*Un voyage a faire et Paris au bout.*' As soon, therefore, as our little domestic arrangements were completed, we set forth to view this 'wonder of the West' this 'prophets gourd of magic growth . . .'—but alas, for the flatness of reality after the imagination has been busy!

"I hardly know what I expected to find in this city, fresh risen from the bosom of the wilderness, but certainly it was not a little town about the size of Salisbury, without even an attempt of beauty in any of its edifices.

"We arrived in February, 1828, and I speak of the town as it was then. Main Street, which was the principal avenue and runs through the whole town, was the only one entirely paved.

"To the north, Cincinnati is bounded by a range of forest-covered hills sufficiently steep and rugged to prevent their being built upon or easily cultivated, but not sufficiently high to command a view of a considerable extent. The Ohio is a beautiful feature, whenever it is visible, but the only part of the city, which has that advantage, is the street nearest to its banks. These hills afford neither shrubs nor flowers; the forest trees are neither large nor well grown, and so close as to be nearly knotted together

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at the top; even the wild vine loses its beauty, for its graceful festoons bear leaves only when they reach the higher branches of the tree that supports them, both air and light being too scantily found below to admit of their doing more than climb them with a bare stem till they reach a better atmosphere. The beautiful variety of foliage afforded by evergreens never occurs; and in Tennessee and that part of Ohio that surrounds Cincinnati, even the sterile beauty of rocks is wanting.

"I never saw any people who appeared to live so much without amusement as the Cincinnatians. To sell a pack of cards in Ohio subjects the dealer to a penalty of fifty dollars. They have no balls; they have no concerts; they have no dinner parties; they have a theater which, in fact, is the only amusement of this *triste* little town.

"All animal wants are supplied profusely at a very easy rate, but alas, these go but a very little way in the history of a day's enjoyment! I very seldom, during my whole stay in the country, heard a sentence elegantly turned or correctly pronounced from the lips of an American. There is always something either in the expression or in the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste. . . .

"Captain Basil Hall, when asked what appeared to him to constitute the greatest difference between England and America, replied like a gallant sailor, 'the want of loyalty.' Were the same question put to me, I should answer, 'the want of refinement.'"

Evidently there was a mistake somewhere, perhaps because we are apt to consider as *wrong* anything which is

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different from what we are used to. Strangely enough, when I asked some old Cincinnati ladies why Frances Trollope never "got in," the answer was invariably, "My dear child, she had neither manners nor refinement. No one who saw the way she behaved in market could have thought of asking her inside a drawing-room."

In short, I am afraid that Cincinnati was as unjust to Frances Trollope as she was to Cincinnati, probably because they did not have the same idea as to what constitutes refinement. This was a pity, for there would have been much to learn from this English visitor. As her biographer says, "she could glow with the fervor of regicides and refugees; she could give warm welcome to proletarian conspirators; she could talk communism and trousers for women with Frances Wright; she could relish the opulent hospitality of archduchesses or gush over the newest book with blue-stockings." And what a valiant struggle the energetic woman waged against misfortune! As it was, she saw no more of real American life from the "inside" than Mr. Duhamel had seen in our day, and this is bound to cause such misstatements as "there are no parties here."

Under date of March, 1830, I read in the correspondence of a young belle:

"Cincinnati has been very gay the last two weeks. A party almost every night. Mrs. Buchanan gave a large dance with Mr. McLeash and Miss Cassily as master and mistress of ceremonies, and consequently well conducted. We are to give a ball to the Edmund Pendletons, and then, next week, comes the Bachelors' Ball. . . ." And as

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though especially to confute Mrs. Trollope's remark about cards, the young lady describes how her family got rid of some conversational bores by organizing a whist table in the next room; it is difficult to believe that they paid fifty dollars for the cards used!

There is a simple explanation which may serve as an excuse for the jaundiced eye with which Frances Trollope viewed in retrospect the city where she had hoped to make a fortune. Her husband's foolish scheme met with disaster. Everyone did not get rich in the Queen City, and when the bubble burst the poor woman, writing to her son Tom, thus described the straits to which she and her little girl were reduced and how they were rescued by a French painter's disinterested generosity.

"Cecilia is literally without shoes. I mean to sell one or two small ornaments to procure her some. I sit and write, write, write, so my old shoes last. As to other articles of dress, we should as soon think of buying diamonds. Poor Hervieu seems only to live in hope of helping us. He had several pupils and has just made fifty dollars on a portrait. He pays for our board and has set his heart on getting us home without drawing on your father. Sometimes my heart sinks when I think of our present dependence, but hope tells me that it is just possible that my book may succeed. If Hervieu could find time to furnish sketches of scenery and groups, a very taking little volume might be produced."

It was. Thanks to the young Frenchman who consecrated his last resources to buying the irritable authoress' passage to England. She carried back the small volume

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over which shoe-leather had been saved and with it achieved a phenomenal success as a best seller!

So, although it aroused much bitterness and unkind feeling then and later, *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*, illustrated by Auguste Hervieu, brought with it a curious sort of poetic justice. The tragic mercantile adventure of Thomas Anthony Trollope was compensated by the literary success obtained by his wife.

A large historical painting which represents Lafayette's arrival in Cincinnati, done in the manner of Ingres or Ary Scheffer, remains as a souvenir of Auguste Hervieu's art. There was also from his brush a portrait of Joseph Longworth at sixteen, until the War in my possession. But the artist left a memory superior to his production; for, is not an act of such disinterested chivalry the most precious thing in past or future times?

There was one point upon which all visitors to Cincinnati agreed: the fascinating and instructive quality of Dorfeuille's Western Museum. It not only contained the finest collection of natural history and relics of Indian arts and crafts, including various singular domestic utensils excavated from the seven mounds of the vicinity, but also combined the realistic terrors of the Musée Grévin and Madame Tussaud's.

The French proprietor, one of the few victims of the Scioto land fraud who succeeded in making his way, had a veritable genius for applied science and knew more about the Indians than even James Hall or General Lytle. He also possessed a dramatic pictorial imagination which would have done credit to Gustave Doré. The upper floor

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of his museum contained a representation of the Infernal Regions, fertile source of nightmare to Cincinnati's youth. Theologians of the severe school pronounced this exhibit "apt to inculcate a great moral lesson," but wise "old Aunt Minnie" observed, in describing Dorfeuille's Inferno:

"If *fear* is the power, and not love, which leads man to perfection, these preachers may be right; but a taste for horror is so keen in man's nature that I can only affirm regretfully that these Infernal Regions are immensely popular."

Not only were the circles of ice and fire with their tormented souls astonishingly rendered but electrical science, then in its infancy, contributed to alarm the spectators. Shocks were freely distributed to any imprudent foot or hand which ventured into a certain zone. Dwarfs, through concealed mechanism, grew into giants; imps of ebony shot forth darting flames from rolling eye-balls; and gliding serpents furtively stole upon the innocent and defenseless maiden.

The great hall of the museum contained some remarkable wax works, allegorical representations of Anger, Revenge and Fear, scenes from primeval life, humorous and pathetic compositions, studies of famous men and women and the first attempt of the young sculptor, Hiram Powers, to create a type in his portrayal of "The American Beauty."

Powers had come to Cincinnati from Vermont as apprentice to a clock-maker. The lad, who spent idle hours modeling busts in an attic, undertook one of Nicholas

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Longworth and was eventually sent by him to Washington to secure portraits of Daniel Webster, Calhoun, Chief Justice Marshall and Andrew Jackson, and then to establish a studio in Florence. A life-long friendship grew up between the two men. Power's correspondence, containing fifty letters to his principal patron, is a mine of interesting intelligence on the art and political history of the day.

His "Greek Slave" received the highest award in the London exposition at the Crystal Palace. For the first time an American sculptor's name was pronounced as equal to the artists of other countries. Certainly, he alone, in the early part of the nineteenth century, infused character into his portrait busts instead of making merely a flattered likeness. He also gave to his imaginative work something more than physical beauty, thus appearing as a precursor of Saint-Gaudens and Rodin. Power's "Eve" is a fine dramatic conception, full of nobility of the spirit.

We hardly realize the immense enthusiasm which the Cincinnati's work excited among European visitors to America. One of the famous "intellectuals" of the day, Frederika Bremer, who "discovered" our country in the Fifties and raved about the future rôle of feminism, considered that the new sculptor had embodied all that American womanhood would mean to future civilization; she wrote as follows concerning an ideal head which Mr. Longworth showed her:

"It ought to be called 'Galatea' because Pygmalion-Powers has infused into it a vitality to which only breath

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is lacking or rather, it ought to be called 'America' because this peculiar beauty of features, form and action of head and neck, are those of an American woman. There is none of the Greek stiffness in her grace and expression. Yes, thus ought she to look, that woman of the New World—firm and yet pleasing, divinely wise, harmonious and kind—through whom the country shall reach its future pinnacle."

Another American artist who enjoyed my great-grandfather's patronage was Benjamin West. He achieved the distinction of being chosen President of the Royal Academy in London. His painting of the mad scene from Hamlet exhibited there in 1819 was acquired and hung afterwards in the ballroom of the Pike Street house. It is now in the Cincinnati Museum and is interesting because of the fact that John Philip Kemble posed for Laertes and the beautiful and unfortunate Constance Smithson, who became Madame Berlioz, was the model for Ophelia.

The city, from the very beginning, had artistic aspirations. A gallery of paintings already figured, in 1828, as an "attraction." Among many citizens, a more definite desire to participate actively in the development of the fine arts soon took form and, on the 18th of October, 1838, an "Association for Mutual Improvement" was incorporated. It was composed of amateurs and such professionals as Mr. T. W. Whittredge, J. H. Beard, Buchanan Reid and E. O. Eaton, and held regular meetings for practice in drawing, painting and modeling, also collected funds for the purchase of "antique casts or other objects worthy of study." But, strangely enough, the real seeds of

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the activities which led to the founding of the Art School Museum and Rookwood Pottery were sown, cultivated and maintained, not by the masculine element of the community but by the ladies of Cincinnati from 1854 to 1886. The chief promoter of the museum enterprise and the president of the ladies board was Sarah Worthington, daughter of Ohio's first governor, who married Edward, fourth son of Rufus King, Washington's minister to the Court of St. James, and later Mr. Peter, an eminent English classical scholar.

Left a widow for the second time, Sarah Worthington Peter returned and thenceforth threw in her lot with Cincinnati, not only to be near her son, Rufus, and the devoted daughter-in-law who became her biographer, but also out of pure love for the town and an ardent desire to contribute to its welfare and development.

Mrs. Peter's house became as near an approach to the literary and artistic "salon" as was seen at that period in America. She had a rare talent for conversation and social leadership, had traveled all over the world and knew most of the people worth knowing in many different domains. All the zeal which this extraordinary woman gave to church and charities after her conversion to Catholicism was employed in promoting the then Academy of Fine Arts, incorporated under the name of "The Women's Art Museum of Cincinnati."

During five journeys to Europe, she collected the nucleus which went to form the museum and which also served as models for art students. She had been dele-

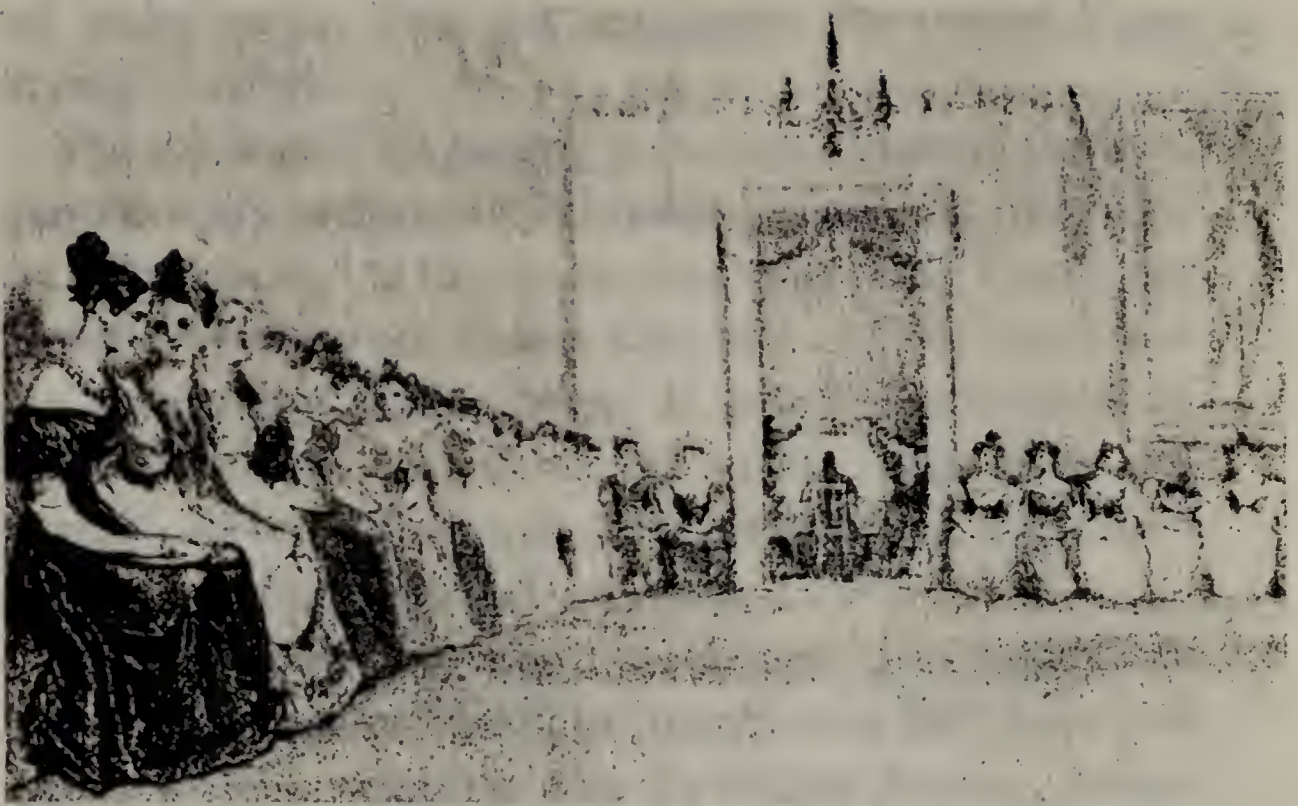
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gated to this work by the McMicken University. The School of Design was opened in 1868 with Thomas Noble as Director. There was plenty of zeal and enthusiasm but funds to maintain it were lacking.

At that point Joseph Longworth stepped in offering to donate a large sum of money for the art school's upkeep if the city would collaborate yearly in a small way. From this moment the success of the institution was assured. The particular specialty developed was the art of wood-carving, under the direction of Mr. Fry, and applied design for decorative purposes. In sculpture, painting and drawing, teachers were also of the first order.

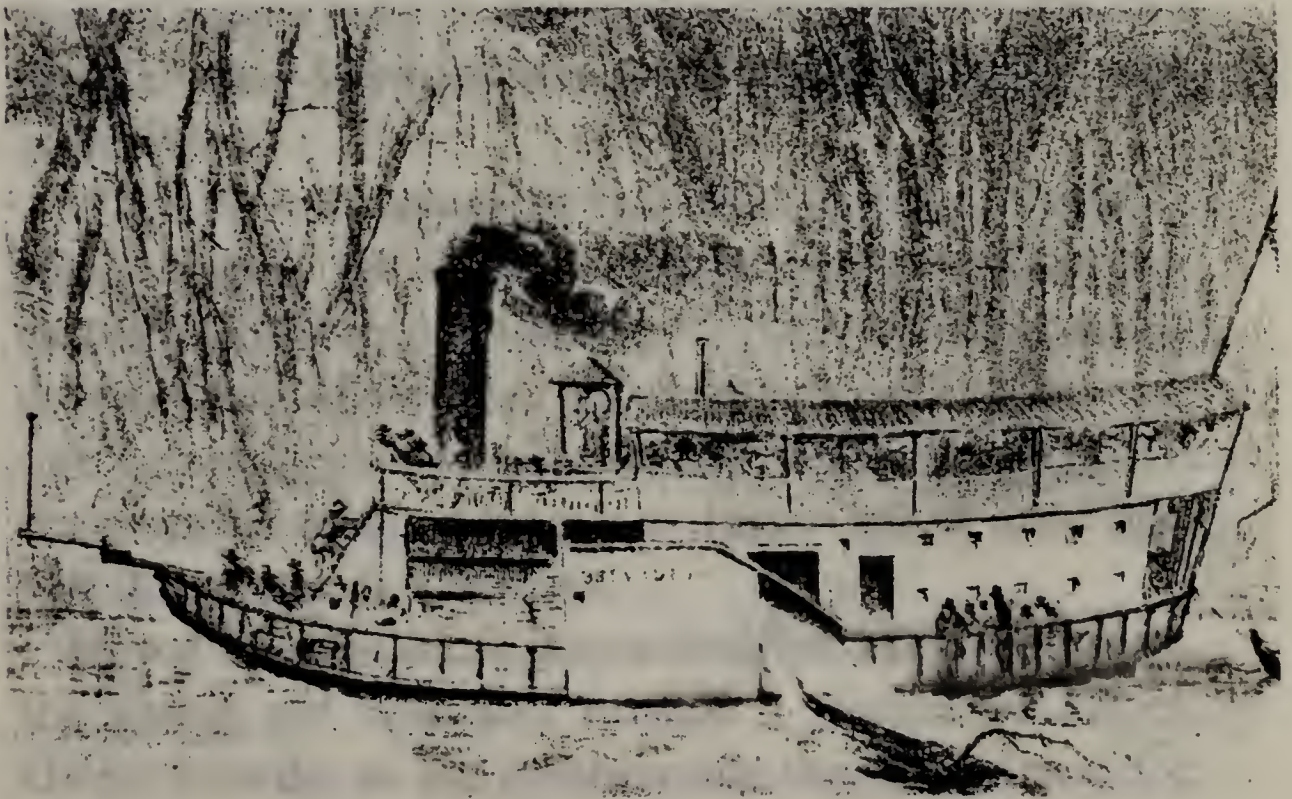
There were certain technical difficulties in uniting the school and the museum as one individual organization, arising from the form of the donation made by the McMicken University; but when this was finally accomplished Joseph Longworth's plan to endow the art school was realized and the sum of about \$370,000 given in his name.

Under this impulsion, the fund for building the museum began to swell. Several private citizens followed the example of Charles W. West, and, in 1880, \$300,000 was raised by public subscription. In 1886 the building was inaugurated and its collections opened to the public. On this occasion the old-fashioned ladies' committee, with Mrs. Aaron Perry who succeeded Mrs. Peter as president, after having congratulated one another on the crowning of the enterprise which they had so long been furthering, passed their work on to other hands and dissolved the "Women's Art Museum Association" in favor of one



A BALLROOM IN CINCINNATI, 1832

From "Domestic Manners of the Americans." Drawn by Auguste Hervieu



"OHIO RIVER STEAMBOAT"

"Domestic Manners of the Americans." Drawn by Auguste Hervieu

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of wider scope. But this anticipates the period I am trying to recall.

The celebrated wit among politicians, Thomas Corwin, prophetically writing to Nicholas Longworth, February 23, 1847, referred to the outstanding position of Cincinnati in art: "I believe our Queen City will soon be renowned for something besides hogs. If her representatives in politics were as famous as her artists, both here and abroad, we should speedily have the Capitol, or at least those who rule there, in Cincinnati. . . ."

How our fellow countrymen of those days longed for "recognition abroad" and how happy were they to receive praise from a celebrity like Frederika Bremer, whose strong-minded theories commanded universal attention. Her seal of approval once set on a work of art, a book, a place or a person, success was assured.

Miss Bremer was not, however, the first to proclaim woman's superiority to the public of Cincinnati. On this point another foreigner was as far ahead of her, in date as in daring.

When it was announced that Miss Frances Wright, a young English girl with a very large fortune, whom parents of republican notions had left with her sister under the wardship of General Lafayette, intended to inaugurate a rousing series of talks on the necessity of free-love, contempt of men, and against the slavery of marriage, Cincinnati was in a ferment.

Moved by a fanatical, impractical but sincere idealism, the young girl who had become a disciple of Robert Owen, in order to put communistic theory into practice,

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bought a large tract of land, Nashoba, in the Mississippi Valley and purchased a numerous colony of slaves. She planned to live among them a beneficent equal, after bestowing liberty upon her negroes. Needless to say, the idea was not a success, and, by way of freeing herself from the slaves, they were deported en masse to Haiti and left in charge of the Governor, with the mandate "be kind."

She was, according to Marc Sadlier, "the earliest of that long line of earnest, noisy women whose cacophonous reformism echoes down the nineteenth century."

ut Frances Wright possessed exceptional beauty, which goes a long way toward the conquest of men, to whom a sense of humor in the fair sex does not necessarily appeal. An auditor who with difficulty found seating room at the Cincinnati Courthouse thus described the fair lecturer:

"It is impossible to imagine anything more striking than her appearance; tall, majestic figure, the deep, almost solemn, expression of her eyes, finely formed head, unadorned by anything but its own ringlets, her garment of plain white muslin whose folds recall the drapery of a Grecian statue, all contribute to produce an effect unlike anything I had ever seen before, or expect to see again."

The first whirlwind campaign for "female equality" and against the "slavery of marriage" ended tamely enough in matrimony, for the apostle succumbed to the persuasions of a young French professor, M. d'Arusemont. She died in Cincinnati ten years after her sensational début; but much of her ardent spirit and oratorical talent

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survives in one of her descendants, the Reverend William Norman Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, who closed the nineteenth year in his old parish with a series of lectures almost as noteworthy as those of his grandmother.

From the time when the "Society for the Dissemination of Useful Knowledge" undertook to sow the seeds of original thought in a ground so ready to receive it, this form of culture had been particularly appreciated by Cincinnatians. Dr. Bellows, George Starr King, Henry Giles, Louis Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Channing, William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Dickens, William Macready, Chief Justice Coleridge, Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Cushman gave Queen City auditors the benefit of their knowledge and talent.

Cincinnati women of early days had no reason to clamor for their "rights," for they enjoyed the privilege of standing on equal footing with intelligent men when they had the mental capacity to do so, to a greater extent than any other American city.

Testimony to this effect is given by a New Englander, later to make his mark in the community, but who declared himself sadly afflicted with shy "mumpishness," cure of which was due to the new environment.

"There is here a circle of married ladies which I believe could scarcely be equalled in any city for intelligence and, what is better, excellence beyond compare. Of the intellectualists, Caroline Lee Hentz is a woman of rare powers, and Mrs. King, a Virginia lady, for acquired knowledge, strong powers of reasoning and just ideas of most things,

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excepting the worth of her own self, is the most wonderful female I ever chanced upon."

Dear Aunt Minnie! May we not, after such an encomium accept her descriptions as the best first-hand testimony on social aspects of a city where almost eighty years of her existence were passed?

"Our home on Race Street, above Fourth," she tells us, "was noted for its Southern hospitality, gracious ways and all the indescribable elegancies of a well-appointed dinner table, but in the world at large also a tone of intellect and good taste prevailed and gave character to the place as a center of art, music and literature. Society was composed of gentlemen in the truest sense, of reading and culture, and women whose well trained and well stored minds would have adorned any position. This is the *milieu* which your grandmother and I had the good fortune to enter as we grew to womanhood.

"There were requirements then, to enter social life, which do not now exist. Certain conventional rules which had to be obeyed, and which formed a great safeguard, leveled today. Good taste prevailed in all modes of entertainment. There was less luxury, perhaps, but certainly more refinement. Wealth and material superfluities have increased, but in our day, the models for imitation were found, not among the rich, but among the old families of culture and worth. Simplicity may be imitated even by those of slender means, and the consequence was a very general and kindly social interchange of genial and constant hospitality. Large balls and social gatherings dif-

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ferred little from those of fifty years later. Dancing was more generally enjoyed by old and young, but the quadrille and reel were the dances of the times. Waltzes had just been introduced, but were frowned down by many discreetly austere matrons. This graceful dance was at first strictly a feminine affair, then cousins of the opposite sex were permitted the privilege, and so finally waltzing sanctioned, if not approved, whirled into our very midst. Parties of an artistic and intellectual type were frequent—musical ones very general. Dr. and Mrs. Rives were noted for their musicals, both instrumental and vocal—solo and quartette.

“Literary parties, too, were much the fashion, and the ‘Semicolon’ reunions, inaugurated by Mrs. Charles Stetson and Mrs. Samuel Foote, were long remembered as the apotheosis of wit, humor and fun. A glass of fine port, sherry or Madeira, cake and lemonade were the only refreshments offered, but their quality made them sufficient. There was reading for about an hour, then discussion.”

Many of the burning questions, which later occupied the public mind, were settled at the Semicolon debates with an ability and fullness of documentation not often possessed by more authoritative bodies; in this there was nothing strange, for the men who led the conversation were exceptionally endowed. There was William Groesbeck with his fine mask of a Roman statesman trained to the law by Judge Burnet and chosen to defend the President of the United States in the famous impeachment trial; there were Rufus King, T. D. Lincoln, Manning

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Force and Senator Pendleton. Mr. Flint, editor of the *Western Magazine*, acknowledged even by Frances Trollope to be one of the most cultivated and brilliant men it had been her lot to meet, was a light in the assembly: so were Dr. Daniel Drake, eminent as physician and naturalist, James Hall, author of *Border Tales* and chief authority on Indian folk lore. Edward Cranch was declared to possess much of the subtle humor of Charles Lamb; his highly original drawings and caricatures were so keenly appreciated that every one was ready to admit his claim to have descended from Lucas Cranach.

The selections for reading were usually made by William Greene who had left Rhode Island to become Governor Worthington's secretary when the state capital was at Chillicothe; he settled in Cincinnati after his patron's retirement from office. Genial and accomplished, Mr. Greene formed one of the New England contingent with Timothy Walker, James H. Perkins and Salmon P. Chase. Both of the latter met their future wives at the gatherings of the Semicolon. Sarah Elliot who helped her sister, Mrs. Samuel Foote, receive her guests was one of the most vivacious and gifted among the women, and Kate Garniss, better known as Kate Chase Sprague, established her reputation for "fatal beauty" at these simple entertainments.

"Fanny" Goodman and "Katey" Greene, who were soon to marry respectively Learner Harrison and Dr. Roelker, were among the most amiable and popular, while Katherine Beecher, described as "the most witty and sensible person whom Fate ever kept single," was even more appreciated than her celebrated sister Harriet Beecher Stowe,

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whose "pretty pranks and pretty stories" kept the Semicoloners constantly on the alert.

The company, never more numerous than could be made comfortable, met alternately in the houses which possessed the largest drawing-room, but the informality of these parties was denoted by the busy fingers of the ladies generally engaged in knitting or fancy work, while a certain number of original essays, stories or poems, running from humor to pathos, were read or recited by the secretary. A cup of fragrant coffee with sandwiches, then a merry Virginia reel closed the evening's intellectual dissipations.

As time went on other hostesses alternated with Mrs. Foote and Mrs. Stetson, notably Mrs. Reuben Springer and Sarah Worthington King. But when death began to thin the ranks of older members, they were not filled. The generation then growing up formed new associations and the famous Semicolon became a thing of the past.

Two great social events, which, according to all those who assisted, eclipsed all former entertainments, marked the middle of the last century: the Longworth's Golden Wedding and the ball given in Pike's Opera House in honor of the Prince of Wales' visit in 1860.

The first of these occasions was the practical consecration of Pike Street as the center of the city's social life; the other marked the rise and supremacy of Clifton, for it came as a shock to the dwellers "down town" and to those of Walnut Hills that the only mansion considered worthy to extend hospitality to England's future sovereign was

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"Mount Storm," the beautiful residence of Robert Pendleton Bowler.

For a long time there had been a growing rivalry between the different suburbs but suddenly every one woke to the fact that while the eastern side of the town had remained in the complacent enjoyment of simple homes built in the Forties and Fifties, architectural strides had been made elsewhere. "Mount Storm" was not the only dwelling which easily outshone "Rookwood," "Oatfield" and "Weebetook." The stately mansions of Alexander McDonald, Henry Probasco and George K. Shoenberger made the houses on adjacent summits tremble to their foundations. The princely visit was a *coup de grâce* which permitted Clifton to affirm final superiority.

As a slight compensation it was decided that, at the ball given at Pike's Opera House in honor of the royal guest, he should dance impartially with the prettiest girl of each suburb, including the belle of Covington.

The Golden Wedding of Nicholas Longworth and Susan Howell was celebrated with great pomp on Christmas Eve, 1857. All the descendants gathered to the number of seventeen, united with friends of the family, old and new. In order to perpetuate the memory of this occasion, William Flagg collected pictures, poems and other material, and set about making a book. It is curious to learn that there was then no publishing house in America capable of producing the lithographs and colored prints for which Cincinnati is to-day so famous, and Mr. Flagg was obliged to have the work executed in Bremen.

The reminiscence of Tennyson's *New Year's Eve* which

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may be detected in the *Epithalamium* by Frederick S. Cozzens of New York, shows a certain "flair" for the future laureate's success!

I

Ring out oh bells, oh holy bells,
This day the prince of peace was born
And bring oh bells, oh happy bells,
The Golden Wedding morn.

2

To him, so patient, shrewd and good,
To her, the loyal true and fair,
Long may you hear your wedding chimes,
Oh wise and happy pair.

3

I wish ye joy and if your years
Should linger out the centuries span
And if *desert* should earn that meed
Thou, Longworth, are the man. . . .

4

And she, so steadfast and so true
Who shared his lot by night and noon
And kept a constant Harvest Home
And happy honeymoon.—

5

Till her half century of love,
To his as constant, now doth bring
The round complete to form when joined
The Golden Wedding ring.

It is amusing to read in the old *Commercial* of December 27, 1857, an article consecrated to the event, apologiz-

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ing for thus "intruding into private life," but esteeming that "such a rare occasion might be viewed by readers as possessing serious *historical* interest, and might therefore, perhaps, be forgiven."

Truly the "society reporter" has taken several strides in the eighty years which have passed since that day!

"The occasion so rich in happy associations was improved with consummate taste. . . . An event so rare, so suggestive of pleasurable reflections and auspicious hopes, so conspicuous withal from the distinguished position of the parties, and the publicity attendant upon a festivity so remarkable in its character and so splendid in its appointments cannot, we imagine, be regarded as strictly private.

"Everyone knows Nicholas Longworth was the founder of wine culture in America, author of sparkling Catawba, the munificent and judicious patron of Art, benefactor of the great Powers, and sustainer, during their sorest trials, of others in the walks of art and literature of whom the world has heard, and of whom it will yet hear, friend too, of the poor, as hundreds who are fed by his bounty can testify.

"The Longworth Golden Wedding festivities will be remembered by the hundreds who participated in the varied enjoyments of the occasion and will be traditional in the social circles of the city, far in the future of this Christmas Eve merry-making. The spacious residence of the festive makers was filled at an early hour with the *Dramatis Personæ* given below with their troops of friends:

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Nicholas Longworth	} <i>jubilants.</i>
Susan Howell Longworth	
Joseph Longworth	} <i>children.</i>
Eliza Flagg	
Catherine Anderson	
Larz Anderson	} <i>children-at-law.</i>
William J. Flagg	
Annie Rives Longworth	
John Longworth Stettinius	} <i>grandson.</i>
Ella Olmstead Stettinius	
Nicholas Longworth, Jr.	} <i>grandchildren.</i>
Landon Rives Longworth	
Maria Longworth	
* Nicholas Longworth Anderson	
* William Pope Anderson	
* Edward Lowell Anderson	
* Frederick Pope Anderson	
* Larz Anderson, Jr.	
* Joseph Longworth Anderson	
* Charles Anderson	
* Davis Carneal Anderson	
Richard Clough Anderson	} <i>step-grandchild.</i>
Agnes Thompson Anderson	
Kate Longworth Anderson	} <i>their children.</i>
Sally Anderson	
Mary Longworth Stettinius	} <i>great-grandchild.</i>

“The family pastor, rector of Saint Paul’s, pronounced an appropriate prayer, and the ring of the Golden Wedding was placed upon the hand of the bride by her great-grandchild, Mary L. Stettinius.

“The company was chiefly remarkable for the large

* The Anderson boys respectively married: Elisabeth Kilgour, Julia Worthington, Mary Fore, Louise Nettleton, Emma Mendenhall, Elisabeth Hinkle, Jane Herron and Annie Wallingford (of Maysville, Ky.).

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representation of 'old families' of the city but there was also, of course, a large supply of 'new blood' mingling in the currents of life as it is among us.

"It may be trite and stale to say that the throng was gay and brilliant, but certainly it was so. An interesting incident was the entrance of the bridesmaid of the occasion, Miss Julia Ann Eliott, later the widow of Joseph H. Crane, arm in arm with Mrs. Longworth, after the manner of the occasion 'in the long time ago.' The groomsmen at the wedding was Mr. Joseph Pierce, deceased, but his wife who resides in Dayton, was one of the goodly company.

"The host disappeared early in the evening, having an incorrigible habit of 'keeping good hours.' The hostess, however, gave her guests the pleasure of her society all the evening, and as she moved, the observed of all observers, it would not have been imagined by one unfamiliar with her features, but for the tell-tale folds of her bridal veil clasped, with a cluster of golden grapes, that one so erect and of such animated complexion, was the bride of the Golden Wedding.

"A most remarkable and fine looking person, is Mrs. Longworth, bright and original in conversation, with the rare gift of expression.

"Her memory of the pioneer times in which the officers of Fort Washington and their families had so large a part, is excellent, so that seekers after historical facts are always interested in her intelligent information and comment. Notable as a housekeeper, her dinners and balls made the fine old Pike Street mansion famous."

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Nicholas Longworth senior, died on February 10, 1863, still keen on his hobbies, to which search for a cancer cure had been added. His wife survived him but a short time, and both were laid to rest in Spring Grove cemetery under the marble shaft which his protégé, Hiram Powers, had designed and executed in Florence.

So passed the generation of our great-grandparents, and the changes which always follow the disappearance of a powerful personality began to mark themselves on the community itself.

First came the sale of "Belmont" which, though it had been the apple of Nicholas Longworth's eye, none of his children could afford, or desired to keep up. Mr. Flagg and Eliza preferred New York; Larz and Catherine Anderson, much attached to the spacious and convenient mansion where all their children had been born, did not wish to take over the lovely but rather inconvenient colonial house; Joseph and Annie Longworth were wedded to country life at "Rookwood." So "Belmont" passed into the hands of Frank Suire and later into those of David Sinton, whose daughter, Mrs. Charles P. Taft, carried on the old traditions of the homestead, making it, in her time, a center of art, music and literature; finally—in accord with her husband—it was generously bequeathed to the city of Cincinnati as a museum.

The second event to bring far-reaching consequences to many in Cincinnati besides the Longworths was the gradual decline of grape culture owing to a kind of *Phylloxera* which attacked the vines in such a manner that one by one the vineyards withered and disappeared. In my child-

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hood there were only a few acres in the whole region where the Catawba grape, pride of the city, and a contributing cause to its prosperity, could be seen. Soon Kattenhorn's garden, the last ground where they flourished knew them no more.*

Change is an essential element of life, the natural regret it brings to some creates compensating energy in others; thus the very circumstances which led to wine-making were also favorable for the establishment of a different agricultural industry, the extension of which became a thousandfold more important to the city than our great-grandfather's enterprise.

Specialists, who could plant and tend a vineyard might be expected to train and pick hops; the bottling works which had been utilized for Longworth's Catawba were just as serviceable for Moerlein's beer.

* The average yield was about one hundred and twenty bushels per acre of grapes, which, at fifty pounds a bushel, was equal to five hundred gallons of must containing, in a favorable season, from ninety to one hundred degrees of saccharine with a delicate flavor and fine fruity acid well adapted for the production of sparkling wines.

The sudden and complete failure of wine-growing between the Miamis and later on the shores and islands of Lake Erie was due perhaps to the destruction of forests. Fogs, dampness and rapid transition from warm to cold without wind, are considered the chief cause of destructive grape disease.

When a plant has taken up a maximum of moisture and evaporation is suppressed by a low temperature or continued wet weather, it appears that nutrition ceases. The juices stagnate and thus become a fertile medium for microscopic fungi. Rainfall after hot weather, followed by saturated atmospheric conditions, checks further evaporation and the plants are in danger of sunblight or scorching: the disease known in Germany as "Sonnenbrand."

On the Pacific Coast where the climate is habitually dry and almost no rain falls during the growing season, the absorbing power of the plant is constantly active. These two essentials, even temperature and dry atmosphere, may explain the continued success of grape culture in California, and its failure in Ohio owing to altered climatic conditions.

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The town, referred to by Tom Corwin as *famous for its hogs and then for its arts*, became celebrated for its breweries, and soon the popular gibe of the Prince of Pilsen: "Was you efer to Zinzinnatah," echoed from shore to shore.

Change—transformation—from the vineyard to the keg and on to the bootlegger

"naught may endure but mutability . . ."

We like to call it progress, in spite of the fact that each succeeding generation proclaims its own superiority over the preceding one. Our great-grandparents listened with an ironical smile to the claim of the new Friday Evening Club to superiority over the Semicolon. The promoters of the Friday Evening Club were intolerant of efforts made, in the Sixties and Seventies, to set up new institutions and we ourselves—poor back numbers—are tempted to take up the ancient refrain and declare that the Queen City social standards have deteriorated: that present-day cocktail parties cannot rival Sunday evening suppers at "Rookwood" and Saturday evening musical-rides, that the Camargo is but a "poor thing" compared to our old Pillars Club, and that no ball nowadays can vie with the dinner-dances at the "St. Nicholas" or "The Burnet House" cotillions.

Such artistic and social activities as I have endeavored to describe form an integral part of Cincinnati's life and reputation; her citizens kept and still keep these traditions in mind. There is immense force in the spirit of continuity which obliges material progress and intellec-

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tual aspiration to go hand in hand. Nowhere, I believe, did such true collaboration exist between big business bank capital and the learned professions as in organizations like the Queen City Club and its "by-product," the "Gentlemen's Sewing Circle."

This quaintly named society pushed the idea of collaboration further and, desiring to include wives and sisters in the discussion of certain civic questions, met on the same days as the feminine sewing circles to which their women folk belonged and concluded every season by offering, each to each, a "mixed" luncheon; this long before there was any real question of giving the fair sex a voice in civic matters.

The business men most identified with our commercial growth always remained alive to the importance of keeping up old standards and making new ones equally high in music, art and science. Were I to mention names the list would run into pages; just a few such as Chatfield, Proctor, Shillito, Wulsin, Holmes, Emery, Alms, Ault, Harrison, Schmidlapp and Hanna suffice to make my point.

It is not for me to describe the smoking chimneys, towering buildings, machine-tool factories and others for the production of shoes, wheels, lithographs, cards, candles, yeast and soap—industrial activity in every branch. This has been done better and will often be done again. I can furnish only what is mine: that little store of memory which is all that any individual can ever really possess and which, if not passed on, must perish from the earth.



"ROOKWOOD," SILAS HOWELL'S COTTAGE
Etching by Hurley



THE OLD "ROOKWOOD"
Photographed by Judge Longworth



View of the field from the house
 1891-1892



View of the field from the house
 1891-1892

View of the field from the house
 1891-1892

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I have often wondered what particular influence is most responsible for Cincinnati's spiritual inheritance. Perhaps it came first by grace of selection in the persons of the settlers who were of such high and energetic quality: three-fourths of the persons who formed the Miami Company had served in the Revolution. These men who felled the forests, tilled the fields and brought the bricks which went to her upbuilding were sure to love the hard-earned conquest of a Home. To the soldier-patriots who exchanged their weapons for a plough-share, the ground itself was endeared and they passed on the torch of love to those who came after.

Among the second arrivals, all were not of the same kind. Too much similarity leads to narrowness. From the many regions, and even countries represented by her men and women, Cincinnati drew a varied élite. The large foreign element whether French, Italian or German was not composed of "failures" in life, such as later immigration cast promiscuously upon our shores. Europeans came to Cincinnati, not because there was no more room for them at home, but because they were sent for to fill a post which required their special aptitudes.

There was also a happy proportion of Northern, Southern and New England blood. This fact engendered tolerance, for when Kentucky and Massachusetts, New Jersey and Louisiana meet daily on the market-place, they are obliged to show, externally at least, respect for the feelings and convictions of those with whom they are to remain in close and constant association.

Even when the Civil War broke out, many a mother in

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Cincinnati sent her son into Grant's army while the neighbor across the street anxiously waited news of her boy in gray.

Breadth of outlook prevailed on religious questions; however much sectarian spirit burned in the breast of certain newcomers, it was bound to moderate after a short sojourn. The soil was never propitious to fanaticism. A noted abolitionist was asked very quietly to leave his pulpit to one who could speak without giving offense. Even Dr. Lyman Beecher, in Boston, a very firebrand, whose Park Street meeting-house sermon brought about the burning of the Mount Saint Benedict convent, calmed down and cooled off soon after arriving in the Queen City.

This may, in part, be attributed to the personal influence of several leading citizens, but was also due, no doubt, to the high class of many Catholic and Jewish families early established in our midst; of the latter the Workums, Freibergs and Levys may be specially mentioned.

Extraordinary hold was obtained in the community by that apostle of charity and brotherly love, James Handasyd Perkins who, as city missionary, united all creeds in the Relief Union, which he organized. It was an extraordinary thing to hear some of the pupils, whom he taught, speak of the inspiration this master gave them not only in study but in the duty each owed to society at large.

It would not be fair to speak of the growth of this civic spirit without recalling the work of certain other teachers

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whom our schools were privileged to count at their head. Nothing is more eagerly sought after in a young settlement than educational facilities and these were, from earliest times, of a high order. First came Dr. Lock's academy which instructed the generation of our grandmothers. It was superseded, in due time, by Caroline Lee Hentz's school and that of Mrs. Rylands, with equally high standards for teaching "even girls." From the Sixties to the Eighties, Miss Sarah and Miss Elisabeth Appleton maintained like traditions and, later Miss Elisabeth Nourse, Miss Storer, Miss Lupton and Madame Blanche Fredin, divided the care of the comrades of my own day. The latter, as Nick's first teacher and life-long friend, deserves special mention. During the same period, Dr. Emery Soule, Eugene F. Bliss—who edited Zeisberger's diary—and eventually the Franklin School, under the direction of Joseph E. White and Garrett S. Sykes, prepared the youths of Cincinnati for the Eastern colleges. All these influences, combined to build a civic spirit, individual and collective, without which any town is as a soulless body; for, in spite of Booth Tarkington's cleverly presented theory, I cannot believe that "bigness" alone can suffice.

Cincinnati's arts and institutions, having grown with her growth, partook of the vigorous nature which characterized her founders. Love of beauty was developed there because it was needed for home consumption, not to astonish Europe or to tantalize neighboring cities.

Chicago might boast of having become a larger musical center and of having "beaten the Queen City on her own

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ground," but the genius of Theodore Thomas was developed, and his orchestra trained, long before the Windy City could claim them as her own. Kenyon Cox and Frank Duveneck might be numbered for a time as belonging to Boston or to New York; it is nevertheless true that their talent, like that of many others who have shaken our dust from their feet, was rooted on the banks of the Ohio.

My brother retained through life a deep sense of "belonging" to his birthplace and to its people. To represent Cincinnati in the Nation, was his chief pride and satisfaction. He felt keenly the defection of certain citizens who, through a mistaken snobbishness, considered that their "Middle West" origin was an inferiority to be lived down as speedily as possible.

Nick had a contrary sentiment, and the more his career required his residence elsewhere, the stronger became the tie which bound him to his native home. He was fond of recalling that, since Harvard, four-fifths of his life was spent as Republican representative of the First Ohio District and that he had been in a position to know all the "big" men of House and Senate, to size up the "near great" and associate with hundreds who had small claim to any greatness whatsoever. His conclusion was:

"The average Congressman is not a superman by any means; probably he would not be there if he were. Supermen are not generally popular enough with the rank and file to make a start in politics. But, in the long run, the average Congressman truly represents the intelligence and patriotic spirit of his constituency, which is essential

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that he should. In the primaries and elections he submits himself to their suffrage every two years and is looked over and appraised mentally and morally. His opponents at least may be depended upon to point out whatever crevice there happens to be in his armor. If, under these conditions, he is retained over a long period of years, he must be taken to be truly representative of the beliefs, hopes and aspirations of his constituency, even if not the very best available."

In short, I am quite certain that if it could have been practically demonstrated that Nick was above the average of our congressional representatives, instead of taking the compliment to himself he would merely have considered it the proof of the superior quality of his Southern Ohio electorate.

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1869-1931

CHAPTER V

NICK'S BOYHOOD

ON the fifth of November, 1869, when the third Nicholas Longworth came into an impatient world, his parents had been married for more than three years.

Never was a welcome baby more consistently indulged by parents, uncles and aunts; so, when sisters arrived, they fell in quite naturally with a tradition firmly established by nurse and kindred: that all that was best in life must be reserved for Colie. This self-invented diminutive differentiated him from his father, the Nick of those days, and clung to him until he entered college. His sisters, too, rarely went by the names they had received in baptism. Annie was known as Pansy or Nan, Clara as Klag or Kiggy among the elect band of young folks that owed exclusive allegiance to Colie, "first born of Israel."

There was another and still more important member of the "Rookwood" household; this was our grandfather Joseph Longworth. Dada, as we called him, was like no one else, either in fact or fiction unless it were Prospero, whom he resembled in power, strength of nature and ripened wisdom which chose the ways of love rather than those of ambition. Prospero, however, had little or no sense of humor, whereas Dada was full of wit and fun, the ideal child's companion.

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His massive leonine head, perfectly chiseled mouth and hazel-brown eyes that matched his sanguine complexion, made age beautiful. With his dignity and innate prestige he ought to have been at least six feet four inches, but it was one of life's smaller trials, accepted gaily, that, like his father, "the original Nicholas Longworth," he was rather less than middle-sized. He made us laugh one day by recounting his humiliation when the clerk in a clothing store responded to his request for flannel trousers by yelling through a speaking tube: "Say, Bill, send down a pair of your *short fats*."

Dada held the delightful theory that there is nothing in art or literature *too* good for children, a thing I now look back to as the best of his many gifts.

A store of British ballads were at his tongue's end, which we memorized and spouted with imitative facility. I never understood why visitors, prompted by Colie, used to beg me to recite "The Mermaid of Colonsay," until it transpired that my unconscious massacre of the multitudinous syllables was considered a good joke on our bringing up.

"If you pass by Jura's steep
Bend your course toward Scarba's shore
Shun, oh! shun, that fearful deep
Where Corrievrecken's surges roar."

"Where Clara Perkin's surgeons roar," was what I *said*, with unintentional comic effect in rendering the last line.

One of my earliest perplexities was cleared up by Colie. Why did the inscription on an immense family Bible with shining brass clasps read: "To Nicholas and Susan

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Longworth from their grandfather and grandmother, Nicholas and Susan Longworth"?

Although my mother's name was Susan and our father's Nicholas, that fact shed no light upon the identity of these self-styled grandparents, unseen and unknown to our generation. Was not every one aware that Dada's name was Joseph?

"You goose!" said my oracle, "the Nicholas Longworth who gave the Bible is our great-grandfather. He lived in the big house on Pike Street next to Aunt Kate Anderson. Both Papa and I are called after him."

"But why Susan?"

"His wife was Susan, too. Mama hasn't a patent on the name, and their son, Joseph, is our grandfather, Dada."

This seemed simple, after being explained, but the mistake has been made so often, and the second generation has so frequently been passed over, that this reference to the family Bible may set the puzzle straight once and for all.

Joseph Longworth said laughingly of himself that he would never be known except as the *son of his father and the father of his son*. The jest proved so true, that an author of a standard work on Cincinnati and its founders, omits both him and his wife from the genealogical table, though they seem worthy of mention in civic annals, for Joseph practically made a free gift to the city of Eden Park and liberally endowed the art school, while Annie Rives extended the gracious sphere of her influence to all who were distinguished in music, science or literature.

THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

It is hard to draw the line which separates what we know by hearsay of those "prehistoric" childhood days and what actually forms a part of individual memory. Vivid flashes of consciousness suddenly illuminate dateless spaces of shadow, leaving dark holes of oblivion after each gleam. The earliest of these pictures shows me a brother who was not Nick, but "Little Bryant," a brown-eyed, fair-haired cherub who had crept into the cradle which had been mine and driven me into perplexed exile, shorn, at two years old, of my sole distinction, that of being the "baby of the family."

From behind the bars of a walnut crib—a world too wide for my small person—I looked around the nursery, Nan's domain; a peep on the other side disclosed the corner where "big brother" now slept. Dear old Alice Mayfaith mounted guard over all of us, her thin hand raised to enjoin silence before the closed door of my former kingdom, "Mamma's bedroom."

Something, that Easter-tide, had kept our mother hidden and after a time restored her to us, enfolded in a strange, billowy blackness which removed her infinitely far from the happy world that had been ours before the closing of her door. . . . A hazy confusion of mysterious whisperings: "She ought to have a change, poor lady; she cared more for that child than for all the rest." Then another flash of memory.

Change indeed! A line of sunlit water tumbled over itself in queer, white-flounced ridges, then broke to pieces on the edge of a gigantic sand-pile, not heaped up like the one at "Rookwood," but spread out far and flat, be-

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sprinkled with shells and pebbles. Alice called it *Newport* and assured us that "it would do the whole family good, and what a blessing that Miss Walker was here with us near the madam!"

A wonderful person was Aunt Annie Walker, always in the background of our lives and exhibiting, when she emerged, moral grandeur which we children felt instinctively and which "grown-ups" called "character." This quality, together with her contralto voice, like that of an impassioned angel, lifted her above the world of common things. Others might scold, appeal or threaten, but what Annie Walker said blossomed into swift irrevocable action, a thing that Nick and I learned at Newport never to forget.

How we managed to evade the vigilance of nurse and parents when the hour came to leave the surf, remains a mystery; enough, that when the ruling powers emerged from bathing houses and assembled fully dressed for luncheon on the beach, two rebels against authority, deaf to argument, prayer or menace, still exulted in the freedom of the seas.

"You naughty children! Come out this instant."

"Colie, what do you mean, setting such an example to your little sister!" So spoke Alice Mayfaith; others continued the same refrain with greater energy, although conscious of the weakness of their position as compared to ours.

Convinced that we were entirely "un-get-at-able" by this well-dressed throng, we continued to wallow impudently in the delicious waves, until a new note of com-

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mand sounded from the shore, accompanied by an impressive vision: not Venus but the goddess Nemesis rose from the sea-foam. She wore a new gown of ruffled taffeta. I can hear the swish of the wet silk and see the soaked, neatly shod feet flashing toward us. Aunt Annie's special coquetry lay in high-heeled black kid "bottines"; how could any child imagine that such possessions might be sacrificed in the cause of impersonal discipline?

Colie, upon whom, as chief offender, the vials of her wrath were poured, used to say that the words "executive power" called up to his mind ever after the picture of Newport beach with Aunt Annie rampant in the foreground.

Power has its attractions; perhaps my brother's taste and capacity for leadership dated from that very incident. Certainly when, after our sea-change we returned to "Rookwood," his authority became manifest in the family circle which usually included our cousins, Jo and Min. Though nominally living in the gray stone house which our grandfather had built for his only daughter when she married Colonel George Ward Nichols, these playmates were oftener at "Rookwood" than at home. Their mother, Aunt Ia, was in the first creative enthusiasm for her pottery, established on the riverbank, and seldom came back to lunch. Colonel Nicholas, as director of the College of Music, was detained downtown during the week days.*

We considered, among ourselves, that the daily absence of playmates' parents was highly advantageous, for it

* See note at end of chapter.



NICK, JOE AND MIN
 Photographed by Judge Longworth, 1878



UNDER THE HACKBERRY TREE; NICK, CLARA, NAN, JOE AND MIN
 Photographed by Judge Longworth, 1878



Figure 1. A large, light-colored, irregularly shaped object, possibly a piece of ice or a large rock, resting on a dark, textured surface. The object has a rough, uneven top and appears to be melting or partially submerged. The background is dark and indistinct.



Figure 2. A large, light-colored, irregularly shaped object, possibly a piece of ice or a large rock, resting on a dark, textured surface. The object has a rough, uneven top and appears to be melting or partially submerged. The background is dark and indistinct.

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allowed Joe and Min to lunch often at "Rockwood" and brought no interruption to the fun which began in the morning and finished when daylight ended.

A group of second cousins, George, Clough and Bob Anderson, also dwellers on the Grandin Road, were constant partakers in our games; Lawrence and Briggs Keck with Bayard Kilgour were absent only when they could not help it. Town Andersons: "Larz, son of Nick" and "Larz, son of Will," the former impressive and ambassadorial even at the age of ten, joined with Harrisons, Groesbecks, Neffs, Shorts, Scarboroughs, Hoadleys, Herons, Halsteads and Galways on such festal occasions as picnics at Mount Lookout or visits to the Zoo. Sometimes a metropolitan touch was added to our revels when "Greta" Pomeroy and the "Stone girls" came from New York to visit their Burnet grandparents on the Grandin Road; and it was whispered that "Cornelius Vanderbilt, who married Alice Gwynne, might come to stay with his wife's relations"; but such news left our younger generation emotionally untouched.

Except when that best of all delights, a wading excursion to Duck Creek or to Miami, was organized we were perfectly satisfied to remain at "Rookwood," the resources of whose hundred acres seemed inexhaustable. General headquarters were established in the hackberry tree; each child had a special seat, level with second-story windows, to which no disturbing grown person might intrude without a ladder. Thence we often adjourned to pasture, pond or creek where we collected minnows, crawfish and tiny tadpoles which grew into frogs under close observation in

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an improvised aquarium on the upstairs porch. But our most fascinating playground was the forest of primeval oaks and giant beeches, stately tulip trees and sombre walnuts, under whose boughs, according to our formula, "you could *almost find* copperhead snakes and *almost hear* wolves and bears." Personally, I judged that common garter-snakes were equally terrifying and never dared to venture alone into the dell where I knew that Papa and Uncle Landon actually had met a bear in days of yore, for the story had become part of the family archives.

"Run, run, Nicholas!" cried Landon, aged five. "You will have time to get away while the bear is eating me."

"No, let's both run. Perhaps if we go very fast he can't catch us," panted eight-year-old Nicholas. And they ran very quickly indeed.

When the tale had been told at home, the bear caught and returned to the local circus, from which nostalgia of the woods had driven him, parents inquired, not without twinges of conscience: "Why did you say that, Landon?" The younger replied simply: "I knew that Nicholas was always the favorite."

Such were the traditions of the preceding generation and our own were like unto them: *Nichloas was so decidedly the favorite* that no one ever hinted that things might possibly be different.

Others might have their specialties: George Anderson was the artist, Clough the naturalist, Bob the mechanic, Joe Nichols the doctor: our Nick's speciality was to be *chief* and his authority was uncontested in all our sports

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and pastimes. He could run faster, climb higher, ride better and cut a more complete figure eight on the ice than other skaters. When a Prince was needed for Cinderella, in the Christmas play yearly given at the Harrisons', Colie was at once selected without any after-thought that George Anderson and Joe Nichols might be dissatisfied with the part of courtier; and, strange to say, Colie was never the least spoiled but wore his honors with simplicity.

Being the youngest of the whole neighborhood, I was judged "too small" for a post in my brother's so-called "Legion," where sister Nan had her place as a "Regular." Here is the scene which led to the incorporation of this unique fraternity.

George Anderson by right of seniority, as well as learning, was door-keeper at the greenhouse. He had been freshly initiated into the mysteries of the Catechism and, eager to turn this knowledge to account, applied the newly learned formula, satisfying himself by his playmates' answers whether they were worthy of admission into that terrestrial paradise, a conservatory which the gardner had forgotten to "lock up."

"Is your name M or N?" inquired George.

"Neither, but you can't keep me out," responded Nick, happily inspired. My name is Legion." And in, he walked.

"Is your name M or N?" was duly put up as a problem to Nan.

"Both," quoth Nan.

When assured that this was impossible, she pressed her

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lips tightly together and, almost without sounding the vowels, made the strange but satisfactory statement: "My name is Mmmammonn." This was found so exceedingly bright that there was never further doubt but that she was the equal of any boy, and wore thenceforth the baleful title: "Mammon of Unrighteousness," while Nick was styled the "Great and Glorious Legion." There were intermediary grades between these extremes: "Purse Proud Canteloupes," on the one hand, "Krawling Karniverous Kossacks," on the other, spelt with a "K" to indicate their baseness. I fear Min and myself counted among the latter.

Whether this was really as funny as we thought, I cannot pretend to say. I have lived too long in the faith that no one was so witty as Nan, unless possibly it were Nick, to be capable now of impartial judgment.

How I envied the precious gift which allowed my sister to be constantly "with the boys," and take her part in the serio-comic four-hand piano "interpretations" which Nick always adored. This I would never be able to do, grow as I might; for music was not in me. I was conscious of being "gloomy and peculiar," and the knowledge that Nick found nothing to be proud of in Kiggy and probably never would, occasionally brought about violent reactions whose cause remained mysterious, but which, while they lasted, terrorized the house.

Parents seldom realize that a small child can be a prey to black jealousy whose place as master passion in the world is not often recognized; psychoanalysts, with their complicated jargon about "inferiority complexes" have merely found new terms for a very old disease. But it is

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humiliating in the extreme to remember, as if it happened yesterday, exactly how diabolic I felt on one of these occasions.

"What is the matter with Clara, doesn't she know dinner is ready?" said my father.

"She's just got into a 'tantrum,' " answered Nan.

"She ought to be spanked," commented Colie.

Dada must have divined what the matter was when I had "tantrums," for he never "gave me away," and it was, thanks to his unflagging tact, tenderness and patience in dealing with the green-eyed monster, that I succeeded in curing myself.

An unwritten law decreed that no attention must be paid to a child who was indulging itself in a "tantrum," but Dada came tiptoeing out and joined me on the lowest step of the stairway where I sat methodically stripping the band of embroidery off my petticoat, preparatory to a literal rending of garments. From the dining-room came a murmur of adverse criticism and an occasional brotherly jeer, regarding the uselessness of dressing a child in "purple and fine linen" for the pleasure of seeing it torn to pieces. Meanwhile Dada tried every art of persuasive eloquence.

"My precious darling, tell me what is the matter?" Even had I been ready to confess, how could such feelings find expression? Only Marlowe's Lucifer, shut away from the heavenly beams, as I had been from the light of my brother's countenance, would have found adequate words. I searched for an imprecation strong enough to answer the purpose and give outlet to the rage within me.

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Suddenly inspiration came: "You are all infamous Blunderbarrels!" I vociferated, expecting that the wrath of God would immediately lay me low. Instead, I heard Colie burst into a peel of laughter.

"My! But Kiggy can be funny when she gets mad and invents good swear-words."

"She may be funny, but she shan't talk disrespectfully to the aged," said my father as he rose and carried me to an inglorious bed. I had hoped to die fighting but it was some comfort to know that Colie was impressed by my powers of verbal invention.

One epoch-making fit of "plain naughtiness" even on the part of Colie, who did not always behave like a Sunday-school boy, convinced his nurse, if not his mother, that he was slated in the book of destiny some day to be President of the United States.

Among the more recent trees of our grandfather's planting was a lovely mountain-birch, from which tiny slivers, like fairy tissue paper, were beginning to detach themselves, revealing alluring streaks of cream and rose beneath. Never was more tempting surface exposed to a boyish jack-knife; instinct called, not reason. This Nan and I perfectly understood as we watched Nick cut a large chunk out of the body of the tree. If, like daughters of Eve, we had said, "Go to it!" perhaps he might have awakened to the enormity of this act. As it was, we merely looked on in silent admiration of his courage until an unexpected voice said, "That is no cherry tree, and when you set out to imitate George Washington, kindly refrain from practicing on my birches."

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The lash of irony hurts a sensitive boy more than corporal punishment. Sisterly hearts bled for Colie, and a sympathetic hand tried to make him aware of it. "Shut up and leave me alone," said he, turning away a tear-stained face.

Meanwhile with some medicinale gum and bands of hopsacking Dada staunched his birch's gaping wound. Let no one say that loving-kindness has not special magic even for plants. Else why did the trees at "Rookwood" grow twice as fast as those on any neighbor's lawn? Every day, when he came out from town, Dada went the rounds of his recent planting with clippers and saw, while we followed dog-like at heel, knowing that the wood-thrush and redbird would sing when he came for the same reason that the trees grew under his beneficent touch. . . .

"I don't see why you let that pair of she kids come bothering round for," said "Lop" Keck, biggest of the band, but—it is to be feared—with the smallest sense of chivalry. Good-natured Nick did not like being criticized by one of his lieutenants; he enjoyed still less seeing despair and disappointment written in large letters on the faces of two small girls, eager to insinuate themselves among the mighty.

"Oh! Min and Kiggy arn't really in our way, they can come along as coal-hod carriers to the Legion, and make themselves useful."

We did; and in curious ways. When the surgeon needed patients, he filled our teeth with mud; our small

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legs were requisitioned for making experiments in tatooing, and our best wax dolls ruthlessly melted into dingy candles.

As reward, Min and Kiggy were allowed a place on the improvised baseball nine, as fielder and short stop, only too glad to be counted, at any price, among "The Legion."

I almost lost my hard-earned right by impolitical association with "a furriner," for it is certain that, if one's object in life is to please young America, it is prudent to keep out of entangling alliances of any sort.

During the autumn of 1877, a number of English notables who had come for the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, visited "Rookwood," among them Mr. Walter, proprietor of the *London Times*. It was the eighteenth of October and my birthday, so Dada considerably invited Mr. Walter and his wife to bring their little boy to my party instead of leaving him in a stuffy hotel. Poor Ralph! Upon inspection by the Legion he was found to be absurdly over-dressed in a white sailor suit, for which a declared intention of joining the Navy was considered as insufficient excuse. His tow-head, of which thus far no sample had been seen, was likewise judged "silly" and "babyish." Nevertheless, he was half-heartedly asked to join in a game of "I spy." "The last one caught is It," pronounced the director of our sports. "We don't play that way in England," said Ralph. "First caught is It."

A howl of derision went up among the patriots. Moved to pity, I seized the outsider's hand and instructed him to say nothing but "come hide." Once crouched in a com-

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fortable nook it became evident that our elective affinity was so strong that there was no further question of joining the game. We had much to tell one another about the injustice of life.

"American boys are horrid, but the girls are nice," said Ralph, adding that I was the "very nicest he had met with so far."

Ralph was in his seventh year and possessed not only the prestige of a much traveled man who had crossed the ocean, but also that of having stood in the limelight of publicity. Poor little Charlie Ross had just been kidnaped and descriptions of his flaxen curls were broadcast through the press of America. Consequently the astute police in every town where the Walters passed felt it their duty to inspect closely the blond sailor boy, and this gave him particular importance in my eyes. We exchanged vows: in six months I was to receive his photograph, at ten he would doubtless be able to afford a diamond ring and, at twenty-one, I might expect him to claim his bride.

The first part of the program was carried out before schedule time: a picture arrived. In the same white suit that had provoked ridicule among the wise, Ralph was portrayed, perched upon sham rock-work and directing a small sail boat on a pasteboard pool.

Unfortunately for me, Nick and Jo seized upon this momento and their jeers were unsparing: "Look at the kind of foreign guy Kiggy likes to hobnob with! And now she wants to play with us!"

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Dada held certain educational theories which we found very agreeable in practice: that young people who live in the country learn as much or more from nature than from academic instruction. Besides, a recently passed regulation made the study of German obligatory in the district schools and this he judged an infraction of personal liberty, ridiculous also as many of the new professors could scarcely speak comprehensible English! So, our parents agreeing, it was not until two small private schools had been established near Walnut Hills that Nick or his sisters depended for education on other than "home talent."

Our mother gave us lessons in English composition, arithmetic and American history. Madame Fredin, the Consul's wife, came twice a week to instil notions of French, which Nick readily absorbed. Under the tuition of Mr. Jacobson, a Polish Jew with a large spark of genius, he learned to play the violin and at the College of Music received complete training in the art which meant so much to him throughout life. And dear Mrs. Harrison, aided by Mrs. Ingalls, held a small neighborhood Sunday-school class.

Every evening, gathered around the library lamp where we children poured over Flaxman's or Doré's designs, my grandfather, who had an extraordinary rhetorical gift, read from Pope's translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, from Carey's version of the *Divine Comedy*, or, what we liked better, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and Shakespeare. He had a horror of the mawkish stuff especially prepared to prevent the infant mind from expanding. I

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remember his indignation when a well-meaning god-mother bestowed upon me the *Dotty-Dimple* and *Prudy Parlin* series and his disappointment when Nick, withdrawn in a corner one night, devoured *Frank and Archy* instead of listening to *Vanity Fair*. But such defection was not frequent.

Faithful to Dada's maxim that *nothing is too good for children*, we were always taken to see "the best offerings" of the dramatic or operatic stage. "Uncle George" holds the distinguished place in my early memory of having opened the doors "behind the scenes" during an opera festival and getting us all indiscriminately kissed by the stars of the period, an enviable attention considering that "Lucia of Lammermoor" was Sembrich; "Zerlina," Adelina Patti; and "Marguerite," Christina Nielson.

Who can tell whether our pastimes were pleasanter in dusk or daylight, under summer sun or winter frost? Whether our Fourth of July watermelon parties, when the fireflies gave the signal that it was dark enough to send off the first Roman candle, were gayer than the Harrison's Christmas tree, an occasion which, during his entire lifetime, Nick never missed?

Perhaps the most picturesque and poetical of all the scenes that memory registers were those August night hunts for what our naturalist, Clough, called the "Wriggle Walnut." The glimmering tree trunks of the dell had been smeared with sticky phosphorescent paint before we came down with torches and lanterns and waited expectant. Drawn by the flames, multitudes of

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downy wings fluttered out of the shadows; furry *Cecropia* flecked with orange, fawn-colored *Plyphemus* with fern-like antennæ, and the ethereal *Luna*, veined with misty moonshine, succumbed to the fatal attraction. If delicately handled, all might be added to our collections, which were more prosaically completed by daylight with *Turnis*, *Ajax* and *Admiral* butterflies. But the "Regal Walnut" never having been caught after many nocturnal expeditions, the search for moths was relegated among the ephemeral pursuits which "don't interest Colie any longer."

At length, the day arrived for the "greatest of all bull fights"—clandestine, of course. Besides the usual Grandin Road contingent, a delegation came from town: Kate Anderson, Mary Halstead, Will Herron and Fletcher Huntington, for the sport had already been participated in with all the snap of Mexico or Madrid. That we lived to tell the tale, shows that children sometimes bear charmed lives.

"Rookwood" boasted a fine herd of Alderneys and a bull with a pedigree sufficient to make him ashamed, had he stood any trifling from girls, boys or dogs. So, the rules of an American Corrida being established, fighters were ranged in due order, "picadors to the front."

The bull-pasture occupied both sides of the valley and was enclosed by solid palings too high to look over or even climb; but at our end, where the hill rose steeply, it was embanked and terminated in a kind of stone bastion eight or ten feet high with three retaining buttresses which sloped outwards sufficiently to give foothold to

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clamberers. Two at a time might make the ascent but if the top one slipped it was apt to fare ill with the comrade below.

Against the bull, peaceably browsing across the valley, our setter dogs, Romeo and Duke, plus Joe's shrill-voiced Scottie, were cheered on by formidable cries of "Sikkem!" and "Bite him!" Then, as the bull began to react, the scarlet-bannered force precipitated itself down the hill at double-quick pace.

The rules were that no one should run—under pain of having his conduct declared "un-legionic"—till the bull had crossed the valley and began mounting the slope. Then, however, we took to our heels in earnest and swarmed up the bastions as one man. Kate Anderson slipped and almost fell on the angry horns, impatient to receive her. There was an instant of cold terror before the clasped hands of Nick and George tugged her to safety.

We had tasted the intoxication of real peril and the sport was declared the best game yet invented. But there is a sudden end to almost every superlative pleasure; so, when parents heard of it, bull-fighting was denounced as an illicit pastime, even though there was no intention on the part of the combatants of killing the animal, which, viewed by the eyes of innocence, had no possible reason to exist in this utilitarian world except for children to have fun with.

On crisp winter nights when the ice of our pond was declared strong enough to "bear," the whole neighborhood joined and we trooped down through the woods where

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the screech-owl hooted dismally, and across the pasture to the blazing bonfire. I could only "slide" at first, but took a vicarious pleasure in the swallow-like movements of girls who knew how to skate, and admired handsome Theodore Scarborough, "grown up" enough to be engaged, strapping on his fiancée's skates with beautiful devotion.

Nick kneeling on one knee at the foot of Louise Ingalls, required no prince's suit with gold lace, green velvet and nodding plume to appear the pink of courtesy. Louise was a recent neighbor, her family having taken the "Nick Anderson house" when its owner moved to Washington. She had long blond braids, wore a becoming scarlet turban and looked all the fairer in my eyes because she was gracious enough to invite little girls to her dancing class, where all the big boys were in love with her. I looked forward to the time when, in spite of a slight difference in age, she might marry Nick. Instead, at twenty, he was one of her pall-bearers, for Louise died shortly after her early marriage to John Alfred Barnard of Indianapolis. So, besides other reasons for regarding Colie as a superior being, he appeared to me through the romantic mist of true love's tears.

When it rained, "Rookwood" possessed indoor resources. Hardly a stone's throw from the house, nestled in the apple orchard, was a little theatre completely equipped with a bowling-alley behind the stage. The scenes were painted by Uncle Landon and some of his artist friends; they included a forest with sylvan hut, a rustic kitchen interior and a magnificent palace where



"ROOKWOOD." THE POND
Photographed by Judge Longworth



THE C. O.

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"Blue Beard" has been triumphantly represented before an easily pleased audience. Julius Dexter, Aunt Minnie and Uncle Rufus were always at "Rookwood" for weekends and the neighboring Cranches, Burnets, Groesbecks, Hoopers, Keys, Bakers and Harrisons flocked to such entertainments. The exquisite voices of Mrs. Edmund Dexter, Emma Cranch and Tagliapietra lent a professional touch to operetta. Handsome Will Webb, Dana Horton, Mr. Tate and Harry Farny were stars of comedy. Impromptu charades and tableaux filled monthly programs when there was not an amateur play ready for the boards.

The costumes were our delight for "dressing up." According to rank in the Legion we might aspire to a gray velvet outfit for a gentleman of the highest tone or full equipment for a musketeer. Swords, gold chains and divers noble paraphernalia differentiated great ones from the more humble chorus.

The creator of all this, whom we disrespectfully called "Uncle Quack," because we knew him to be a rising light in American medicine, represented our ideal of romance. Had he not, for two years, frequented European courts and universities. Through family teasings it was obvious that he often received letters from Rose, Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter, so we looked forward to hearing *Tanglewood Tales* told at first hand.

But Uncle Landon's career was, in forty-eight terrible hours, relegated among the might-have-beens. One evening, at Christmas time, he came back from his laboratory in town coughing and looking so badly that fear gripped the house. Pneumonia declared itself and,

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despite all that medical science and devoted friendship, in the person of Dr. Frederick Forcheimer, could do, on his thirty-second birthday, Landon Longworth breathed his last.

Nick loved his uncle dearly and was already mature in mind and heart. This first real grief was a profound one. I never, myself, heard my brother play the Bach air without thinking of Uncle Landon; it seemed from this day forward, that the tones of Nick's Cremona violin, his uncle's legacy, spoke to him with the sorrow of unfulfilled hopes and frustrated achievement.

The theatre was deserted henceforth and the scenes fell into soot-begrimed tatters; for, with the city's approach, black banners of progress began to invade even "Rookwood."

The rainy-day haunt of the Legion then became my father's work shop, glass-house and dark room. There was nothing in mechanics or chemistry to which he could not turn his hand. He designed and built the boats, sailed to victory when the American Canoe Association met at Lake George and did much to perfect the art of photography, in those days of the wet-plate system, seldom practiced by amateurs.

He carved the walnut doors at "Rookwood" and made, from the ground up, including wrought brass locks and hinges, many of the chests, sideboards and cabinets that are still there. Our greatest recompense was to be allowed to stand about and lend zealous but futile help.

Nick was proud of his father whose popularity, due to personal charm, was as great as his talents were varied.

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He held the record for youthful magistrates and ran thousands in advance of his ticket when chosen, in 1876, for the Common Pleas Court. In 1881, when sent up to the Supreme Court of Ohio, his young face was a refreshing sight among the graybeards and he made himself admired and respected at once in these new and impressive surroundings.

"How readily he grasped the essential pith of any legal proposition and how instantaneously he drew upon his well-stored memory the legal principles to explain, refute or enforce the arguments of counsel. His ready wit and well-spring of humor brightened the dulllest hours of the consulting room. His ripe and versatile mind gave earnest of a brilliant fame. The decisions delivered by him show a fund of learning, clearness of statement and force of logic which placed him in the front rank of bench and bar."

Such was the tribute paid by a fellow judge; politicians were no less enthusiastic. Judge Longworth's name was frequently mentioned as future representative of the first district. But his filial devotion, especially since Uncle Landon's death, made it impossible to envisage living elsewhere than at "Rookwood." Even the five days a week spent in Columbus—for he usually came back over Sundays—appeared too long; so, in 1883, he resigned from the Ohio bench, formed a partnership with Thomas McDougal and took over a share in the estate business which was slipping out of Dada's weary hands.

That a strong brave man may continue to exist for a certain time with a broken heart was once more proved.

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But Dada's going was inevitable. The direct result of the shock and sorrow of Uncle Landon's death produced a suffusion of the retina, then rupture of a larger blood vessel. One dark midwinter day we followed him under those melancholy boughs of the beech woods where his wife and son lay waiting.

Among foolish sayings which widen the breach of misunderstanding between grown persons and children is the stock phrase "fortunately the young get over sorrow quickly." Is this truer of youth than age? Children are diffident about expressing grief, but the more they try to hide it the deeper it penetrates. To me, a consequence of my grandfather's death was a nervous breakdown so severe that a consortium of physicians ordered six weeks of vigorous surf-bathing as essential to recovery.

With considerable abnegation, the family decided to pass August on the Jersey coast in an hotel which Mr. Bolt was doing his best to make fashionable. This gave us, among other things, an opportunity of glimpsing ourselves as others see us; it also brought us into brief contact with the very queen of social climbers, a species seldom met by the Longworths. At the next table in the dining room sat a family from New York: a young novelist, writer of lurid poems, his plain and docile wife and a vigorous mother with "knickerbocker" pretensions. She was determined to profit by her son's recent literary success and reach the top rung of the social ladder. "You can't be too careful," constituted the text of her meal-time lecture addressed to son and daughter-in-law. The practical conclusion of this maxim: "Leave *them* alone.

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Western vulgarians, rich wine-growers from Porkopolis . . ." and other neighborly comment did not fail to reach near-by tables. Poor Nick was at a sensitive age and this pronouncement came as a decided shock. Retribution however was close at hand.

If violent surf-bathing acted successfully as a nerve tonic in my case, it proved disastrous to an imprudent swimmer. The victim of this accident was a hotel waiter and Mr. Bolt organized at once a benefit performance for the widow. The usual amount of amateur talent was discovered among the guests; the duty of introducing performers devolved upon my father. This he did with his accustomed grace and absence of self-consciousness, his memory and impromptu wit furnishing the fitting quotation or commentary on each special talent.

Nick, in the course of his political apprenticeship, learned to speak adequately and was a master of quick repartee, but he never acquired the perfect ease or the dramatic touch which Judge Longworth had received as a gift of the gods.

The occasion was transformed into a stirring triumph for the cause—and the "wine-growers." A lengthy program naturally contained an extract from his latest work, declaimed by the novelist—something about "Pastels of a politer art and Eve on a fan"—also one or two obligato accompaniments to the inevitable hotel soprano and a solo or two by Nick. Then came an unexpected result:

Mrs. "Knickerbocker" precipitated herself on my mother's neck exclaiming: "It is a crime for you to live in the West. My son Edgar is mad about the Judge and

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with a boy like that, you could fiddle your way into the very best New York society."

This expression turned into a household word which Nick often quoted with delight. Forty years later, when he came to see me in Paris and I questioned him about his recent visit to England, he answered at once: "Oh! it went on splendidly, *I fiddled my way into society.*"

The year 1886 brought an event which modified our former life more than could have been foreseen. Maria Longworth Nichols, Aunt Ia, who had become a widow a year or so after her father's death, took a second husband: Bellamy Storer, who joined to the prestige of being of Old Cincinnati origin, the reputation of being the handsomest man in southern Ohio. As an intimate of "Dan" Holmes, "Jim" Perkins, William Taylor, Albert Chatfield, Lawrence Maxwell and "Will" Taft, he belonged to the small set where my aunt shone as "bright particular star"; so, Min and I, acting as bridesmaids, hoped optimistically that this marriage would make little difference in the affairs of our close corporation.

Change came, however. Absences abroad and at boarding school thinned the ranks of our playmates. Children were growing older and sadder, if not much wiser. Already, had we known it, the great, glorious and disbanded Legion was classed among things of long ago "that never can happen again."

If I were writing to please the public and flatter popular theories about education I would say that the admirable school to which my brother went from his eleventh year

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formed his mind, developed his faculties and gave the dose of emulation necessary to bring out a boy's best efforts; but it would not be true. As a fact the school was excellent, but it did none of these things for Nick. A boy of mature feelings and character who has already unconsciously imbibed, through the family circle, much that neither school nor college ever teach, cannot be expected to receive a deep impression from scholastic studies undertaken in common. Nick's desk did not prove an incentive to laborious concentration; learning came with too much facility. One of the friends who knew him best writes: "His good head made it easy for him to get perfectly respectable marks without doing much of any work." His trend was more literary and linguistic than mathematical; an honorable Latin and Greek scholar, he was specially good in logic and history.

The laborious application which some children expend on school, Nick had early given to his violin. He began to play at five years old, took daily lessons for a long period, never less than two a week, and spent hours in practice. The touch of genius in his first teacher communicated that sacred flame of love for the "fiddle" which made light the task of study; afterwards Shradieck's excellent pedagogic instruction and the classes at the College of Music were sufficient to have made him a first rate orchestral leader had he adopted his art as a profession. He himself gave a description of his early struggles in an address to the graduating class of the College of Music two score years later:

"I was no infant prodigy. I was a healthy, out-of-doors

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boy, and, Lord! how I hated to practice. I often think that much as I owe to good old Theodore Thomas, the real pioneer of first-rate music in America from whom I bought my first fiddle and who was my guide, philosopher and friend; much as I owe to Jacobson, one of the greatest violinists and technicians, I owe much—strange as you may think it—to a small woolly dog, my constant companion in those days. Every morning at my practicing hour he would accompany me to my fiddle case, stretch himself beneath my music stand, and moan dismally during my struggles. I cannot believe that he enjoyed it any more than I did, unless he realized that making a necessary part of a violin involves the death of many cats. He was simply content to suffer with me, and the more poignant his pain the greater his feeling of companionship. By the time he went to a dogs' heaven—for if there be such, he surely deserved to go there—I was able to practice without artificial stimulus and that practice—or perhaps it would be more correct to say playing without practice—has been my favorite recreation ever since.”

In spite of pressure brought to send our boys eastward to public boarding schools, a pressure to which most of them finally yielded, Nick together with his life-long friends, Buckner Wallingford, Fletcher Huntington and a few staunch supporters remained faithful to “old White and Sykeses.” The purely sentimental arguments, which had led two generations of Longworths to keep their children at home, were strengthened in this instance by the

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tragic impression of Albert Emery's death. This youthful comrade was killed in an accident at boarding school and his brother Sheldon succumbed to an epidemic "in the East," so the pronouncement: "this wouldn't have occurred in Cincinnati" tipped the scales in favor of the West. Wasn't it bad enough to face inevitable separation when college time came? No one would have thought of fighting against that eventuality; Nick, like his father and uncles on both sides, had been marked from birth "for the Crimson."

However, to obviate the criticism that "home keeping youth" necessarily must have "homely wits" and also avoid the summer hotel which did not appeal to any of us, why not broaden the family viewpoint during the summer holidays by visits to Europe?

Our first ocean crossing was far from luxurious; we took passage on the old Cunarder *Gallia*, furnished with candles and oil lamps. Landing at Queenstown was exciting and at one moment, it seemed as if we would not disembark peacefully.

There had been dynamiting in Dublin and political assassination while we were on the ocean. All firearms were taboo and the presence of a casual pistol in my father's trunk caused us to meet with the welcome: "It's very suspicious characters ye are and it's my opinion it's in jail yee'll be this night." Although my father did not kiss the famous Blarney-stone until a fortnight later, his "gift of the gab" got us out of this unpleasantness and the Irish trip was highly successful including, as it did, a visit to the lakes of Killarney with splendid salmon fish-

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ing. Thence we proceeded to Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, crossing the Alps and following the Cornice in an old-fashioned traveling carriage with post-horses, thus renewing a memory which my father had cherished since 1857, when he had made the same tour with his parents.

I believed that what pleased Nick most, among all our European experiences, was the chartering of a small sailing yacht at the Isle of Wight, which enabled us to coast Devonshire, North Wales and Cornwall and make inland trips such as an unforgettable visit to John Ridd's farm and the "Lorna Doone" country, scene of Blackmore's famous story. This, with *Quentin Durward*, *Ivanhoe*, the *Talisman* and *Guy Mannering* were Nick's favorite romantic novels. The varied reading indulged in at home gave him a large stock of literary and historical interest to draw from while traveling. I often think how much people miss who have never lived at the same time with their family and with their books; this creates a link which nothing else can ever replace and certainly our reading in common remained to me, as to Nan and Nick, among the happiest of life's memories.

Alone my brother poured over *Pickwick Papers* and *Nicholas Nickleby* until I would be afraid to say how many copies, together with an edition of the early *Punch*, were worn to tatters.

London, on account of Dickens, Edinburgh, on account of Sir Walter, seemed as homelike and familiar as Cincinnati. When a certain course of reading was indicated for examinations, preliminary or final, it was gone through by the whole family, protesting sometimes

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against the weight of Washington Irving—but who would not do some plodding for Nick's sake?—rejoicing when compensated by *The Scarlet Letter*, *As You Like It*, *Richard II* and *Othello*. Although my father hesitated at first to read Shakespeare aloud, feeling that his rendering must fall short of what we had been used to, he yielded to entreaty—always to please Nick—thus enlivening the dreariest hotel parlor where late Victorian gloom pervaded, with the magic illumination of Renaissance genius.

Our selections were not always heavy and classical. What fun it was to hear Mark Twain's *Night on the Rigi Kulm*, when we were shivering there ourselves, and the chapter on that *Awful German Language* when it was spoken around us!

If a trip up the Rhine was disappointing to those who loved the "Billy Riverree," one experience in Germany became, for Nick, a life-long pleasure in retrospect: the representation at Bayreuth of *Parsifal* once with Malten, once with Materna as Kundry. His keenest thrills came to him through music, and it was a delight, even to one incapable of such appreciation, to witness the joy that he felt on such occasions.

Whether operatic or symphonic, a perfect orchestral performance represented for him the highest art and pleasure. Fortunately the impulsion given to harmony by the establishment of the Biennial May Musical Festivals, under the baton of Theodore Thomas, aided by an unrivaled chorus, made Cincinnati a centre where he could indulge his passion.

What marvelous occasions these were! The influx of

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out-of-town guests, the return of many a native to share once more in the old delight, social amusement, civic and patriotic satisfaction, the crescendo of enthusiasm from concert to concert throughout a whole palpitating week, combined to create an atmosphere unique in America and stirred even unmusical souls to demonstrative applause! *

My brother, who never missed a Festival, could have called up all the great soloists whose names lent a special éclat to each different year from Materna and Lilli Lehmann to Emma Eames and Lily Pons; for, in that coming May which he was destined never to see, he was eagerly expecting to hear this new soprano.

As time went on, Nick became more and more his father's associate in work, play and study. He went with him on Canoe Club excursions, hunting parties organized on the C. O. and longer trips on the Great Lakes. He excelled in field sports and was a daring rider—a fact of special interest to me as I inherited the horses he had “broken in” from Gibby and Black Bess to fiery hard-mouthed Lancelot and impressive Arlington which latter, according to the wise ones, neither of us ought to have been allowed to mount. However, it was perhaps more

* The history, in brief, of these Festivals is: In 1871, Maria Longworth proposed that Theodore Thomas should create a Musical Organization which would make Cincinnati a permanent artistic center, and that if he would undertake that side and become conductor she would find the business men to sponsor the undertaking. Accordingly, in 1873, the First May Festival took place. The Association was regularly incorporated the following year and has continued with Laurence Maxwell as president and leading spirit for the past fifty years. In 1875 the second success led to the building of Music Hall, inaugurated at the third Festival in 1878. The Chorus was permanently organized in 1880, and a semi-centennial held in 1923.

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risky to join the "Wanderers" and to race on those gigantic-wheeled bicycles which so often bid fare to cause disaster.

But taste for outdoor sports and pastimes did not interfere with Nick's keeping first place at school and passing the preliminary examinations for Harvard without "conditions." The final exam, it was arranged, might be taken in Paris, and, as none of us would have been willing to spend that first winter at "Rookwood" without Nick, when, in September he left us for the opening of the Harvard course, we went down to Florence. There we reëstablished a link with Old Lang Syne. Hiram Powers' family still owned the studio and we found that it was a perpetual regret, as it had been to the sculptor himself, that his magnum opus—Eve Disconsolate—was not in Cincinnati. My father thereupon decided to make one more gift to the Museum, so that this statue appropriately stands to-day in the setting which remained dear to Hiram Powers—and to his earliest patron.

I cannot help regretting that we were so far from Nick when he made his independent entry into the world of men. This conformed to a deeply rooted theory of my father, according to which the student, once out of leading strings, should be left footloose, take his own responsibilities, and form his own friendships without advice from elders. But what a parental satisfaction it was, nevertheless, each time Nick took kindly to the son of an old classmate. I remember the delight of both my mother and father when they learned that the same intimate association which had linked the former generations of

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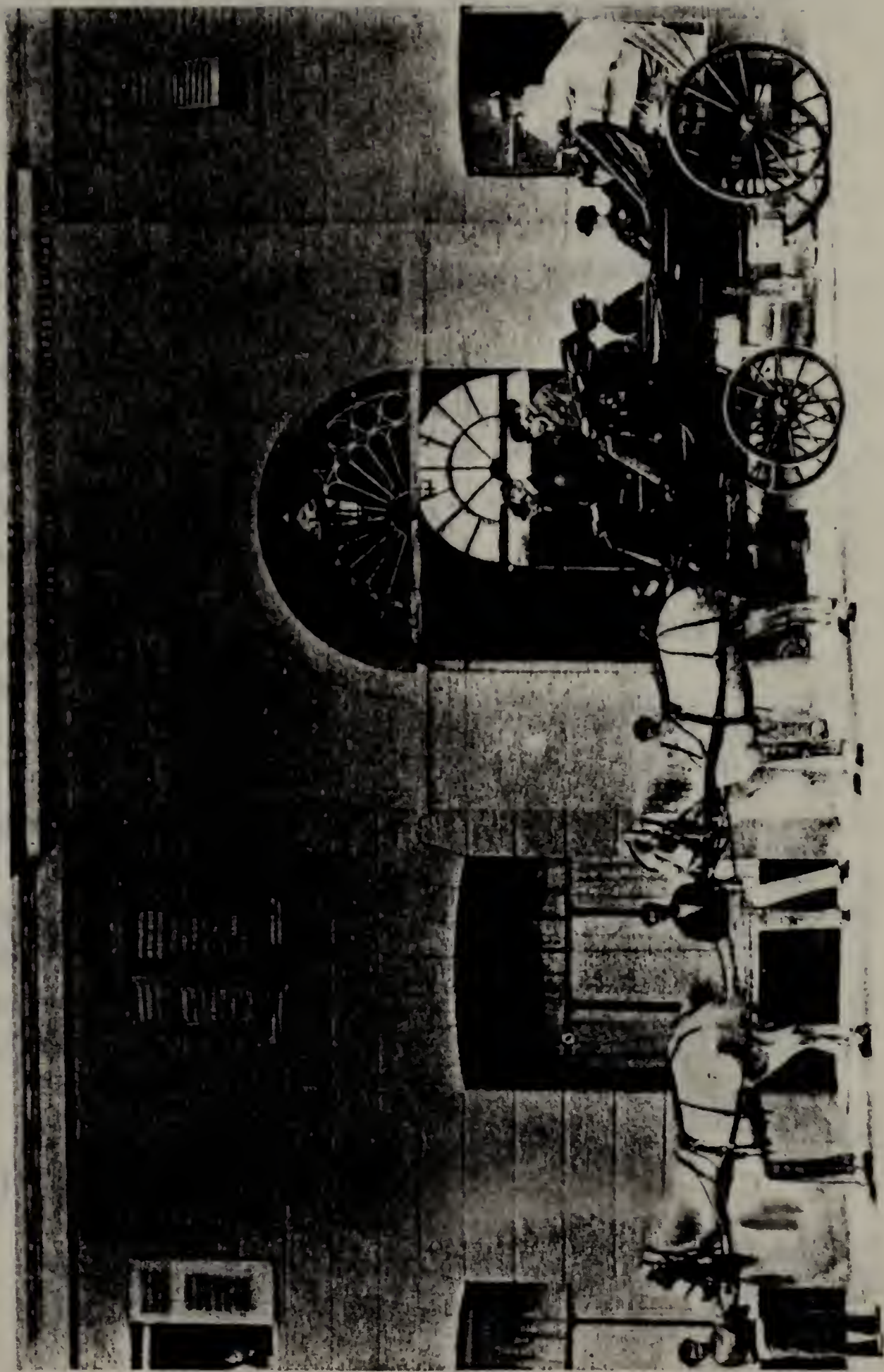
Perkineses and Longworths was repeated between Nelson and Nick.

On account of the precious "violin hand" one sacrifice, and not a small one, was demanded of Nick: not to take part in more violent athletics than tennis or rowing. So great had become the college passion for football and baseball that a place on the class and varsity crew seemed a rather feeble compensation for giving up the hope of being counted on the "eleven" or the "nine."

When the junior year was about to begin, it was decided that my sister Nan, more and more her brother's close comrade, should have a final school year in Boston, to study the piano with Lang and McDowell, and enjoy the advantage of going with Nick to the symphony concerts. This was arranged, and when they came back together with a houseful of friends to spend Christmas (Arthur Amory, Reginald Bangs and Martha Dana, if I remember rightly, were among the number), the idea was voted an immense success.

After New Year there was a general exodus from "Rookwood," my mother going with Nick and Nan for a fortnight's visit to Boston, my father accompanying them as far as Columbus. We little thought that we were never again to be united as a family; but so it was, and, just as hitherto, midwinter marked the fatal period for those of our name.

My father had been induced to interest himself increasingly in Ohio politics and figured on the new Governor's staff at the official inauguration which took place during driving rain and sleet. In the absence of both



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parents, Aunt Ia, who was at home that season, offered to take me under her wing and see that I got daily to school until my father should return from Columbus.

The incident is all the more strange because I never looked upon myself as a possible medium for psychic phenomena. My father had been perfectly well on leaving; there was no reason whatever for anxiety on his account and everything was prepared for me to stay with my aunt until the end of the week when I was to join him at "Rookwood."

Nevertheless, on arriving at school I felt an extraordinary perturbation and I knew, as definitely as if I had received a direct call, that my place was not at my desk that morning nor yet at my aunt's.

Fortunately, Madame Fredin was an *understanding* person as well as an excellent teacher. She protested for form's sake. . . .

"But, my dear child, how can you want to go home? There is no one there, no carriage ordered; you will have to walk two miles in the cold."

I stated my readiness to cover any number of miles and reiterated my determination to leave at once. She then withdrew opposition. I had not got more than a mile on my way when, without the least surprise, I saw the station wagon from "Rookwood" coming toward me.

"Where are you going, Patrick?"

"I was coming to fetch you at school, Miss Clara. The Judge is back and is asking for you."

"He is ill, then?"

"Well, he didn't feel quite well in Columbus and tele-

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graphed to be met at the train; I just brought him home, fetched the doctors, then turned right back for you."

When I reached "Rookwood," I found Papa sitting in an armchair, Mamma's brother, Dr. Walker, beside him and Doctor Conor in consultation. He had been drenched during the inaugural procession in Columbus, had taken cold and, not wishing to be ill far away, had insisted on leaving by the night train.

It was a particularly malignant type of pneumonia; little hope was held that the family might arrive in time. I telegraphed to Nick in Cambridge and to my mother in Boston, knowing that they could never reach "Rookwood" before noon of the third day. We divided the watches of two awful nights—through which sheer force of will kept the exhausted heart beating—with faithful Julius Dexter, devoted Mary Stettinus, Aunt Ia, Aunt Annie, Cousin Larz Anderson and Nurse Alice Mayfaith: vain endeavor to keep the lamp burning a few hours more! When the travelers came at last, all was over.

The family was little prepared to face the transformation which, in three short days, completely altered the face of existence. My father was under forty-five, with years of success apparently before him; Nick was nineteen, without heretofore a responsibility or an anxiety which was not boyish. Now, half through college, a man's part loomed before him. Called upon to comfort and sustain a widow and two girls, the elder hardly eighteen, he was also obliged to undertake the direction of more complicated affairs than are usually inherent to

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estate management while preparing his own independent career.

* NOTE

The celebrated Rookwood industry grew out of a fad for china painting indulged in by several Cincinnati amateurs. In order to have the necessary facilities for firing their work, Maria Longworth persuaded her father to place an old schoolhouse on the river bank at her disposal and began organizing a small pottery of her own with the assistance of Joseph Bailey, master turner; William Taylor, manager; Miss Clara Newton and Pitts H. Burt; for, as she said in her own account of it:

"I had had the vague idea that we must be on the river in order to have numerous barges laden with clay conveniently near. I discovered later that the quantity of clay used by an art pottery is comparatively small; also that our best white clay had to be brought from Chattanooga by rail. Our first and only boat load of yellow clay arrived at a time when the river had retired low into its bed, leaving the pottery high and dry; and the cost of hauling the clay from the boat was as much as it would have been from the railway station. We were none too high on the bank either; for two of the winter floods inundated the lower part of the pottery.

"Our first kiln was drawn in November, 1880. I had not yet found any decorators and, except my own work, we had made only pitchers, tea-pots, etc., of simple red or yellow clay, and of pretty shape, after the fashion of early Doulton ware.

"The first thing I bought was a second-hand engine, and it was installed with great pride for the grinding of clay and glaze, and to turn some of the wheels used in making bowls, cups and plates. For our vases we had plaster molds and also a potter's wheel. This first wheel of ours was turned by woman-power, this being at that time more easily controlled than steam. At Rookwood steam which runs the potter's wheel is considered more docile in the twentieth century.

"All our decorators had talent and education in drawing, and water-color painting before coming to the pottery; but beyond

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this lies a study of the change of colors by firing—of the alterations produced by the glazes, etc., which is in itself an education. The greatest artist living would make only daubs of Rookwood decoration unless he took time and infinite patience to learn the methods. Not only each color has to be studied, but every dilution and every mixture of color, making an endless multiplication of effects and possibilities. Therein lies the secret of the attraction of ceramic work. It is the eternally new—the ever changing. It is like the search for the philosopher's stone. Any one who has tried to study it scientifically, or even dipped into its chemical possibilities, is drawn on by its elusive fascination.

"The old pottery building was very inconvenient. It was built on the side of a hill, so that there were many stairs to climb and dark passages to go through; each vase had to travel far and run many risks before arriving at the kiln. Careful handling, too, of the unfired pieces had to be learned by experience, and after many accidents. To break an undecorated piece of clay ware is only a slight loss, but the Rookwood pieces have all the artistic work put on them when they are still in the clay, and the greatest risk of breaking and warping comes after the decoration has been painted on the vase. Many a time I have almost wept over the clay fragments of what had been a beautiful work of art, or at a great fire-crack in a piece just drawn from the kiln.

"Decorated Sèvres or Dresden porcelain has had to run no such risk, for all the painting is done on white pieces which have already been glazed and finished. They are fired again only in an overglaze kiln, simply to set the overglaze color. The risk of spoiling or breaking in this latter process is almost none at all.

"It was only after 1883, when Mr. Taylor took charge as my manager, that things began to assume a 'business' air, and the artistic Pegasus, to a certain extent, had to be harnessed to the commercial cart which carried the pottery from the mud banks to crown the heights of Mount Adams, a monument to protected American industry.

"The question of financial success, although looked down upon from artistic heights, has to be considered gravely when one desires to establish a solid foundation for a permanent industry. It is also more philanthropic in the end to give sure and steady em-

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ployment to people of talent and skill than to indulge in spasmodic and intermittent fits of generosity.

"The Rookwood pottery was at first an expensive luxury. Since 1889 it has made itself a solid, paying industry. It is another example of the 'prophet without honor,' and (if I may be allowed a pun) even without 'profit' in its own country for, from the time Paris gave to Rookwood a gold medal, the demand has more than equalled the supply."

CHAPTER VI

ON THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE

IF it had been possible to spoil my brother it would have been done during that first sad summer, surrounded as he was by three adoring women who asked nothing better than to smooth his path in every way and remain as near to him as college life would permit. First and foremost of these, naturally, was Nick's mother. The mutual and tender link which bound them was at the base both of his ambitions and their fulfillment. Nothing could have been deeper or more complete than his filial veneration, but, aside from this essential fact, he treated her more as a sister than a parent; humor, mutual teasing and much laughter enlivened the breakfast table where they were always together.

She went by the name of "Pelican" because of a constant propensity for plucking off down to benefit the young; and, though we protested, trying to make her more indulgent to herself and less to us, we probably would have been greatly shocked and surprised had she suddenly begun taking care of herself to our detriment.

How often we have laughed when Nick quoted the silly verse in brief vogue as a vaudeville song:

"I love to see my dear old mother work
If it's only shoveling snow."

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And especially on one occasion, in Boston, when a lady of literal mind took him up with the polite inquiry: "And *is there much snow in Cincinnati?*"

My mother's great gift lay in remaining perpetually youthful, interesting herself in all our pursuits and adopting our friends as her own. Many of those who came ostensibly to see Nick or Nan, did so, in reality, for the pleasure of a talk with their mother, and none of us thought much of going to seek pleasures far afield because enough entertainment was to be found at home.

If there is a period in all family lives when children naturally accept en masse those who frequent their parents' table, there is another when each individual makes a more rigorous selection for himself. Fortunately in this case, Nick rediscovered the two men whose affection and counsel were most valuable to him thenceforward. These were Julius Dexter, the impersonation of devoted civic virtue, and Rufus King who has hitherto figured in these pages as the husband of Great-aunt Minnie. Outside this distinction, Nick began to recognize Uncle Rufus as a man who would have made his mark in any community.

It was a pleasant habit of the old couple to invite the most promising young men among Mr. King's students, and Nick, who lunched with them regularly twice a week, met all those so selected, before he himself was counted among undergraduates at law.

One of the prize scholars marked by Uncle Rufus as a youth who would go far and fast was Charles G. Dawes. His marriage with a former schoolmate at Madame Fredin's gave us reason to suppose that he would be

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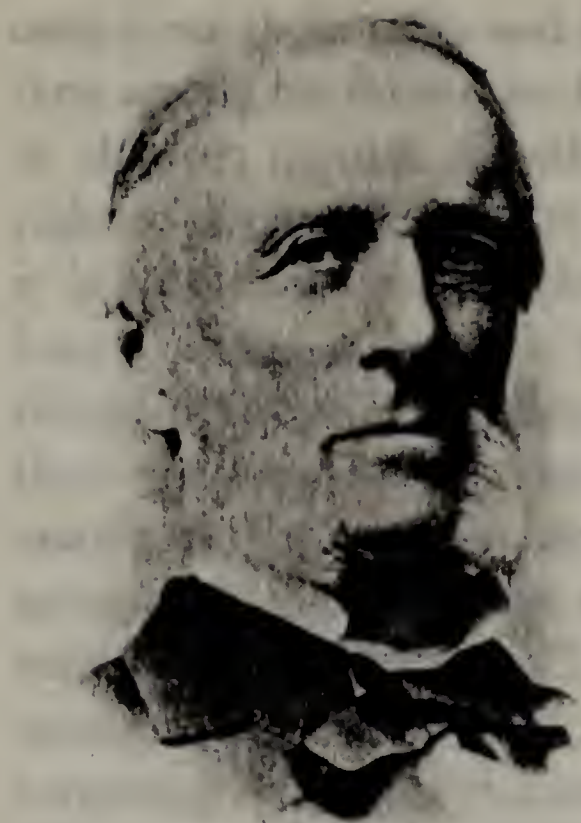
found later among our associates in the private if not in the official walks of life.

During that first summer spent all together at "Rookwood" when Nick's college term and Nan's school had finished, my brother went daily to the office and worked with Mr. McDougal to untangle the complicated affairs of the Longworth estate and thus take a practical preparatory course in the laws which govern leases, rentals and assessments before going back for his senior year at Harvard. Enough difficulties lay ahead to keep him busy, and it became more and more evident that, even had he not long since selected a legal career for himself, it would have become advisable to do so now.

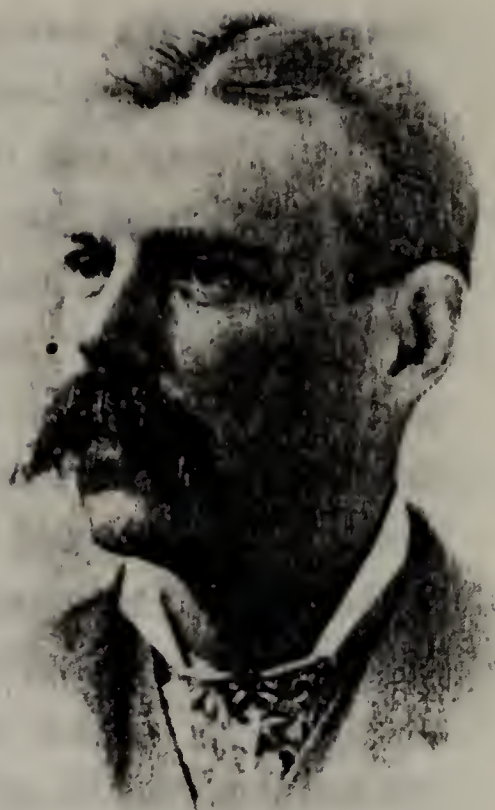
I cannot estimate what Nick's success would have been if, instead of finding himself swamped under a mass of unproductive property, he had been called upon to manage a large fortune, although I believe that his natural good sense and good judgment would have proved equal to any situation.

But one of the chief peculiarities of the so-called "Longworth millions" was that just at the time they began to be most talked about, they had practically ceased to exist. First, there had never been so very many; the complete failure of grape culture—the hobby of the original Nicholas Longworth—through a sort of phylloxera, already described, which ravaged the vineyards of southern Ohio, annihilated the capital which had been consecrated to that purpose.

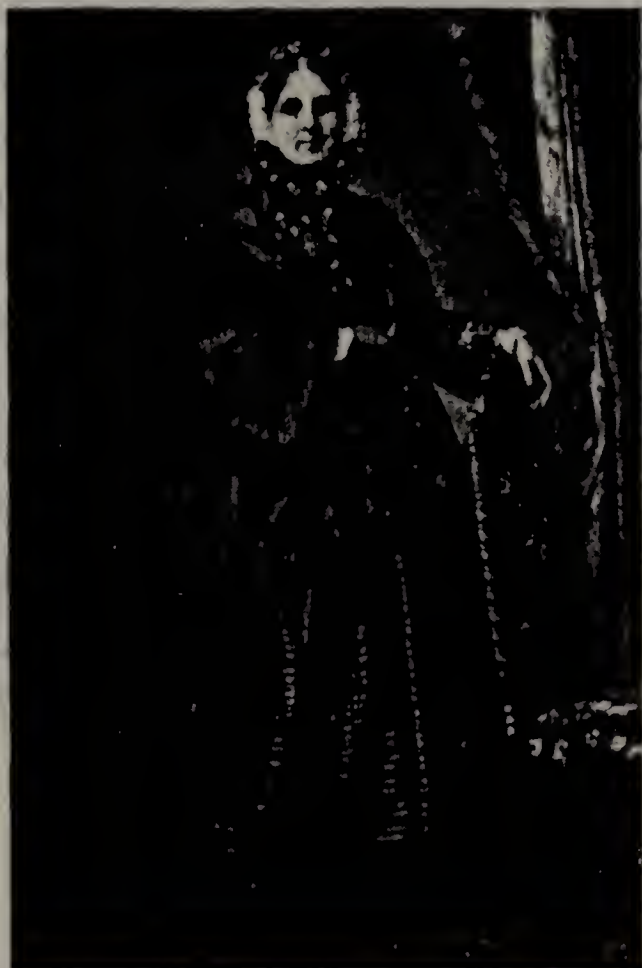
In the second place, the founder of the family had his



RUFUS KING



JUDGE LONGWORTH, 1883



MRS. RUFUS KING



SUSAN LONGWORTH



Mr. [illegible]



Mr. [illegible]



Mr. [illegible]



Mr. [illegible]

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own ideas about wills and bequests and divided his fortune among his immediate heirs according to the number of children in each household. No one questioned his right to dispose of the fruit of his intelligent efforts, but it is easy to see that, as his daughter Katherine (Mrs. Larz Anderson) had ten stout sons, Mary (Mrs. Stettinius) one, and Joseph Longworth a girl and two boys, there were not so very many millions left to distribute among the last named descendants. However, facts could never maintain their place against popular fancy. Public rumor decided that the "Longworth fortune" was immense and naturally went with the name. There is no correcting an error of this sort. "Why, of course it is true; every one knows it!" is the most unanswerable of statements.

The bitter accents which Joseph Longworth frequently used toward riches was the direct result of this position. During his entire youth he had seen how little his father's lavish generosity had been appreciated and how much more often it had been the subject of laughter than of admiration! He had been sickened by the fawning attitude adopted toward the "rich man's son." His sensitive nature rebelled against some of the consequences inherent to the possession of "filthy lucre." Though conscious of the power and capacity of his own mind, the last thing he dreamed of turning it to was the multiplication of dollars and cents. He detested waste, luxury and ostentation as much as he loved the beauties of nature and art. His self-made code of Christian socialism did not allow

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him to enjoy the æsthetic pleasures which money can bring without attempting, in some degree, to share them with his neighbor. He kept his place open like a park to all who cared to stroll through, just as his father had done with his conservatories—and hoped against hope, that the public would learn to respect beauty which was offered without a wire fence.

When capital came into his coffers, as it still did in our early days, and gave what he judged “excess income”—for he systematically spent his yearly revenue—he donated it to some civic purpose. “I cannot bear this being infested with money,” he used to say apologetically to certain of his friends who held a contrary philosophy.

Happiness for Joseph Longworth began with marriage and escape from the communistic confusion of his father’s money drawer, open to all. The years of sylvan retreat at “Rookwood” with the lovely and talented woman, who became his wife when she was eighteen and he twenty-nine, were a realization of earthly contentment. After her death, no fortune in the world could have purchased his vanished felicity.

Nick, who inherited much of Joseph Longworth’s temperament and humor, could thank his other grandfather, Timothy Walker, for his more practical and common-sense view toward the possession and utilization of worldly goods. He came successfully through the “ambush of young days” in spite of a millionaire label. I believe that he would have succeeded in reconciling the two extremes: spending too much on civic charities or too much on individual pleasure; but, as hinted before, such a test was

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never put to him, the problem confronted, from the day of my father's death, was of a different kind.

Cincinnati was no longer a growing city: the over-liberal methods practiced during two generations had encumbered the estate with a mass of unproductive land; taxes constantly increased, but in inverse ratio to the fall in rentals. Joseph Longworth's last bequest to endow the art school, expressed as a "desire" only, was viewed as a moral obligation by his son. Some of the best income-bearing lots were disposed of for this purpose, so when Nick settled his father's estate it became evident that the Longworths were no longer "millionaires." Moreover, if we were to occupy the position in the community held for a century, there could be no question of each accepting a personal inheritance under my father's will. In order to keep "Rookwood" intact, according to his and our wish, we must henceforth "pool resources" and leave everything in our mother's hands and under Nick's management. This solution was unhesitatingly adopted: and Nick set out to realize economies, a thing doubly hard when a family has enjoyed a reputation for prodigality during so many years.

Too often the unwholesome myth of "easy money in a young man's hands" aroused the cupidity of those who prefer to "live by their wits" than to work themselves. Nick had several trying experiences calculated, as the phrase goes, to "shake his faith in human nature"; but they did not lead him to the pessimism expressed by Romeo buying illicit drugs from a "bootlegging" sixteenth-century apothecary:

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"There is thy gold: more poison to men's souls
Doing more murder in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou must not sell!"

One such attempt was mortifying on account of the publicity which, for a year or more, was associated with any one bearing our name. A stylishly dressed young woman with the proverbial "haughty bearing unseparable from conscious wealth," made the rounds of the large department stores of Boston and New York, purchasing quantities of goods which were charged to Mrs. Longworth and ordered sent to the temporary address of a confederate. When the clerk inquired, "What initial?" she answered with assurance: "*The* Mrs. Longworth of Cincinnati, but if you do not desire my custom I will go elsewhere." Sometimes the inquiry concerning identity came in another form: "Excuse me, Madame, but are you related to Nicholas Longworth?" To this she responded with the same conviction: "I am his wife," an answer reassuring to the clerk and which, when the affair went from the courts to the newspapers, gave Nick's classmates an opportunity of "guying" him.

Such incidents with others of a darker character did not tend to enhance the "glamour of gold" from which my brother remained singularly free; he treated money worries, which accompanied him through his entire career, with a serene philosophy, a sense of measure and proportion toward the greater and the lesser of life's difficulties.

By common consent it was decided that the winter of 1890-91 should be spent by all of us as near to Nick as possible without interfering with his college life, so we

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rented a house in Boston on Beacon Street, which gave us the pleasure of meeting my brother's favorite classmates and allowed my mother to renew many old and pleasant contacts with "the aged girls," as Nick called them. Among these Emily Russell and Sally Howe, together with Professor Agassiz' daughters, Mrs. Quincy Shaw and Mrs. Henry Higginson, remained particularly dear.

Harvard days were happy times for my brother, though I must acknowledge once again that *Alma Mater* did no more to transform him or give new intellectual impetus to his efforts than school life had done. Sorrows and responsibilities which had already come "made a man" of Nick and his comrades generally felt his superior maturity as is indicated in the following description given by a chosen and hereditary "chum": Thomas Nelson Perkins.

"As college boys we took each other as a matter of course, had impressions of likes and dislikes often very correct but, on the whole, we did very little analysis. We both rowed together on the Freshman crew and were on the varsity squad in Sophomore year, but our paths did not run together much until Senior year. Nick was genial, light in hand, socially much more mature than I was; he already possessed the quality of handling people which was so very marked in later life. As deputy marshal of the Porcellian Club, he presided at our dinners, meetings, etc., and held as complete control then as later in Congress. His charm, his readiness of wit and tongue, made him a leading factor in any company. For the

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rest, we took him more or less unconsciously for what he was, enjoyed him thoroughly and did not think much about *why* he was a real leader whenever he took the trouble to be."

As for study, it is more or less a matter of fashion at Harvard. In my father's time, intellectual honors were much sought after among the students; in Nick's, "moderation" was the order of the day and I remember that those who did more than was necessary to pass examinations honorably were stigmatized by their fellows as "Greasy Grinds." He naturally joined the "Pierian Sodality," as the college orchestra was called and was often soloist at their concerts.

Nick went through some severe hazing and fraternity initiations which he took good humoredly, though, in the case of the DKE, the latter was no joke. Half a dozen deep brands inflicted with lighted cigars brought on nicotine poisoning and threatened him, for a time, with amputation of the arm; but to be a "good sport," was a thing that he demanded of himself even more than of his comrades.

Among other useful things, he learned that although his name might be an asset in Cincinnati, it was something which had to be "lived down" among Cabots and Peabodys, who looked suspiciously at those who hailed from the Middle West. No line of region, religion nor yet what, for want of a better term, may be called "class," separated Nick from his friends who were everywhere and of every kind. This does not mean that he liked everybody.

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"Car c'est n'estimer rien qu'estimer tout le monde."

He had strong aversions both reasoned and instinctive but was never hard on those he disliked nor did he waste energy in singing hymns of hate. "He is a poor thing" or "I never thought that fellow was quite straight" were his usual expressions of disapproval.

Throughout life, he succeeded in ignoring what he despised; this constitutes a great saving of temper and of time, but it procured him the few enemies he counted. Abuse a man and you give him the satisfaction of answering back, thus working off his anger; despise a man, and he can only "get even" by sly attacks behind one's back.

It is curious to note how Nick's natural disposition toward continuity led him to prefer those organizations, like the Porcellian Club, which intermingle the different ages, whose dinners grouped the members of earlier times with the generations coming on. Nick seldom missed an annual dinner of the "Pork." He took pleasure in learning that the association had been founded in 1791 and had counted among its members his own great-uncle, Larz Anderson, and such distinguished men as: Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and his son the Justice, Robert Gould Shaw, Owen Wister and Theodore Roosevelt. Even the negro steward, quite a personage in himself, occupied a post held by father and grandfather.

Though Nick's activities in what was called the "poet's corner" were not such as to rank him with the club's two laureates, he possessed the faculty of improvising topical

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stanzas and many were the feasts of song inaugurated by him and his brilliant playfellow, Blair Painter.

In reading the many letters which have come to me from Nick's classmates, one of the curious things I have noticed is this: all seemed to have been struck, during Harvard days, with my brother's exceptional *maturity* while, in the later years, the very same men show surprise at his extraordinary *youth*.

"What a vivid and unchanging personality was his," writes Francis Stanton Blake. "At the mere mention of his name, all his charm and humor spring immediately before me, and notwithstanding the poise and dignity that came with his responsibilities, there was always the same fascinating and whimsical fellow underneath that his friends had known and loved since college days. I cannot but believe that it is a rare distinction and implies an inherent simplicity and sincerity, qualities which gave him undying youth. . . ."

In speaking of Nick's talents as "toastmaster" and presiding officer at college functions, his classmate, Robert Shaw Barlow, joins with Reginald Banks and Elisha Flagg in declaring him "not only witty in general talk, but with astonishing capacity as an entertainer." If any one had a ridiculous side to him, Nick could make good-natured fun of it in such a way that it amused even the victim. Mr. Barlow adds:

"His supremacy was due not only to his proficiency as a musician and a story teller but also to his strong attraction, combined with great vitality. This combination



MRS. TIMOTHY WALKER
WITH
SUSAN AND EDWARD



SUSAN LONGWORTH AND CLARA POMEROY, 1879
Photographed by Judge Longworth

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affected every gathering in which he took part, communicating itself to the others present and making them excel in their performances as well as creating and keeping up an atmosphere of high spirits and enjoyment.

"After I left college, I went to the Harvard Law School. Nick was away from Cambridge during my first year there, but took a course in the Law School while I was in my second year. The difference in the gaiety of life when Nick was away and when he returned showed very markedly his influence in rousing other people and making them enjoy themselves, not only by his direct contributions but by the mere result of his presence."

Nick graduated with the class of 1891; the usual "spreads" and entertainments took place, and the June Day was a memorable one for all of us. He had become so much attached to the Boston friends made as a Freshman, Sophomore and Junior, that, as his Senior year progressed, he decided to remain one year at the Harvard Law School and graduate afterwards in Cincinnati for the sake of old traditions.

The best way to reconcile practical commodity with keeping up new and old friendships seemed to be "summering" near Boston and "wintering" in Cincinnati. There was a fascinating little promontory on the North Shore for sale, a ferny nook with rocks, pines and a cliff which, according to the weather, frowned or smiled over the bay of Marblehead. At night the Baker Island lighthouse winked knowingly before flashing its number to the Beverly shore which lay opposite. Dissimilar in size

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and character to "Rookwood," it had the immense advantage of offering three months' release from excessive heat in Cincinnati without having recourse to the summer hotel; so "Skerryvore" was established as a sort of Eastern annex to "Rookwood" and partook of the same sort of easy sympathetic atmosphere. Nick could not be with us there for more than six weeks or two months every summer, but how he enjoyed those weeks; the golf at Essex County and Myopia, and the neighborhood of so many college friends: Guy Norman and his wife, "Quinnie," and "Pem" Shaw, Bryce and Anna Allan, Rodolph and Marie Agassiz, Boylston and Elsie Beal, Augustus and Constance Gardner, Wallace and Madeleine Goodrich, "Jim" Parker, Louis Frothingham, "Jim" Curtis, Fred Winthrop, the Appletons, Princes and many others.

Until 1900, my brother worked "like a beaver" at the office in Cincinnati together with Lucien Wulsin and Carl S. Rankin, representing Mrs. Storer's interests, to arrive at a "gentlemen's agreement" separating the estates of my aunt and mother. Then came a severe blow in the sudden death of Thomas McDougal, whose brilliant and original brain and strong austere personality had been a great stimulation to Nick's in legal business.

The firm continued under the name of Ernst, Cassatt and Cottle; my brother had his desk there, always forming with his associates a close personal friendship which, during thirty-seven years, went hand in hand with business collaboration. But as time went on, it became evident

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that his aptitudes as well as his tastes tended toward constructive legislation rather than law practice and led in a political direction.

His first civic appointment was on the District School Board, the next, a place on the National Republican Committee. Then came election to State Legislature and State Senate, where his championing of all causes important to his district and native town, such as the development of roads, canals and waterways, caused him to be deeply respected at home as a hard and conscientious worker.

But this anticipates events. The political personage of the family, when Nick was still a Senior at Harvard, was Uncle Bellamy Storer, who, after my father's death, stepped into the place which seemed to have been waiting for Judge Longworth. This was all the more natural in that his own father, Judge Bellamy Storer, had represented the District fifty years earlier.

During Uncle Bellamy Storer's congressional service, Aunt Ia often asked me to come for a visit to Washington, an invitation I was always ready to accept on account of the intimacy which, from babyhood, bound me to her daughter, Min. So paradoxically enough, it was Nick's sister who first came into contact with political life at the Capital.

I had no reason to suppose that there was to be anything particularly momentous about my second sojourn, during which, however, quite unknowingly, I met a future brother and sister-in-law, and also a personage of great importance in the annals of our nation. He was a young member of the Civil Service Commission, then

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beginning to be much remarked for his strenuous methods and picturesque vigor of expression. He had taken a violent fancy, which was fully reciprocated, to Mr. and Mrs. Storer. They had burst, at once, into the practice of using each other's Christian names and, as the time of my coming coincided with a temporary absence of Mrs. Roosevelt and her children from Washington, he was hospitably pressed to take all his "spare" meals with us. I was not yet "out"; consequently, little attention was paid to my presence at table, and this enabled me to observe and register many things amusing to remember, some of which, indeed, were sufficiently so when they happened.

My aunt had the quality of being "not only witty in herself, but the cause of wit in others," and possessed a sort of intuition, which amounted almost to second sight.

What stimulating occasions were mealtimes on Rhode Island Avenue! Thomas B. Reed, Senator Lodge, Cecil Spring Rice, William Endicott and Henry Adams were frequent guests as well as "Dear Teddy"; the conversation was well worth listening to. Three of the men present caressed the hope of being one day President of the United States, and there was much talk of that high office. I had always understood that an unwritten law existed among statesmen which forbade them to criticize the man in the White House, but none of my aunt's guests made any secret of how they could reproach poor Benjamin Harrison.

"*You* won't do that sort of thing, will you?" was often asked and the answer, whether from Tom, Theodore or Cabot was always the same: "I'm from New England,"

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or "New York," and not eligible. "There's only Bellamy who can be President, he's from Ohio." Then: "Oh! Theodore's all right, he's from the Wild West more than New York."

Guests and hosts, whether together or individually, incited Mr. Roosevelt to appear at his best, which was very good indeed. What a human dynamo! Political discussion was always in order; the number of Presidents made and abolished without honor were legion. I shivered to think what would happen when a certain Senator, declared an "infamous miscreant" would appear upon the scene, a thing that was certain to happen, for he had telephoned shortly before, stating an intention to "come after lunch for a cup of coffee." The bell rang and the very personage under discussion was ushered into the smoking-room. Then, indeed, I had to acknowledge that there had been no just cause for my alarm. "The miscreant" was greeted cordially as the best friend of each and all who were present.

The genius of Nick's future father-in-law for seizing upon the smallest occasion to acquire popularity and perhaps inspire a life-long devotion was admirably demonstrated when one day Mr. Storer said:

"We are not going to be alone, as I had hoped, Theodore. A young man from Cincinnati who is doing some reporting up at the House, is coming. I hope you won't mind."

"I can't say that I want to see any callow youths. I came for a talk with you."

"Albert is a fine fellow, you will appreciate him."

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"What does he write for?"

"Some Chicago paper just now, but he is a son of Murat Halstead; you know all about him, he edited the old Cincinnati *Commercial*."

"Never heard of him or of his paper, but, if I must talk to this fellow, tell me something about the sheet."

"Why, the *Commercial* has always been the most influential Republican organ in southern Ohio, perhaps in the country. It was Murat Halstead who started the campaign against the idea of Grant's third term."

Presently Albert entered and Mr. Storer began to make a formal presentation.

With hands raised to impose silence, Mr. Roosevelt stepped forward and seized the newcomer's palm. He had the art of seeming to make his glasses sparkle with a warmer cordiality than can be found in most human eyes.

"No one need introduce the son of Murat Halstead to me—that would be too great an injustice to his father!"

"Why, Sir, were you acquainted with my father?" inquired Albert, somewhat startled but not as much so as the rest of us.

"Know Murat Halstead? Is there any good American who does not? Why I don't believe you, yourself, can admire him as I do; I doubt whether you know what he did for this country." Then, as Albert opened his eyes wider and wider, Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed, "Why he was the man of all others who awakened the public to the iniquity of a third term for Grant."

When the dialogue was over and our guest had departed, glowing with gratification and warm filial piety,

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down sat Mr. Roosevelt to laugh at our astonishment and congratulate himself on this happy extempore performance. This was done with such mischievous gaiety and spirit of frolic that, had any inclination to criticize existed among us, it would have been disarmed.

Life continued the comedy thus begun; when, many years later an opportunity arose to support a new "Third-term Candidacy," the principle, judged as "iniquitous" in Grant's case, found no more sincere supporter than the young Cincinnati journalist who had met Mr. Roosevelt in the Storsers' drawing-room.

Shortly before my departure, Mrs. Roosevelt returned to Washington with her children and stopped one day to thank Bellamy and Maria for their kindness to "Theodore" during her absence: "I want you to meet my step-daughter, Alice," she said, as a girl of twelve or so rather shyly allowed her hand to be shaken. She had big, heavily fringed, blue-gray eyes, and appeared to be a child of character and intelligence. I noticed her more particularly than I might have done, because I thought that, with her exceptionally high forehead and rather solemn air, she suggested the daughter of William Godwin as described in Dowden's book. I was going through a violent cult for Shelley at that period and consequently looked at Alice from a literary point of view, and with no premonition I was meeting a future sister-in-law.

When Nick first arrived in Washington to stay with his classmate, Joe Leiter, incidentally falling in love with the beautiful Mary, who was to become Lady Curzon, he was new to the complications both of society and politics, for

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the Capital is the one American city where these go hand in hand. On Dupont Circle he came in contact with the diplomatic corps and the more worldly elements of life. On Rhode Island Avenue, under Aunt Ia's auspices, he saw the limelight already beginning to focus on William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and his own fellow townsman, William Howard Taft, in Washington that winter as Solicitor General.

It was interesting to see how easily Nick made a personal impression upon the "men of the day." In Mr. Taft's case, of course, it was unnecessary; friendship was always close and cordial between the houses since our great-grandfather's days. Among those oftenest at "Rookwood" were the Herron sisters, Maria, Eleanor, who married Professor Louis More; Lucy, now Mrs. Lippit, and Helen—Mrs. Taft—who showed that sort of partiality toward my brother resulting from the pleasant contact of teacher with pupil. She had indeed, previous to her marriage and, as a sort of a girlish proclamation of independence, spent a year or two as teacher at the White and Sykes School. Jane Herron, an elder sister, had married "Cousin Charlie" Anderson and lived near us on the Grandin Road, where the habit prevailed of counting kinship so far that "Bill" Taft was considered to be quite within the family circle.

How often I have heard Mr. Taft, even after he was in the White House, joke with my brother about all that the latter owed in the way of educational attainment, to the Taft couple.

"Why, my dear boy, without Nelly to teach you the

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three R's and myself to supply the rudiments of legislation drilled in to you at the law school, where might you be now?"

It would be impossible to define exactly whether the future President belonged to the former generation or to our own, for one of the pleasant characteristics of Cincinnati's social life was that there existed no age-line between the sets who constantly met and mingled. The birthdays of our closest associates were so often placed midway between my mother's and mine that it would be hard to say whether a large number should be listed as her friends or ours. But how eager were most of our contemporaries to consider Nick's mother as a "pal" of their own!

Dear and departed comrades of forty years: Fletcher Huntington, Will Herron, Will Ramsey, George and Joe, did you ever realize, I wonder, how much your faithful devotion aided in keeping her happy and young in heart?

"And now my playmates; ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew;
Ye against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death it set;
Ye I salute!"

Although marriage began early to bring changes, when such intimates as Mary Stettinius married "Jim" Perkins, it merely drew previous links the closer. This was felt again when Katherine Roelker married Lucien Wulsin; Helen Huntington, Albert Chatfield; Emma Harrison, Joseph Neave; Bertha Webster, Charlie Harrison; Katherine Anderson, Harry Woods; Jane Espy, Will Herron;

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Lily Seely, Arthur Espy; Caroline Dickson, William Jackson; Mary Halstead, Arthur Stem; Clarissa Halsted, George Dana; and Elsie Holmes, George Warrington. But, when two Clifton belles: Bertha Sherlock—as Mrs. Carnegie—and Kate Jordon—as Mrs. Magoun—abandoned Cincinnati to live in Pittsburgh and on Long Island, we began to feel decidedly aggrieved.

This sentiment became more pronounced in December, 1895, for our closest comrade of Legion days, who had been like a second sister, set the example of going even farther afield. During the several visits made to Washington, I was somewhat prepared for this event. There was much talk among the Pierces, Wileys, Pattens, Wallacks and Blairs of the probability of “Congressman Bellamy-Storer’s step-daughter’s engagement to Pierre de Chambrun.”

Perhaps to “Old Washingtonians” Margaret Nichols appeared more foreign than the young Frenchman whom they had grown up with, whose parents, moreover, since Lincoln’s time, had been identified with life at the Capital. Marquis de Chambrun had lived and died as legal counselor to the French Embassy and his books on *The Executive Power* and *Laws and Liberties in the United States* are as authoritative, if less known, as Tocqueville’s *American Democracy*. Pierre succeeded to his father’s popularity as well as to his post, and endeared himself to Washington society, being particularly associated with the Bayards, Blaines and Sumners, to whom he appeared less of an outsider than the “young girl from the West.”

But in Cincinnati, the position was reversed. Con-

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sternation reigned in our midst when the engagement was announced. It did not take long for Min's betrothed to make himself liked in the Queen City, his most important conquest being that of Aunt Minnie, who pronounced his manners and mental endowments worthy to be classed with those of the "Semicoloners."

Her own dear Rufus was no longer, alas, at her side! So that it was, as a widow, laying by her veil for that one day, that Margaret Rives King, ushered by Nick and Joe, took a first place at the Holy Angels' Church, when her favorite grand-niece, goddaughter and namesake "Min" was married.

A year after, the young couple went to France, where Pierre was elected as a Deputy, which office he has continued to hold up to the present writing. Later when Nick occupied a like position in America, outside the warm friendship which at once sprang up between them, they had many political and professional interests in common.

Shortly after the disrupting event of Min's marriage, the newly made President, William McKinley, nominated Mr. Storer as Minister to the Belgian Court, and "Joe," who had taken his medical degree with honors at Johns Hopkins and whose devotion to his mother always drew him in her wake, went also to Brussels where he found plenty to interest him in the hospitals and clinics. Thus, suddenly and *en bloc* a large part of our customary life was transferred to the other side of the ocean and remained there, for Mr. Storer became Minister to Madrid and reëstablished American relations with the Peninsular

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after the Cuban War. Later, when Mr. Roosevelt succeeded William McKinley in the Presidency, Uncle Belamy went, for a short period, as Ambassador to the Court of Vienna.

Almost ten years had rolled by since Nick's class-day, five since Min's marriage and still the Longworth family, one and indivisible, remained an unbroken circle at "Rookwood."

Many who knew them and some that did not, were equally positive in maintaining: "none of those Longworths will ever marry because their mother makes home too attractive"; this opinion however, had to be modified when the youngest who had been unofficially engaged for two years past, was married in February, 1901.

Nick took this first break hard. He had never seen his future brother-in-law who had disappeared with a military expedition in the Sahara, and he could not believe that "Kiggy would carry out her bluff," when the young lieutenant in question—Aldebert de Chambrum—"came back smiling from the World's great snare." But he made ample amends for temporary withdrawal of moral support at the time of my decision by which, strangely enough, I became a sister as well as cousin of our old playmate Min.

Externally his attitude was perfect and elicited a curious tribute from one who seldom reflects human emotion: the society reporter. The *Enquirer* of February nineteenth records:

"The marriage ceremony was brief but deeply impres-



BELLAMY STORER



MARIA LONGWORTH STORER

ON THE THRESHOLD OF LIFE

sive and Archbishop Ireland's address was listened to with reverent attention.

"The bride entered with her brother, Hon. Nicholas Longworth, who gave her in marriage. He was far and away the most debonnaire and elegant personage at "Rookwood" yesterday and discharged the duties of the occasion with a tender sort of seriousness beautiful to see."

I would not have it supposed that there was ever any dissension between my brother and myself on this point—or indeed on any other. He respected my independence and I fully comprehended his sentiments which were purely patriotic and not personal. Country, at the base of all he did or thought, made it difficult for him to understand my willingness to accept the nationality of any foreign land. I perfectly agreed on this, as a general principle, and so did my husband, whose views concerning "alien marriages" were the same as Nick's. He never considered the United States, where he was born and educated, as "foreign" soil. But all this is far from our subject: according to Montaigne's formula, which remains ever more true of marriage than of friendship, we became engaged because "*he was he, and I was I,*" a consideration which is above any general principle.

Nick's solicitude was such that, years later, he was particularly glad to substantiate my continued right to American citizenship by an authoritative study of the state and national acts, granting to the Marquis de La Fayette "and his heirs male forever" American citizenship.

THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

The Speaker's Rooms
House of Representatives U. S.
Washington, D. C.

Dearest Clara:

I am enclosing copies of the various acts of the National Congress, and also a copy of an act of the State of Maryland (The copy with the name of William Paca, Esq. Governor at the top). You will see that the State of Maryland granted to the Marquis de la Fayette "and his heirs male forever" citizenship of the state.

"Whereas the General Assembly of Maryland, anxious to perpetuate a name dear to the state, and to recognize the Marquis de la Lafayette for one of its citizens, who, at the age of nineteen, left his native country and risked his life in the late revolution; who, on his joining the American Army, after being appointed by Congress to the rank of major general disinterestedly refused the usual rewards of command, and fought only to deserve what he attained, the character of patriot and soldier; who, when appointed to conduct an incursion into Canada, called forth by his prudence and extraordinary discretion the approbation of Congress who, at the head of an army in Virginia, baffled the manœuvres of a distinguished general and excited the admiration of the oldest commanders; who early attracted the notice and obtained the friendship of the illustrious General Washington; and who laboured and succeeded in raising the honour and the name of the United States of America: Therefore,

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that the Marquis de la Fayette and his heirs male for ever, shall be, and they and each of them are hereby deemed, adjudged and taken to be, natural born citizens of this state and shall henceforth be entitled to all the immunities, rights and privileges, of natural born citizens thereof, they and every of them conforming to the constitution and laws of the state, in the enjoyment and exercise of such immunities, rights and privileges."

This act was passed in 1784, three or four years before the Constitution of the United States was ratified by the State of Maryland. The ratification took place April 28, 1788, and the Constitu-

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tion after having been ratified by the necessary number of States, became effective March 4, 1789. At the time the Constitution became effective the Federal Government accepted all acts passed by the several states, and if the act of the State of Maryland in regard to General de La Fayette was accepted he thereby became eligible for American citizenship. This is the view taken by Morris E. Speare in an article written in 1919 which I am enclosing.

Devotedly,

NICK.

He put an amount of time, thought and sentiment into the choice of a wedding present, which I found most touching on the part of one who generally asked his mother to "select something appropriate."

For Kiggy he wished to find a gift characteristic of Cincinnati, connected with our common childhood and which should, at the same time, contain a sort of tribute to the young French lieutenant who had just attained what, in that pre-war period, was a rare distinction: the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

It was difficult, one might say, to combine these three desiderata. Nick did so in ordering a picture and personally assisting at its development. The artist, one of our Uncle Landon's friends, Harry Farny, was a French painter renowned for his remarkable rendering of Indian life on the plains. He chose as subject, the chief of a North Dakota tribe decorated with what practically corresponds to the French military order: the image of a hand in yellow ochre, imprinted on the shoulder of the mustang which carries the brave into battle.

In the misty dawn light the warrior, called from his

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tent by some alarm, had just mounted his horse and ridden forward with his carbine, while squaw and children watch anxiously for inside the open tent. This picture was one of our most cherished possessions and I often wonder whether the extremely methodical German "removal" service, which brought munitions into St. Mihiel during 1914, and carried off pictures, books and furniture in the empty vans, would have made a better price for it, had the buyer at the war sale known what the picture meant?

A little more than a year after my defection, Annie Rives Longworth, followed her sister's example, marrying Buckner Ashby Wallingford, one of Nick's oldest and dearest friends. Buckner's business kept him in Cincinnati so that there was no family separation to be regretted in this case.

And my brother?

His future continued to be a subject of impassioned interest among sisters, cousins and aunts. How different we women are one from another but, when in quest of that mysterious entity, that "not impossible she" some day to marry the son of the house, how much we are alike and resemble what Booth Tarkington says of us! "Do you think Chloë has her eye on him?" "Is Daphné the right girl?" "Will Phyllis be a help or a hindrance?" "I think he cares more for Cynthia or Irene." And so forth *ad libitum*, for several years, during which Nick, serene, enigmatic and more or less smiling, continued to offer his undivided duty to his mother.

CHAPTER VII

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL PERIOD

IN 1897, when Nick's political activities began to assume a larger scope, many of our old friends were unstinted in criticism; the name of Longworth, said they, should never be connected with that of George B. Cox, qualified as a "vicious Boss."

Nick, however, considered first that Cox might not be quite so black as he was painted, and believed also that, in order to get to a specified place where useful work may be accomplished, it is always better to board a train going to the spot than to wreck it because the travelers disapprove of the engineer. He held a serene confidence that, in the long run, he could influence the "gang" more than the "gang" would ever influence him. Right or wrong, his attitude brought an immense amount of adverse comment. The number of times Nick's mother and sisters were solemnly warned that their son and brother *could not touch pitch without being defiled*, would be hard to reckon. Naturally, the most eloquent exhortations came from those who never thought of doing any work of civic utility whatsoever, and ignored that the "pitch" they talked about so glibly, is essential for road building.

The Mugwumps of those days were loud in their re-

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proaches when Nick joined the Young Men's Blaine Club, "a piece of the Republican machine, constructed by Boss Cox; and in which he performed with zest the most lowly political chores demanded of club members, marching in torch-light parades, lining up beneath the banners of Snoddy Trosky and Garry Hermann and helping get voters in the wards out on election day."

Nick himself used to recount with amusement one of his early experiences which seemed typical of rank and file duty in the Blaine Club:

"My train was late. The parade had started long before I arrived and the best I could do was to fall in at the end of the line. There were about two thousand men participating, and only one band which, naturally, headed the procession. We wound in and out of streets, unable to see further than the next block ahead, and what was worse, quite unable to hear the music.

"Finally I turned to a grizzled old veteran who was trudging silently beside me.

"'Pretty tough, isn't it?' I grumbled, 'Here we are in the very last rank, unable to see where we're going, and unable to hear the music of the band. All we do is to follow the men ahead.'

"'Hell!' said the old fellow, 'I've been marching in these parades for the last twenty-five years, and I ain't heard the music yet.'"

This philosophy of humble service was completely misunderstood by many of those who professed to be warm friends. Some consoled themselves with the thought that Nick's political ambitions would be in vain: how could

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he expect real support from the Boss, he who possessed so many affiliations with the "silk stocking" class? Nevertheless, following his first civic appointment, he was put on the straight ticket for the State Legislature, only to go down with the rest of the Republican candidates before the Mugwump success.

Defeat that "Cleveland Year" was a foregone conclusion, but Nick's willingness to labor in a cause doomed to failure commanded the Boss's gratitude, so that, in 1899, even with "silk stockings," he possessed the confidence of the Republican Party and was successfully elected to the House of Representatives of the State of Ohio. Later, he was sent up to the Ohio Senate where he championed all causes important to the district and his native town, such as development of canals, waterways and roads, and more particularly the "expenditure bill," which still bears his name. This piece of constructive legislation proved a potent brake upon reckless waste of public funds and caused him to be respected as a hard and conscientious worker. He soon became much esteemed and appreciated in Columbus where Sherman, McKinley and Mark Hanna—the outstanding Ohioans of those days—took him into their confidence and affection.

So when Charles P. Taft, who had succeeded Bellamy Storer in Congress, decided not to run for a second term but to consecrate himself to the direction of the *Times Star* in Cincinnati, Nick appeared as the undisputed candidate to represent the First Ohio District, at the National Capital.

Shortly after Nick took his seat in Congress, my mother

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rented a small house on the corner of Eighteenth and I Streets, so as to keep in touch with the details of her adored Colie's public life and also to make him a comfortable home in Washington, while my sister and her husband should continue to dwell at "Rookwood."

I naturally was in Cincinnati for Nan's wedding but was obliged shortly after to return to France. Although I could not, myself, witness the beginning of Nick's political career at the Capital, I relied on my mother to keep me informed of all that specially interested them in the new surroundings. This was almost as satisfactory as being on the spot, for her letters were characterized by keen observation, precision and absolute regularity.

She began by warning me not to be impatient to hear "what stand Nick was taking in National politics," pointing out "that discretion rather than zeal was required of each new member. The neophyte was expected to learn the ropes before rising to speak."

Soon nevertheless, together with domestic and social descriptions, I found the indirect account of his first public utterance:

"The thing that had pleased me the most was a note that Nicky received from Mr. Hay congratulating him on a speech which he had recently made in the House. You know my admiration for our Secretary of State, and this letter was beautifully expressed and most complimentary. If I can get a copy of the speech which was on the subject of our underpaid Ambassadors and Ministers, and also a copy of Mr. Hay's note, I will send them to you!"

Nick's particular interest in this bill which he worked

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over during his entire term of office was aroused at the very beginning. Defeated by only two votes, it was again taken up by William Sulzer, of New York, and eventually became a law as the Lowden bill, with but a few restrictions on the original draft.

It is characteristic of Nick's work in Congress that many of the bills which were his special labor of love, and which bore his name when they were voted down, went through under the name of another representative when public opinion had been educated up to the adoption of his point of view. A friend who expressed indignation because "some member was going about claiming as a personal accomplishment" something which had been inspired and worked up by my brother, was met by the rejoinder which contained his political philosophy in a nutshell:

"I don't care who eventually obtains the credit for getting a thing done. All I care about is *getting done the thing that I want.*"

It was this attitude which gave him the ever-growing hold he possessed over his fellow Congressmen, to whom he, himself, always gave liberal credit for what they did.

One of the men who most appreciated Nick was an important political adversary, John N. Garner, but who was occasionally won over on certain national issues. Mr. Garner went into Congress the same year as Nick and was with him on the Foreign Affairs and the Ways and Means Committees. He recalls the innumerable "conflicts" in which they were engaged; but a fair fight may lead to a durable friendship, as it did in this case. The

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Vice President-elect says of his predecessor in the Speakership:

"Being able to analyze any problem with sound logical reason and then having the courage to maintain your position is an evidence of wisdom and character. Mr. Longworth had both. He succeeded in preserving the chemical industry in this country, early in the war, by his masterly handling of the legislation. We had frequent fights about foreign embassies but he changed my opinion on that legislation and won me round to his way of thinking."

It was as a result of having been early chosen a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs that Nick began at once to interest himself in the representation of his country in foreign capitals. He had seen the struggle of certain of our ambassadors to rent dwellings after lengthy sojourns in hotels, and realized how much the possession of permanent American embassies abroad would contribute to the prestige and dignity of our country. Those who took this occasion to exclaim, "Longworth must be contemplating a foreign appointment," showed how little they were acquainted with his tastes and ambitions.

From the day he entered Congress, his only thought was to continue there, for he felt that his vocation had been found. No day passed without taking him to his office and he devoted a great deal of time to the mastery of the principles and technicalities of the intricate machinery of popular government. If he had not worked with particular intensity at school or in college, he made up for it now by constant study of the art of parliamentary

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rule. More than two decades later, when he was acting as majority leader of the House, he referred to this period: "When I first came to Congress, fresh from a four-year experience in the Ohio Legislature, during the last of which I had been leader of my party in the Ohio Senate, I thought I had little to learn about parliamentary law. It took me, I think, about ten years to find out how little I knew about the rules of this House. Long experience has satisfied me that, in their essentials, the Rules of the House of Representatives cannot be improved upon. We can, and do, transact business there, when necessary, with celerity and dispatch. We have majority rule at all times."

These first years in Congress were stimulating in the extreme, coinciding as they did with a new impulsion given to every branch of public activity by an Executive whose watchwords were "reform" and "efficiency."

Ever since William McKinley's election as President of the United States, destiny was holding in reserve an unexpected sequence. He had placed on his ticket, for the Vice Presidency, the then Governor of New York, Theodore Roosevelt, whom he met under Mrs. Storer's roof, and it is no exaggeration to say, what Mr. Herrick's published memoirs fully corroborate, that Nick's aunt was chiefly instrumental in linking the fate of these two statesmen.

The tragic events which occurred at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo—September, 1901—are still so near that I need not recall the circumstances which brought the term of the fourth President from Ohio to a sudden

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close. However, it was filled out by the Vice President with such astounding success that Theodore Roosevelt became the natural and logical candidate of the Republican Party in 1904 and was elected by popular consent on his own merits.

I need scarcely recall what the Roosevelt administration made of the social side of Executive life. This appeared all the more novel because on account of Mrs. McKinley's invalidism, there had been little or no entertaining done during the previous régime. Under Mr. Roosevelt, who found relaxation from hard work in evening company, there was a constant succession of guests at the White House table and an immense amount of informal receiving. Mrs. Roosevelt's quiet grace was viewed with a sort of idolatry by those who approached her and this was supplemented by Alice's veritable genius for making herself attractive and popular.

I have heard that she first met Nick at a reception in 1903 and that the President had specially indicated him among the new Members of Congress as "certainly a good fellow or he wouldn't be a brother honorary of the Porcellian Club." Nick soon became an indispensable figure in the so-called "Court of Princess Alice" which included Helen Hay, Josephine Boardman, Mathilde Townsend, Marguerite Cassini, Catherine Elkins, Pauline Morton and other débutantes of that season, together with the rising lights in press, politics and diplomacy.

Many echoes of these doings reached us in Paris since my youngest brother-in-law, Charlie de Chambrun, now Ambassador to Turkey, then occupied a post at the

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French Embassy in Washington and had a permanent place in the little circle when "summer court" was held on the Beverly shore, at Newport or at Oyster Bay.

Washington seemed perhaps never more brilliant than on the fourth of March, 1905, during the ceremony described by my mother as follows:

". . . I was too tired yesterday to write my usual letter for it took some time to get over the fatigue of the inauguration ceremonies. It was a great day, the sun shone on Teddy as he took the oath on the steps of the Capitol and all went well. But, to begin at the beginning: Colie had two seats in the gallery of the Senate and, as I had never seen that part of the ceremony before, I was greatly interested.

"I had engaged a balcony on Pennsylvania Avenue to see the procession and invited about a dozen people to take luncheon with us. Only six of them materialized. Nannie insisted upon Buckner's going with me in order that I should have a man to depend on, as Nicky had to be on the Floor with the rest of the Congressmen. It proved to be quite unnecessary to have a male protector as the crowd was perfectly orderly and there was no trouble in getting a front seat where we saw everything splendidly; but I regretted every minute that Nan was not there to enjoy it too.

"The Senators sat on one side of the room, the House of Representatives on the other, the Justices of the Supreme Court to the left of the President and facing him, the Diplomatic Corps to his right. . . . The Ambassadors were resplendent in their uniforms, the Cabinet

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in a line with the Ambassadors. Teddy, enthroned in an armchair, facing and flanked by the six members of the inaugural committee, three chosen from the Senate and three from the House, looked perfectly serene and bowed to his wife who was seated in the front row of the diplomatic gallery surrounded by Teddy Jr., Ethel, Kermit, Quentin, Archie and Alice, who was arrayed in a white cloth gown and an enormous white hat trimmed with huge ostrich plumes. After the ceremony in the Senate the crowd thronged out to the Capitol steps to hear the inaugural address and Buckner and I chose that time to get through the lines and went our way to the balcony where Nannie and Rebecca Henry were waiting. By that time, it was after one o'clock; we had left the house at nine in order to get good seats and were ready to do justice to the lunch that Charles had brought down in the automobile and which was temptingly arranged in the room which opened out on our balcony. We were presently joined by Nick, Hugh Whitney, Rodolph Agassiz, Louis Frothingham and Gordon Dexter and we had a jolly time. The procession lasted until nearly six o'clock, and we didn't get home until it was time to dress for the ball."

There is nothing more curious than the different aspects which news takes when freed from the details of daily life, personal commentary and local color. Truth is often revealed by perspective, and soon I began to read a great deal between the lines of my mother's correspondence. Among other things, I felt very certain that my brother, who had escaped the yoke so long that he was

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beginning to be branded as a "confirmed old bachelor," bade fair to be counted, before very long, among the ranks of "Benedict, the married man."

I could, indeed, hardly realize, when reading the account which was merely intended to give a rather detailed picture of some of the celebrations in Washington at the inaugural period, that my mother was herself unconscious of what her letters made so plain to me: the interest which my brother had, from the first, taken in the attractive daughter of the White House.

"Alice Roosevelt, Josephine Boardman and several others came to lunch and the two girls got up a joke on Nicky which caused great merriment. All the places of historical interest had been marked with placards surmounted by the shield of the United States and indicating what particular celebrity had lived there in past times; this for the benefit of the army of sightseers who came to Washington for the 4th of March. Alice R. got one of these large placards and hung it on the front steps whereon the passers-by read with interest these words in large letters: *I Live Here. Nicholas Longworth.*

"Nicky's secretary was the first of our household to see it and he came much upset and told me that there was 'something on the front steps which perhaps I should want removed?' I went out with him and saw the thing and said, 'Yes, I should indeed like it removed and at once!' While he was in the act of taking it down, Alice and Josephine appeared shrieking not to touch it and they begged me so hard to allow the joke to go on that I consented. Nicky's face was a study when he drove up

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to the house accompanied by Col. Woodbury Kane and Dolph Agassiz and was confronted with the placard. He speedily cut it down amid peals and roars of laughter from the spectators gathered within, who crowded to the window to see what he would do. In the meantime, lots of people passing up and down the Avenue had seen it and goodness knows what they thought!"

I ought perhaps to explain that instead of the quiet residence on the corner of Eighteenth and I Streets, my mother had taken a house on Connecticut Avenue and consequently in full view of every sight-seer, but my dear mother was, indeed, far from realizing how much people were beginning not only to think but to talk, and that privacy would soon be denied to the Longworth family, for everything henceforth that "Princess Alice" did was the special topic dear to the Press. As, among her admirers, my brother was, in racing parlance, easily "favorite," even in Paris we were kept fully informed of all that "they" did, and much that "they" did not do. So my mother's letters served as a mean betwixt truth and legend.

Since the War with Spain, a new spirit was abroad in the land directing the Government policies along hitherto unknown lines. One departure from the theories dear to Washington and Jefferson led to another and, as a sequel to our intervention in China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion and in order to better prepare for the epoch-making effort toward putting an end to strife then raging between Russia and Japan, it appeared opportune in 1905

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to make an authoritative, first-hand investigation into the Far Eastern situation and report to President Roosevelt concerning its reflex upon the temper of the Philippines. The then Secretary of War, William H. Taft, who had so ably administered the Islands during the first difficult phase of American occupation, was chosen as the logical emissary of the United States Government.

Mr. Taft was accompanied by Senator and Mrs. Newlands, Senator Warren, three Republican Representatives (Frederick Gillett, Bourke Cockran, Nicholas Longworth) and one Democrat (Schwager Sherley); Miss Mabel Boardman and Miss Amy McMillan were included in the party. Alice, as the President's daughter, had a semi-official rôle; even as a girl her natural prestige gave her an outstanding position among the older women.

The Secretary of War, on his way back through Paris, laughingly told me how, being perfectly certain that Nick and Alice would come back engaged if they went together on this trip, he had thought fit to ask my mother's approbation before making the final arrangements and was much amused and astonished at her conviction that Nick was a thoroughly confirmed old bachelor. The Judge's judgment was, however, the correct one.

Shortly after the return of the Secretary of War and his party, I received a cable which read: NASUM NANDA, and hastened to decipher it. NASUM, in my unicode signified "an engagement has been contracted and will shortly be announced between—." There was no such word as NANDA in the book; but, with imagination and a small amount of concerted effort, we reached the

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conclusion that NANDA represented N and A. No further imagination was needed to be sure this meant Nick and Alice. For once we had a piece of information before the newspapers.

Nick insisted that I should come to the wedding; and although conditions were not favorable, I sailed from Cherbourg on one of the ocean greyhounds in order to arrive in time for the festivities. The crossing was disagreeable, the more so that, being ill, I never went to table and had difficulty in obtaining either deck or cabin service. However, when the pilot appeared on board with a message saying that Nick and Alice were coming down the harbor to meet me, I received, instantaneously, proof of what popularity can do on an ocean liner, or anywhere else for that matter.

The Captain, having inquired how "such an important person" as I now appeared had been treated before this revelation, was waiting at my chair full of profuse apologies for past negligence and with promises of future favors should I return on the same line. . . . But at this point the joy of seeing Nick again and of greeting his fiancée, who had valiantly scaled the ship's sides on a rope ladder stretched from the custom house tug, obliterated any lingering interest in past tribulations. Alice looked distinguished as well as "sporty" in the tailor-made suit of green cloth that she wore. And when we got on the Washington express, where her maid was waiting, the beauty of the fur trimming was enhanced by a lovely black Pekinese, *Manchou*, that snuggled under her arm.



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH IN 1908

Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

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There was to be a birthday dinner for Alice at the White House the day after my arrival. At first there seemed to be very little difference between my host's conversation at this function and what I had been accustomed to hear at the Stors' when the President of the United States was Civil Service Commissioner. He still practiced free speech to an extraordinary degree and came out with astonishingly "enfant terrible" remarks, but I could only suspect, not caring to make the experiment, that his interlocutor was not supposed to respond in the same free spirit.

There was another celebration a few evenings later at which I assisted clandestinely from the stair-head, for the traditional ushers' banquet was given by Nick at his mother's house. It was served under the auspices of Charles Eichoff, who for upwards of thirty-five years, was Nick's faithful retainer and keenly interested in all events, great and small, which concerned "Mr. Colie." Charles, as a matter of course, kept us in touch with the success of this "splendid evening." He told us just the moment to peep between the banisters when the exciting news of the President's arrival was bruited from the street, for the Chief Executive came to this bachelor feast in the simple capacity of "brother honorary of the Porcellian Club," and, according to the report brought to us by Charles, contributed largely to the informal gaiety of that occasion.

When it was all over the guests who were left came up to say good-night to my mother and me, and it was pleasant to see again many whom I had not met for years—

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Nelson Perkins who was Nick's best man, Blair Painter, Hugh Whitney, Guy Norman, Larz Anderson, and also my two brothers-in-law, Buckner Wallingford and Charles de Chambrun.

What impressed me most in my brother's marriage was the unusual contrast which the tenth White House wedding offered between the principal participants and the ceremony itself. Bride and groom appeared with their accustomed natural and cordial vivacity against a background which bristled with "officialdom." The entire Supreme Court, the Senate and the House were invited, en masse, as well as the higher officials of the large Diplomatic Corps, and my impression was that none of these eleven hundred persons had failed to appear; also that whether those who came did so as a matter of duty, right or friendly inclination, each of the three categories appeared equally convinced of possessing a "superior claim" over the rest.

I can give but little new light on the ceremony, for I found myself so closely wedged among a group of "Cabinet Ladies," that, when one of them fell into an alarming swoon, the difficulties and precautions incident to ministrations and removal obscured what was taking place in the East Room. However, even had I held a commanding position and obtained a full view of bride and groom, I doubt whether I would have been able to add anything essential to my impressions of Nick, recorded during almost three score years. . . .

I was soon to make his acquaintance in the rôle of "married man" for, by the time I had returned to France,

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the first part of the wedding journey was over and the couple divided their time in Paris between a visit at the American Embassy, where Mrs. McCormick was then hostess, and ten days with us in the small house we then occupied Rue de Varenne.

Nick and Alice were so accustomed, in Washington, to the harmonious mingling of social and political life that they found with surprise that there was a wide chasm in Paris between the Government and those who like to consider themselves the "smart set."

They were taken up as the latest novelty by the "Monde Chic," just as they had been in London, but, although my brother found this amusing, being by no means a scorner of fashionable drawing-room or well-set dinner table, he was more interested in political society, and certainly preferred a dinner at the Elysée to one in the Faubourg St. Germain.

He was never bored at either; for, I suppose, the real reason of his popularity in so many different spheres was his constant interest in social contact with his fellow man. He always found something to learn in every kind of circle.

The idea, that he, himself, ever taught his interlocutor was one which would never have entered his head. But, without flattery to Nick, I may say that having accompanied him often in the fashionable, Bohemian and political world in Paris, I was able to observe the astonishment of many who had not known before that an American politician could be a gentleman, that a man of the world could be an American politician, and that both could take

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up a fiddle at the "Caveau Caucasien" at Montparnasse or Montmartre.

It was natural enough for the European world, who knew little about my brother except that he had suddenly appeared in the limelight as the "Consort of Princess Alice," to forget that he possessed strong personal characteristics and merits of his own. If Nick felt this—and I rather think he did—after his customary habit he turned it into a joke and recalled his grandfather's old remark: *It is my fate to go down to posterity as the son of a distinguished father and the father of a distinguished son.*

This formula he applied with slight alteration, not only to himself but to an associate in the House and great personal friend, Augustus Peabody Gardner, who had married the daughter of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge: "*Poor old Gussie, it is our fate never to be known as anything but sons-in-law.*" This idea made a certain number of people who knew the high qualities of the two Representatives laugh, but I have an impression that the "in-laws" took it more seriously.

Perhaps one consequence of this state of things was to make the Congressman from Massachusetts and his colleague from Ohio work all the harder at the Capitol. Both had the same high ideal of public life. Mr. Gardner was intensely a New Englander in his feelings, championing the fishermen of Gloucester and the shoemakers of Lynn, while Nick was never oblivious of the playing-cards and machine-tools which are the industrial pride of his district, but when it came to all patriotic issues they

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agreed on preparedness and the superior interest of the United States Navy.

Besides his frequent interventions as tribune orator, Nick's work at his desk and in committee, was always constructive. From the beginning of his congressional career, what seemed to interest him most was the practical financial side of national questions. His eye was ever open to Government expenditures.

He never lost an opportunity to obtain first-hand information, whether in England, Germany or France. In the latter country, where he had been in close touch with the Finance Ministry, he was struck by the method of preparing the budget. He approved of the system according to which every item of government expenditure was computed a year in advance, and a corresponding revenue set aside for the purpose. He had noted with what vigilance the French Senate intervened to prevent the introduction of demagogic measures which might destroy the equilibrium of the budget. His efforts at home constantly tended toward this reasonable foresight in all financial directions. He recommended the establishment of a permanent control by those directly elected by the people over all Governmental activities, even while in process of being carried out.

He used to say: "The money disposed of by Federal Government comes directly from the people and what is Congress for but to stand guard over the cash box?" He was soon in a position to make himself heard, for at the beginning of the Sixtieth Congress, after the retirement of General Charles H. Grosvenor as Ohio member of the

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Ways and Means Committee, he succeeded to this important position.

On the "Ways and Means," which deals with all legislation designed to produce Government revenue and with tariff duties, and which is the political committee *par excellence*, Nick was in a position to exhibit his natural aptitude for dealing with these arduous questions and, incidentally, to utilize the immense knowledge which he had acquired. Although he used laughingly to say, when referring to what is called a financial "expert," "I don't believe there ain't no sich animal," I believe that he himself might well have come under that definition.

A partisan of a reasonably high protective tariff he had, while in Columbus, found occasion to examine the question from the point of view of an industrial district, and was more than once McKinley's adviser in the drafting of a bill which bears the Ohio President's name.

At the Capital amid the amicable wrangles, disputes and discussions with his Democratic colleagues, often recalled by Mr. Garner, his Americanism of the old school inclined him to favor a reasonably high protective tariff, having constantly in mind not only the interest of national industry, but the theories expressed by Washington himself in regard to the receipt of custom.

"It is as true as any postulate of Euclid," said Nick, "that no protective tariff law of itself, ever closed a factory, ever mortgaged a farm or caused an American working man to lose his job; and no free trade law failed to do all three."

He always advocated, however, the creation of a per-

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manent tariff commission in order to keep abreast with changing conditions and this pet idea, which he could never get through during a Republican administration, was taken up by the other party and carried into execution—another occasion on which Nick could exclaim, “All that I care for is getting done the thing that I want.”

Not only did he, in this case, advocate the foundation of such an institution, but he indicated the method which ought to be pursued, believing that foreign goods should be taxed at their arrival, that is to say on a valuation based not on the original cost of production but on their American market value.

In order to protect American exports, however, and stimulate commerce, he considered that the President should be given latitude “to put into force trade agreements with foreign countries based upon minimum tariffs, thereby giving outsiders certain advantages in American markets in consideration of our obtaining similar advantages in theirs.”

According to him, a bill should not be viewed as a concrete whole, but studied in every section. He was for moderate, not drastic measures, and herein, as ever, his conciliatory spirit led him ever to attempt a practical compromise rather than to assume the leadership of a forlorn hope. How often I have heard him say:

“I don’t claim that this bill is satisfactory, or even good, but if we can’t agree on it during this session we won’t be able to get a better one, and the next Congress is practically certain to give us a worse.”

Nick was always ready to discuss his point of view with

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those who were really interested in a subject, even should the questioner be a woman and a sister. Hence, for many years I was in close touch with his political thought, the hazards of official appointment having placed my husband as military attaché in Washington during the entire administration of our old friend, Judge Taft. Consequently, I no longer depended exclusively on my mother's pen to keep me informed about my brother's public life. I could see for myself what was going on and note the extraordinary evolution in political events.

So deep is the cleft between pre-war sentiment and present-day feeling in political matters that this generation can hardly visualize those happenings or comprehend the sensation caused by the first "split" in the Grand Old Party.

When, in 1909, William Howard Taft took the Presidential chair at the conclusion of Mr. Roosevelt's second term, he stood in high favor with his predecessor, and was looked upon as the logical exponent of the Roosevelt policies, which were supposed to be those of the Republican Party as a whole. Little by little, however, a new spirit developed in the center of the camp, and a large number of vigorous Roosevelt supporters felt assured that the program of the "Rough Rider" could not be carried out with sufficient vigor by a man of such temperate and judicial character as Mr. Taft. This progressive faction became constantly more rampant and seized every occasion to stress disapproval of each new measure backed by the Chief Executive. The political pot was seething, and there was never more cause to admire Nick's conduct

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than during those difficult months which led up to the break, and especially during the campaign of 1912.

The situation suddenly became complicated. Mr. Roosevelt, encouraged by the assurance of many political men, among whom were certain of Mr. Taft's declared partisans, resolved to run for the Presidency on an Independent ticket, counting on his immense personal popularity to carry the federal election over both Republican and Democratic candidates.

In consequence of this unprecedented situation, the talk of every political salon, lobby or club in Washington—and, indeed, over the whole United States—was centered on the question as to who among the Republican leaders would “switch” to the new “Bull-Moose” or Progressive Party, and who would continue loyal to the time-honored elephant.

The chiefs of the audacious movement were indignant to find that Mr. Roosevelt's son-in-law was not with them. In vain were persuasion and promises used to make Nick falter in his allegiance. There were also those who equally admired the “Roman virtue” which, on high moral grounds, entered a Progressive candidate in the First Ohio District, and that of a son-in-law who preferred to lose his chance of election rather than to “bolt the party program.”

It was no small sacrifice that Nick made at this time; not only did it appear that future political ambition must go by the board—and the rôle of “lame duck” has never been a pleasant one—but the tastes and habits of his chosen life for the previous twelve years seemed frus-

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trated. Nick's attitude under disappointment was the more laudable that he did not, perhaps, receive all the encouragement he might have expected from his more impassioned relatives on both sides, nor, when the crucial moment of election came, from personal friends among electors of the first district: "I would go down the street during the campaign and meet first one of my intimates and then another. The first would say 'I cannot vote for you Nick, because your father-in-law is running for President at the head of the Progressive Party and I am not a Progressive.' The next would say: 'I am sorry Nick, but since you are for William Howard Taft as President, I can't vote for you, I am for Roosevelt.' "

Neither Progressive nor Republican, as had been foreseen, came in through the disruption of the party. All along the line from Ohio to the White House, Democrats were elected. In Nick's district it would have sufficed that his personal friends should have remained loyal to their Congressman to gain the small majority of 101 votes which went to elect Stanley Bowdle.

Years after Nick said: "I really don't think I ever felt bitter about anything political until the "Bull Mice" made me lose my seat in Congress; but I was wrong, for I learned more during the time I was out of office than in all the years that went before. Don't forget that political adversaries are often as helpful as friends."

This serenity, this acquiescence in another's point of view, the recognition of personality as a force which is not to be argued with, made it possible for him, during and after the campaign, to remain courteous and respectful to relatives in both camps. Thus, as it takes at least

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two to make a quarrel, there was never any breach, and when, during the Wilson régime, Mr. Roosevelt returned to the fold of the Republican Party, there was no great chasm to be bridged.

There was a striking resemblance between the attitude of my brother and that of a more illustrious victim of the split Republican Party elections that year—William Howard Taft. Although the letter reproduced was written to Nick's sister, Mrs. Wallingford, it gives such an interesting reflection of a magnanimous nature—the type of mind which we like to think is typically of southern Ohio growth—that I cannot resist including it here.

Personal.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

November 9, 1912.

MY DEAR NANNIE:

I have read your very kind note with mingled feelings of deep pleasure and regret. I shall never forget the substantial assistance that you rendered, and I want you to know that I realize what it was and that I esteem it highly. I know there was nothing honorable you would not have done to bring about the result you so much desired. But now, my dear Nannie, I am afraid that your nerves are overwrought and that you have allowed yourself to become too greatly excited and too deeply interested. I would not have your peace of mind disturbed—it is not necessary. The people of the United States did not owe me another election. I hope I am properly grateful for the one term of the Presidency which they gave me, and the fact that they withheld the second is no occasion for my resentment or feeling a sense of injustice.

Under ordinary conditions, I think perhaps I might have been re-elected, but the conditions were not ordinary. One of my opponents was an extraordinary genius in politics, utterly unrestrained in the methods which he used, and wielding a power given to few men to wield. He was able to divide the party by his personality and his misrepresentation, and that meant my de-

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feat. But, my dear Nannie, it does not disturb my peace of mind, so why should it disturb yours? I have enjoyed the highest honors which can be given to a man in this country, and I have the great satisfaction of having been useful to my fellowmen in some substantial degree, in the Presidential office and otherwise. No higher satisfaction than that can come to anyone.

I do not carry in my heart the slightest resentment against the people, or any bitterness of spirit with respect to their view of my administration. I think a good many of them have been misled by misrepresentations of the muckraking press, and that some time perhaps there will be cleared away a cloud of misconception on their part. There are others, like yourself, who value me too highly for what I have done, and yet whose support I would be most unwilling to lose.

I should like to talk the whole thing over with you when you are in Washington and when we have time for such a discussion. You said you were coming here soon, and I am looking forward to seeing you and Buck at the White House.

The press generally has been very kindly in its treatment of me and my fate, and I beg you to believe, my dear Nannie, that I am as free from disappointment and as full of happiness as you would have me and as I would have you. I could say no more in that regard. . . .

This is the only country we have, my dear Nannie, and we have to make the best of it; and such popular manifestations as we had the other day are not to be taken as an evidence of governmental incapacity. They are an evidence of the ingratitude of republics, of which we hear so much. There was nothing done which can not be recalled and which will not be recalled promptly when the time comes, and in the end we shall see that popular government is the most enduring and the most just and the most effective.

Believe me, my dear Nannie,

Affectionately yours,

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Mrs. Buckner A. Wallingford, Jr.,
2414 Grandin Road,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The following letter from Mr. Herrick shows that it was Colonel Roosevelt himself who suggested the idea of a Senatorial nomination for his son-in-law in 1916, from which time on he seems to have fully concurred with Nick's views in the wider sphere of world politics.

Overlook Road,
Euclid Heights, Cleveland.
Feb'y 1st, 1916.

MY DEAR COL. ROOSEVELT:

I fully understand and appreciate what you say with reference to Nick Longworth's probable candidacy. Your attitude in that event could not consistently be, nor w'd I wish it, otherwise. Nick is my friend of many years and I would rather be defeated by him than by any other man in the State, for in that event I could whole-heartedly work for his election.

I hope ere long that I may have the opportunity to talk with you about some of the coming events. My desire to see you when last in New York was not on my own account; however, I thank you for your friendly attitude towards my candidacy. I've never forgotten your willingness to confer a great honor upon me when you had the power to do so. Neither shall I forget.

Your fine speeches are approved by the people in the West. Wilson had made some headway but not as much as was expected. What he says and what his party does may differentiate very widely.

Faithfully, &c.,

MYRON T. HERRICK.

But when Nick went into retirement "the whirligig of time had not brought in his revenges," nor could they have been foreseen by the closest and most foresighted observer. How might any one imagine, at the dissolution of the Sixty-second Congress that, in five short months, normal conditions would be completely overturned, and

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that, shortly after, "the watch-dog over the national cash box" would become the strongest advocate of supertaxation in order to pay for the sending and maintenance of an American Army overseas.

But until that hour struck, there were two years of moral readjustment to be faced; threads of life in Cincinnati had to be taken up. Office affairs, somewhat neglected in favor of those of the Nation, had to be studied and arranged, and all this in the depressing atmosphere of defeat.

Fortunately my brother possessed one natural resource deep within himself which, like all sincere passions or even hobbies, may suffice to help a man or a woman through many a "slough of despond." Once more settled at "Rookwood," he fell back upon that art which he had cultivated so sedulously in boyhood.

CHAPTER VIII

INTERLUDE

MUSIC, for Nick, was not merely a pleasant pastime, nor a side-issue, but an integral portion of existence, a resource, a necessity and a consolation in periods of depression.

I remember talking with him about the Moroccan "Zaouias," expecting that he would be astonished by a fact which long residence in North Africa had taught me, namely, that every Mohammedan musician belongs to a religious fraternity, for to the Moslem any "concord of sweet sounds" implies praise of the Most High, Allah, representing to his mind the source of all harmony just as Apollo did to ancient Greece.

Instead of showing surprise, Nick declared that it seemed to be quite natural to associate music and religion and confessed that he had always felt a sort of spiritual brotherhood to all those who sincerely cared for their art.

I am too ignorant of music and its technical language to write with competence on the subject of Nick's special passion, so, instead of treating it myself, I shall pass on the pen to a chosen few who may be said to form a part of my brother's "Zaouia"; first to the renowned 'cellist of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and the Heermann Trio; then to others, both amateur and professional,

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in Washington, Boston and New York, who will give their impressions.

Walter Heermann wrote: "During the months Congress was not in session Nicholas Longworth would regularly invite some of his musical friends to play string quartettes, not intended as rehearsals, but more for pure enjoyment of the treasures of the four-part string literature. These congenial gatherings included other musical friends to 'listen in' and, preceded by a leisurely dinner at 'Rookwood,' the music started at about ten o'clock.

"Beside Mr. Longworth as leader, our quartette was composed of Mrs. Robert Sattler, second violin, Peter Froelich, viola, and myself 'cello. The programs included quartettes of Haydn, Boccherini, Dittersdorf, Mozart, Beethoven, besides the romantic periods of Schubert, Schumann, Grieg and Dvorak; also piano quintettes assisted by Inez Gill, Florence Barbour or Aline Fredin, pianists. During 1917 and 1918, Eugene Ysaye would join us to play his favorite quartette (Mendelssohn No. 1, E Flat Major); then Mr. Longworth would temporarily play second violin, which he did with the same skill and musicianship he always displayed when leading his quartette. The thorough and fine training received in youth at the College of Music remained evident all his life, even when he had no time left for individual practice. Nevertheless, he always seemed to be in trim, with his keen ear, fine phrasing and splendid understanding of the most difficult chamber music. His violin was a Stradivarius of the Amati period, 1690, with a sweet penetrating tone quality.

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"Among other celebrated guest performers were Efrem Zimbalist, Fritz Reiner, with Ethel Barrymore as an interested listener. When, Madame and Dr. Liszniewski becoming regular guests, our programs changed to chamber music with piano, trios of Leclair, Mozart, Mendelssohn and Arensky would divide honors with piano soli and violin sonatas by Handel, Dvorak and César Franck. Among Nicholas Longworth's favorite compositions were the slow movement from the double concerto by Bach (which we played as a trio) and the 'cello aria by Teneaglia, he accompanying me on the piano. Later Mr. and Mrs. Milan Petrowic would join us and round out the evening with some charming vocal duets and arias."

The next description comes from a distinguished amateur, Mrs. Walter Howe, first known to Nick in Washington as Mary Carlisle, and always the soul of the National Society of Music.

"Thirty years ago when I was a débutante, I was called up by Helen Hay one day and asked to come in to play some accompaniments for Nick Longworth. That was my introduction to Nick, his fiddle and the Bach air on the G String. As I look back, his attitude toward the music and me, as then established, never failed. Besides all his other endearing qualities of charm and humor and friendliness, this conviction as to the true value of real music was a serious bond. He honored music and he honored it ably.

"We played together a great deal over a number of years. Alice would leave him at my house and come back

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for him in a couple of hours astonished that we hadn't yet run through the pile of Sonatas. Or, at their house with the President, or at the White House with a small party, we made music together. Of course long lapses occurred when he played with some one else, or I was busy, but we could always meet in music without lapse.

"And Nick was a fiddler at his best, had a tone, a quality, a sense of phrasing and expression not only rare, but beautiful; and when he was out of practice and only picked up the violin now and then to play, I have never yet listened to a performance of Nick's without at some time being stirred by an exquisite phrase that seemed peculiarly his own.

"This complete confidence as to his feelings about music, and especially chamber music, led us to count on him as president of the Chamber Music Society, and later, of the Friends of Music in the Library of Congress. He wasn't just a nominal president, but whenever he was needed he showed up or made a decision. Nick would often get away from a debating House to preside at a meeting on equally friendly and understanding terms with Harold Bauer, lesser musicians, members, treasurer and audience, and bring his meeting to a neat close in time to get back to the House.

"Of course, as we all know, his musical taste left out the ultra-modern and he was impatient of the sometimes unseasonable and unreasonable dissonances of the modern variety. But he certainly knew true quality and found it moving.

"We need no reminding of the humorous performance

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of the Carnival de Venise, where Nick played the tune properly, improperly holding the fiddle behind him and finally the bow between his knees and drawing the fiddle up and down; or that other prize number, the obsequies of a celebrated Austrian General which included the Austrian National Hymn, eulogistic comment and a cannon salute of heavily-sat-on bass notes.

“Speaking for myself and for the National Society of which he was president, we have lost our greatest Friend of Music.”

A remarkable pianist, known also for his science, Dr. Karol Liszniewski, affectionately dubbed “Pasha” by his intimates, begins with the following confession:

“When the Speaker suggested playing duets with him, I fully expected to find a poor dilettante whose fiddling would be a bore to me. What was my surprise when I discovered in my partner a splendid musician, showing unmistakable proofs of excellent training!

“From then on we played together almost every week of my stay in Washington, and happy, indeed, were the evenings spent at the Longworth residence on M Street. There always was a congenial group of music lovers from Washington Society, augmented once in a while by interesting personages of the international artistic world.

“I remember an evening when Ernest Schelling was one of the party—what fun we had watching him play the Chopin black-key Etude by rolling an orange in quick motions over the keys with his right hand, while the left played the accompaniment! The effect was as-

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tounding and side-splitting, and nobody enjoyed the stunt more than Nick.

“Another evening, Lady Dean Paul, the daughter of the celebrated Polish violinist and composer, Wieniawski, and a fine composer in her own right—known as such under her nom-de-plume ‘Poldowski’—was the guest of honor. The atmosphere was especially gay as the evening went on and we started to play charades. I shall never forget the sight of Lady Dean Paul in a flowing black evening gown crawling on the floor between table legs, impersonating a snake in one of the charades.

“Among the most intimate friends of the Speaker were violinists like Ysaye, Zimbalist and Kochanski. He loved and admired them, and they reciprocated these feelings, as did, in fact, everybody who came under the spell of Nick’s irresistible charm.

“After I had moved to Cincinnati to rejoin my family, our delightful relations continued and were most happily extended to my wife, whose playing, Nick was wont to say, gave him more pleasure than that of any other pianist in the world.

“His musical taste was exquisite, and he was very particular about the music he wanted to play or to hear, just as he was very particular about whom he admitted to his musical circle. He adored the old classics and did not have much enthusiasm left for the moderns. Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms sonatas, and the arias of the old Italian violinist composers, like Tenaglia, Veracini, Corelli, Padre Martini and Vivaldi, were his favorites. And when my wife wanted to give him special pleasure, she

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played for him the slow movement from the piano sonata in F minor by Brahms, which touched the sympathetic strings of his soul, as it were, with a magic bow.

"The musical gatherings at 'Rookwood' on the Grandin Road had their own delightful and informal atmosphere. After dinner and black coffee the ones who preferred conversation stayed in the library, while the musicians repaired to the music room to worship on the altars of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and other mighty sons of Apollo. And in the late hours of the evening when light things in music began to get their turn, Nick would sit down at the piano and sing for hours ditties of his own invention, full of humor and wit, to our utmost delight. One ballad, a rather bold one about "Queen Lil" was always in great demand, and the walls of the dignified old house resounded with the refrains of this jolly song taken up by the chorus of all 'those present' amid roars of gaiety and laughter."

Although music was first known as the gay science, "*le gai savoir*," to medieval civilization it may have shocked some grave persons who consider solemnity as inseparable from the cult for Euterpe to find Nick sometimes taking his music "in lighter vein." This was because he so truly loved it.

A bubbling spirit of fun belonged to his philosophy of life. All who came really near him understood that there was no more "disrespect" in his burlesque "interpretations" of a music drama than in his little parodies of certain foibles that characterized his mother and sisters. He

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regarded humor as a saving grace; it was the trait he loved most in French and American character and he included, in its warm rays, all that he veritably cared for.

The comical quintessence which he could extract and interweave with the strains of the tetralogy was proof of his thorough knowledge of Wagner's works of genius.

When he said "now for a Siegfried interpretation," electric sparks began to flash. By means of a scarlet cashmere shawl, the lid of a Persian bowl worn as a helmet, her long hair passed over ears and caught under her nose as a flowing beard, Mrs. Wallingford, Nick's sister, in a single instant, became the most impressive of Wotans; another lightning change: Nick would be Alberich and she, Mime, while an invisible Fafnir growled and snorted and Siegfried's horn resounded from the distance, until the audience screamed with laughter, drowned the music and brought the performance to a close.

Miss Florence Barbour, the charming accompanist of the Cincinnati Orchestra, recalls her perplexity when, after a professional success in the rendering of some extremely modern masters, Nick offered her some "Rookwood" roses and begged her to lose no time in washing her hands—a little tease which, naturally enough, she did not at once understand. "You have been handling those unspeakable discords——" said Nick.

Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, whose musicales were as popular in Brussels when her husband was American Minister as they became in Washington, and Mrs. Tracy Dows, whose delightful entertainments were as much

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sought after as they were select, give respectively the two following pictures:

“Every professional musician, who had the privilege of meeting the late Speaker, will always remember him as the most attentive listener, the most appreciative comrade of every violinist, pianist, cellist and vocalist—Nicholas Longworth liked them all. Though his speciality, musically speaking, was the violin, which he played from the time he was a child in Cincinnati, he knew and felt so keenly the quality and interpretation of all those he heard, that each artist in turn felt he or she had to give their very best when the Speaker was in the room. It made no difference whether the occasions were a formal musical like my ‘Musical Mornings’ to which he often came, if only for an hour, ‘playing hookey’ as he put it, before his strenuous labors called him to the Capitol, or intimate evenings at each other’s houses, the visiting artist was always on his metal.

“One evening at Mrs. Tracy Dows’s house, when the accompanist of Zimbalist had been obliged to return to New York after a formal concert, we, a small group, gathered together, the Speaker and Zimbalist each playing the other’s fiddle, while Sam Barlow and I alternated at the piano. We all played without any music at all, things that came into our minds, like a small band of gypsies, joined at times by the Hungarian Minister, Count Szechenyi, playing his saw, the small audience of friends, lowering the lights, sitting about on easy chairs, many on the floor by the open fire and all of us reveling

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in the charm and informality of one of the most delightful Bohemian musical evenings we had ever spent together.

"On another occasion, at Mrs. Truxton Beale's house, Paul Kochanski and Pierre Luboschutz played for the Speaker and a distinguished audience, like two demons. They were absolutely galvanized by his gracious presence and Nicholas Longworth called for one piece after another, all his old favorites were trotted out, the Mendelssohn Concerto, the César Franck Sonata, the Vivaldi and Bach concerti and I remember that night, the first performance in Washington, of a beautiful Hungarian Suite by Dohnanyi, which left us all breathless and thrilled by the galvanic spell of greatness woven around us and the genius, not only of those two outstanding wizards of the violin and piano, but also by the great soul of one who could inspire such a perfect exhibition of finished art.

"His personality was so great, so inspired, that I never attend a concert now, wherever I may be, that I do not feel he is there too, with that enchanting smile which he had, of good-will and kindness, so full of encouragement and so unselfish in his desire to promote and develop every beautiful musical thought that came his way."

"Some one once said to me of Nick Longworth, 'He does not play like an amateur but like a professional out of practice.' That remark showed perception. His knowledge of music was almost as profound as his love for it. And when he took up his violin one always felt that understanding and love. The occasional tone or phrase only

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a real musician can produce well outweighed his less finished technique—though even that was amazing in a man who had so little time to give to his talent.

“His memory of Musical Literature was extensive and he knew the classics as few men do who have not made music their profession. He went to every concert his work in Congress allowed, liking to sit fairly close to the stage to see as well as to hear—and when beside him one felt his critical admiration for performances and composers, his reverence for the art.

“His greatest delight were evenings at home or in some friend’s house when after dinner, he would play Bach’s Air on the G String, Schumann, Mozart or Brahms—and if some great violinist were present, Zimbalist or Kochanski, play with them the Bach double Concerto, doing his bit to start things going and then settling down to listen with keen pleasure to their more skilled performance.

“I remember one night especially. The Zimbalists were staying with me and Nick came to dinner. Afterwards we four sat in the library dimly lit with one lamp and the fire. First Zimbalist played then handed his fiddle to Nick, then Zimbalist again—snatches of many things unaccompanied—I shall never forget that evening.

“There was a strong sympathy between him and all the artists—an affectionate curiosity on both sides. They were surprised to find how much of an artist was in the statesman. He looked on them with a certain wistfulness, not regret, only curiosity. He might so easily have been an artist too.

“Though music was for him a thing apart, to be treated

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with respect, the most serious evenings must end with him at the piano, singing a half dozen nonsense songs, always amusing no matter how often heard, always by his irresistible humor and fun, creating an atmosphere of gaiety.

"Perhaps that is the right place to leave him—surrounded by a laughing crowd—or is it better to remember those rare occasions when music stirred him deeply and brought out a hidden shyness he could at all other times conceal."

The Zimbalist couple referred to above were among Nick's very best friends in music and he enjoyed nothing more than the quartettes organized in his honor by his old acquaintance of the Cincinnati festivals, Alma Gluck and her celebrated husband, Efrem Zimbalist: these parties generally included Sacha Jacobson, Paul Bernard, Louis Kauffmann and Marie Rosanoff.

Nick's visits to their summer home on Fisher's Island were equally delightful. Zimbalist considered that Nick's "vibrato" had much the same quality as Kreisler's and that, with a little more time to practice, he could have been numbered among the great masters of the bow. He declared, in speaking of his political career: "I have always been so utterly enslaved by my work that I have never even had time to covet people more fortunate than myself. However, whenever that luxury was vouchsafed to me my thought would turn to Nick, whose life, because of music, seemed fuller and more varied than any I knew. I shouldn't wonder but the fact that he could



MUSIC, FOR NICK, WAS NOT A SIDE-ISSUE BUT AN INTEGRAL PORTION
OF EXISTENCE

Photographed by Judge Longworth

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shelve the temporary perplexities with which he must have been occasionally faced while re-creating his spirit through his music must, to a great extent, have been responsible for his stupendous achievements."

Alma Gluck's appreciative comment on her reminiscences of Nick take up the social and sportive side of his character but this does not make her testimony less significant. On the contrary her "amazement" at Nick's "long-suffering patience" with the professional musician when out of his element and on a golf course, helps to show what I have tried to demonstrate in attempting to give a true picture of the many faces of an exceptional nature. The essential fairness and Christian spirit of a man who never forgot to do as he would be done by and his unfailing tolerance toward those who "know no better."

"I have often heard it said that one's qualities and defects are most easily discovered through his conduct in playing games. How splendidly Nick came through in a test of this kind always remains vividly in my mind. You know what an ardent and excellent golfer he was and how seriously he took it. And yet, at a visit with us at Fisher's Island where everything was conducive of superb golf, his patience with some of my other guests whose hilarity and thoughtlessness spoiled many a brilliant coup, both amazed and delighted me. I know so many enthusiastic golfers who would have annihilated or mortified such kill-joys. The tact and forbearance with which Nick carried off these situations entrenched him more deeply than ever in my esteem."

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The great operatic singer, Lucrezia Bori, expresses the same surprise that many other professional musicians felt on meeting Nick.

"I had expected to find the typical business man and politician. To my amazement, I saw him pick up his violin and produce the most delicate tones which only one possessing a true artist's soul could bring forth, and I feel certain that, even though he did not pursue music as his career, the inspiration he received from it was responsible in part for his jollity, good nature and generous heart. From the outset we struck a sympathetic cord, and I was particularly impressed by the keen interest and complete understanding which he showed in art."

"Your brother had a rare understanding of music," wrote Leopold Stokowski. "He penetrated directly into the spirit of music. It was his natural element."

Although opportunities for indulging his classical taste were more frequently found in Washington and Cincinnati than elsewhere, on account of the lengthy periods of his residence in those two places, Nick cared too much for his favorite art not to make opportunities for the enjoyment of play and practice. I am glad to be able to add to these scattered impressions, culled haphazard, from the letters which certain of his friends have been kind enough to send me, an impression of one thoroughly competent to speak with critical appreciation: the Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, Wallace Goodrich.

INTERLUDE

“My first musical association with Nick was in the late nineties when he was but a few years out of college, and I just back from study abroad. The second period is more recent during Nick’s annual summer visit to the North Shore for the past ten or twelve years where we both made it a point to have at least two afternoons or evenings of music together. As to the personal part of our little recitals, there is perhaps little to say, but I hope you will not mind if I go beyond the personal in order to say a word which I think ought to be said about his music in general, and the high quality of his steadfast cultivation for all that is finest and most enduring. Had he followed music as a profession, he could have held it in no higher respect. He had been educated in the soundest school of violin playing and, incidentally, of appreciation, with a strong love of the classics and intuitive feeling for their true expression. This love he carried with him throughout his life, though in the latter years it must have become increasingly difficult, if not impossible, for him to keep up any regular practice, but when he did play, it was always with the same feeling of solid and sane musicianship, charm of tone and expression which had long ago become a characteristic possession.

“It was not alone because of his lovable personality, character and cheerful camaraderie that so many eminent artists, violinists, conductors and pianists were among his closest friends; it was because he spoke their musical language and shared their musical ideals.

“We have too few such men who add to instinctive musical taste a sound technical training, and the influence

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of such as he cannot be overestimated. Probably he was unaware of it himself but it is well known what Nick's leadership meant to more than one musical cause. . . ."

I cannot better draw this musical interlude to a close than by a letter written by "Maggie" Liszniewski, on the first anniversary of my brother's death.

"Was there ever any one with such compelling force to bring out the highest emotions in those who were either playing *with* or *for* Nicholas Longworth? His was the true and grand manner of sharing with his intimates, not only his hospitality, his jovial good humor, but his own art, which was of an order many professional violinists might well envy, especially his talent for reading any difficult score at sight, and his unfailing good taste. Nothing was too difficult for him, although his preference for the old school was very marked. Whatever happened later, the evening had to begin with Bach, Padre Martini, Mozart or Beethoven, but as it waned music passed through other stages arriving finally at Negro spirituals or the Peer Gynt suite, which he adored thumping out for deviltry on the piano for four hands. Do you remember that he would never let me go home without playing the slow movement of the Brahms F Minor Sonata?

"When I play this andante now, a year after our beloved Nick's passing, I seem to see him and feel his inspiration and so express my gratitude, my love and my faith. . . ."

CHAPTER IX

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Party Leadership

THE World War found most of the Longworths in a critical or at least depressing situation: my brother, out of office, had little to cheer him and much to worry about in the still open problem of an unproductive estate and the unlikelihood of reelection. He was also filled with anxiety for mother, sisters and nephews who, from the outbreak of hostilities, were listening to the ever-advancing roar of enemy cannon on the Lorraine border.

In the autumn of 1913 my husband, with the rank of major, had received orders to join the 40th Artillery garrisoned at St. Mihiel. Although sorry to leave Washington, it would have been painful for us to remain after Nick's defeat and the departure of so many "lame ducks" among our particular friends and the arrival of a new administration. However, we little thought toward what adventures this new post would lead us. So little indeed, that by way of passing a pleasant and peaceful summer in a spot where there was reason to think my mother, the Wallingfords and their children would find attractions, it had been arranged that all of them should come over and spend the hot months in Lorraine.

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My brother-in-law, Buckner Wallingford, on account of his business at home, could stay only a few weeks during which, I remember, he more than once expressed the thought that the troops looked out of keeping with modern times and peaceful landscape. We motored one day to the high promontory where, from the town of Hatonchatel, we could descry, emerging from the misty plains of the Woivre, the steeples of Metz, and had been struck by the calm beauty of the wide prospect, the fields almost ready for harvest and more than three score tiny, but prosperous villages which lay at our feet.

Buckner was just approaching his native shore when a radio message informed those on land and sea that the German troops had crossed the border. A few weeks later the villages he had seen were in ashes and the inhabitants in flight.

The following letter, which according to the custom of those anxious times was immediately communicated to my brothers-in-law and brother and so, eventually, came back to the writer, reflects the spirit of the moment better than I could now recall it, and shows that even in the war zone Nick's family did not lose their heads.

Le Poncelet, St. Mihiel, Meuse

6 August, 1914.

DEAR MR. TAFT:

Some days ago I was about to take up the typewriter, which now serves me for a pen, in order to ask you to authorize a liberty which I had taken. This was the very day before the news which sent Bertie with his squadron to defend the frontier of the "cotes de Meuse"—two days, that is, before the general mobilization.

The object of this letter which I had begun some days ago, now sinks into such complete insignificance, in the contrast of present

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events, that I would not return to it today were it not that, under the circumstances, you may care to hear from us. I am directing this in such a manner that I imagine it may reach you, although not one letter out of twenty gets from here to Paris.

In the solitude of a lonely spring, during six weeks while Bertie was in camp, I perpetrated a novel which I have taken the liberty of dedicating to you. There is nothing which even a friend could object to in this story (unless it be lack of talent). Mr. Putnam is willing cheerfully to shoulder the responsibility of publication, and in order not to exaggerate false modesty I may add that if my Censor did not think it good I should not sign my name, and if I did not agree to a certain extent, in his estimate I should certainly not have honored it with yours.

Here we are in a state of siege. In fact for the first few days of tension, we were even in a state of anxiety over our own precious civilian and female bones, as it looked at first as though the food supply would not stand the strain of repeated requisition for the immense masses of men who have been pouring through this section of the country. Our own 25,000 troops have gone on and given place to 50,000 more which in turn move on and are succeeded "like as the waves make toward the pebbled shore." The town, almost deserted of inhabitants is for a few hours astir. Then the wave moves on and we are left in a lonely hush, as if no army had ever come and gone. The impression is ghastly in the extreme.

We dwell here in a walled garden of some two acres, with Mamma, Nan and her children to enliven it, and as the servants, except one, left at the first *alerte* we have plenty of occupation in "house-work without pay" to keep us from idleness. Bertie occasionally sends me a scribbled line, always cheerful, and at present quite optimistic as to his section of the defense, the "cotes de Meuse" which overlook the immense plain of the Woivre, long considered as the battleground of the future. They got there in time to prevent invasion on this side. The Germans, who the very day before announced that they were not mobilizing, were already there but seem to have abandoned the offensive and have entrenched themselves so that it now looks to a tyro as if the great battle would take place in Luxembourg. . . .

I have been very proud of the contrasting attitude of France;

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her patience and reticence at first and now the calm determination with which she is getting to work. If we only had more time to mass the troops, and especially if it were possible for Russia and England to move quickly (which it isn't), we would give them something to remember.

My winter among them has given me a very high opinion of the general character of the French officers. Of course in this place we see the very best of them. Bertie is immensely proud of his regiment, the 40th Artillery; the cavalry and the *chasseurs à pied* (a sort of bersagliere) are equally remarkable. I sincerely believe, and fervently trust that we shall have the sympathy of all America in this crisis, and that she will not espouse the cause of Wilhelm the Liar and that sinister and vindictive Austrian octogenarian who might, one would think, be preparing for something beside war and devastation at his age. . . .

We are of course cut off from news of all kinds. Mary Stettinius was here the day before the cloud burst, but got safely to Paris.

With greetings to Helen, congratulations to Bob, love to Mrs. Taft and whatever select sentiments I may proffer in the way of affectionate remembrance in which Mamma and Nan join, believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN.

I considered it natural for an officer's wife and family to participate in the danger common to civilians established on the Eastern frontier—but there was not the slightest reason to expose my sister's three small children to these risks. However, it was physically impossible to get away. Not until the battle of the Marne had begun, did we succeed in extracting Nan and her boys and getting them, first to Normandy and eventually aboard a French liner bound for New York.

As for my mother, she absolutely refused to leave me alone in Paris where, during the winter of 1914 and 1915, she shared the excitement of air raids, the anxieties of the

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communiqué and entered enthusiastically in to the work of the American Ambulance Corps. She passed her seventieth birthday at the front, having obtained from Mr. Herrick safe conduct to carry a few comforts to the men of my husband's regiment fighting in the Argonne; but the story of these adventures has been told elsewhere.

A letter from Nick brought us the first cheerful news since the Marne victory—which, among other things, had opened the way for my sister's departure. To the surprise of everybody, my brother was elected to the Sixty-fourth Congress, in spite of a vigorous attack against his candidacy launched through a propaganda pamphlet, sent out from Berlin, exhorting American voters to "scratch a man whose brother-in-law was among the Allies."

His majority proved that his popularity was still great, even with those who loved the Fatherland, for he had the courage, instead of attempting to flatter the so-called "hyphenated" vote, to pay his electors the compliment of treating those of German origin as Americans.

". . . The election was most satisfactory from a Republican point of view," he wrote, "and some of the results were astonishing. Generally speaking, the Progressive vote fell off something like 90 per cent. In this district, for instance, two years ago Bowdle and I each got about 22,000 votes and the Progressive about 7,000. This year I had about 30,000, Bowdle 23,000 and the Progressive 700. In the State, Jim Garfield got less than 40,000 for Governor, as compared with 260,000 for Garfield two years ago, and we elected Frank Willis Governor, and Harding, whom you know, Senator, by about 100,000.

"As it turned out, it is possible that I might have been

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elected Senator myself. Dan Hanna and the people up in the northern part of the State were very anxious that I should run, in order to beat Foraker at the primaries, and I, having refused, Harding was entered only at the last minute. The trouble was that if I had run, making two candidates from the same County, the Republican vote would have been split in two and it would probably have started a factional fight.

“While we won a big victory in Ohio, the result was in doubt until the last moment on account of the prohibition fight which split things wide open. This County showed what it thought of prohibition by beating it by 75,000 and as the rest of the State split about even, it was really the determining point.

“Nationally the Democrats are still in complete power, but by a very reduced majority in the House, having fallen from a majority of 145 to 30, and as there are 6 Progressives in the House, this only means a majority of 24; and as Tammany Hall controls at least 24 Democratic votes, they are going to make it interesting for Dr. Wilson. Furthermore, Oscar Underwood, the only really strong leader on the Democratic side, goes to the Senate on the 4th of March and I believe that a real serious split in the Democratic party is coming.

“I was in Washington Saturday and Sunday a week ago, principally for the Gridiron Dinner and, incidentally, to look after some political chores. The dinner was very amusing. About every statesman you ever heard of was there, excepting only the President. One of the principal scenes at the dinner was the welcoming by Jim Mann of

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'Uncle Joe' Cannon and myself as 'Come-Backs.' The gentleman who took my part was so like me that I thought I was looking in a glass, and this without any undue pride in my personal appearance. . . ."

This pair of "cronies" whom the voters of Illinois and Ohio had once more elected to represent their districts in the Sixty-fourth Congress were a contrast in more ways than one. Numberless were the jokes made upon the whiskers of "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Nick Longworth's bald head.

I remember, in the course of the former session when we were still in Washington, there was even a serio-comic debate, organized under parliamentary rules, at a banquet during which the respective advantages of hair on or off the face were discussed. Nick, naturally his own advocate, quoted the dialogue in the *Comedy of Errors* on all that the bald man gains in time and comfort by not having to brush his hair, and "avoiding it in his porridge," adding that, whereas in his case, nature was alone to blame, in that of "Uncle Joe," who willfully produced such whiskers, taste and not nature should be called into question.

It was perhaps not until Nick's return to Congress in 1915 that his colleagues at large began to realize what his fellow committee workers on the Ways and Means, such as Mr. Garner, had long been aware of: "that Longworth was a constructive legislator of immense learning, specialized on all subjects connected with external and internal revenue, appropriations and parliamentary pro-

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cedure, whose qualities were those of a self-made and conscientious statesman and had nothing to do with political or family connections."

Enforced absence, as Nick himself observed, had given fresh zest to his labors in the House, to which he brought ripened character and intelligence. This was fortunate, for he was soon called upon to expend his best efforts on the solution of some of the gravest problems the country ever faced.

He had the advantage, when this time came, of first-hand information in regard to European happenings which the press and public at large never had. My mother, in whose judgment he had so much confidence, was again near him, for when my husband, who had remained an entire year in the trenches, was able to pass ten days with us at the rear, he had succeeded in persuading her that the lines were sufficiently stabilized to preclude any danger of enemy advance on Paris, and that she need have no hesitation in leaving me but ought to heed the reiterated appeals of Nan and Nick: "please come home."

So she returned, not without reluctance, to "Rookwood" where she kept in such close touch with Nick's political life that we could again follow the development of his career at his crucial moment.

His correspondence and the text of speeches which he always sent to her, serve to indicate the various steps by which he rose to the second or, as some contend, the third place in the affairs of the nation.

The following pages show the position taken on most great national issues by my brother, before, during, and

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after America's entrance into the war. Many of these issues are still of vital interest; some remain unsolved and, as he was in advance of public opinion, his statements are still exceedingly relevant.

He stood for *True Preparedness*; for the *Respect of American Rights on Sea and Land*; for *Adequate Legislation to Carry the War to a Successful Conclusion*; for a *Rapid Return to Normal Conditions*, including the repeal of that strictly war measure, drastic prohibition. He likewise discouraged any participation in the League of Nations.

True Preparedness

More than a year before America severed diplomatic relations with Central Europe, when the slogan "Keep us out of war" sounded throughout the length and breadth of the country, certain far-sighted citizens began to perceive that, sooner or later, we would be inevitably drawn in and that, if no steps were taken, it would be with hands tied and unequipped as to the essentials of victory.

At this time Nick's intimate friend and colleague, Augustus Peabody Gardner, championed volunteer military preparation and favored the organization of instruction camps. Simultaneously Nick, in his usual practical manner, went straight to a vital point and placed the House face to face with its responsibilities.

Conversant with the workings of the dye industry in America, and knowing to what extent the suppression of commerce with Germany had paralyzed production, he realized that it was time to seek legislative remedy for this

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situation. America was dependent, except for about five per cent of dye material, on German imports. Only two plants of any magnitude were in existence and these produced only fifteen shades, while Germany normally produced 1800. He had observed that, during the previous years, by a clever maneuver, each time there was a demand for one of the few tints that could be made at home, Germany immediately flooded the American market with this special color, underselling American producers to such an extent that the home industry was checked and further effort discouraged. Now it became evident that the dye industry is but a synonymous term for high explosive equipment. The same plant, the same machinery and the same workers can, in ten days' time, shift from the manufacture of dyes to the output of chemical explosives.

Without new legislation for the creation of such factories our country would have been completely deprived of this most essential means of defense or attack.

On the 31st of March, 1916, Nick succeeded in opening the eyes of his fellow Representatives by an epoch-making pronouncement from which several important passages may be quoted. Although the spectacular element in this kind of war work was lacking, and his later activities concerning the "sinews of war" held little dramatic appeal, they should be recognized as ranking among the most difficult and important feats of America's heroic period.

"There is no partisanship in my appeal. It is addressed equally to each side of this House, as much to Demo-

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crats as to Republicans, as much to those who, in general, oppose the use of the tariff-making power of Congress to establish and maintain an American industry as to those who defend it. A situation confronts us which rises high above partisan politics, a situation before which considerations of purely political expediency ought to vanish into thin air. For myself, as a Republican—and, as most of you know, a pretty militant one—let me say that I would scorn to seek partisan advantage from any claim of inconsistency that might be urged against Democrats who vote for this legislation. There are times when consistency ought to yield to the force of circumstances. If not, consistency means nothing more than obstinacy. . . . In time of peace we find ourselves practically without a prime necessity in the life of every American citizen. More important still, we are sternly admonished that in time of war we would be practically without or, at least, greatly deficient in an absolute necessity of modern warfare and national defense.

“I appeal, then, not merely to your judgment as statesmen, but to your patriotism as American citizens, for I assert that bound up in this legislation is not only the *prosperity* but the *safety* of the Nation.

“Not long ago the greatest living inventor—Thomas A. Edison—speaking of war, remarked: ‘It is going to be a struggle of explosives. That will be the all-important element.’ In the light of recent events no truer prophecy could have been made. Germany saw it years ago. She fully realized that under conditions sure to come the chemist would displace the armorer as the underlying

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genius of modern warfare. She realized, in short, the plain fact that under modern conditions a nation without a great chemical industry might about as well be without an army or a navy. . . .

"In the light of the lesson we have learned, or ought to have learned, from this lamentable war, is it not absolute folly to neglect the golden opportunity, which comes to a nation perhaps but once in a century, an opportunity not only to make ourselves free from the industrial domination of any other nation in time of peace, but to make ourselves secure forever so far as the very foundation of military efficiency is concerned in time of war? . . .

"No matter how large our Army, no matter how powerful our Navy, no matter how effective our fortifications, if we have not in unlimited quantities the explosives for use in our guns we are equally impotent in attack or defense. . . .

"If I have not failed utterly in contributing anything of value in my discussion of these all-important questions, I have shown at least these two facts: First, that this Nation is not equipped to furnish in time of need the explosives necessary for our national defense; and, second, that if we had a chemical industry capable of satisfying the entire demand of the American market for dyes we would then have an instrument which, in time of need, could turn out daily and almost immediately all the explosives necessary for our national defense. Permit me to reiterate that you cannot manufacture explosives today and store them up for use in the distant future. You must have the machinery necessary to turn them out

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day by day, just as Germany is doing. Without that machinery we are merely courting national humiliation. . . .

“For myself, I am in favor of every measure looking toward adequate national preparedness that is before Congress. I am ready, and, indeed, eager, to go further than I believe this Congress intends to go, and I am ready to vote not only for the appropriations but for the revenue measures necessary to pay the price. But I tell you, my colleagues on both sides of this House, that no matter how far you may go, in increasing the Army and the Navy, no matter how far you may go in strengthening our fortifications, you will not have approached adequate preparation for the national defense unless at the same time you shall have provided for the continuous and unlimited production of high explosives.

“In one respect the proposition I advocate stands upon a different footing from any other preparedness measure. Not only will it cost nothing, but it will prove a great national asset, for it will provide employment for thousands of American citizens, return substantial profit to American capital, and at once reduce the present absurd cost of dye-stuffs. . . .

“But, to my mind, the question of adequate national defense rises high above a matter of dollars and cents. I would favor this particular proposition if, instead of being a great national asset, instead of costing nothing, it would cost millions. . . .

“This is no time to haggle about dollars and cents. Let us, without regard to party lines, mindful only of our duty as the direct representatives of the American People, so

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legislate as to be well assured, come what may, that we shall hand down to posterity the Nation bequeathed to us by our fathers with its resources unimpaired and its honor unsullied."

Respect of American Rights

Nick's general attitude toward preparedness evidently aroused the suspicion of certain constituents who did not comprehend that his Americanism was untinged either with pro-French, pro-German or pro-British sentiment.

After the first great sea-drama which placed an interrogation mark on neutral duties and obligations, came the sinking of many smaller ships, such as the *Nebraskan*, the *Leelenow*, the *Arabic*—sailing under the Stars and Stripes or carrying citizens of the United States. The President of the German-American Alliance in Cincinnati thought it opportune to request his Congressman to define his position on neutrality. Under date of October 24th, 1916, he received this categorical answer:

"I am in favor of the maintenance of strict neutrality on the part of this Government during the continuance of the European war and am prepared, when called upon, to vote at all times for the support of American rights upon the high seas. I am in favor of any proper method to be pursued to put a stop to the seizing and rifling of the United States mails, though I would think that this question would belong peculiarly to the executive branch of the Government. I am opposed also to the interference by any foreign nation with our cargoes consigned to neutral ports, or any violation of international law relat-

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ing to American rights in this regard. I am opposed also to the blacklisting of American merchants.

"I trust that the foregoing makes my position clear upon these matters."

I shall permit myself to quote in full the next family letter, written in March, 1917, which deals with the curious conditions prevailing in the new House where the recent elections had created a body divided against itself at a time when order and union were so essential. The anxiety expressed was fully justified, for with the war clouds looming on the horizon, it was hard to see how order could be established sufficiently to carry on constructive legislation. My brother was one of the first to realize that patriotism in this situation must remain absolutely untainted by party politics.

"Now that the curtain has been rung down at the end of the first act of the Wilson administration, I am taking a breathing spell. I quite needed it because the last three weeks have been pretty hectic. Not only has there been something doing in the House all the time, but I am on the committee of twenty-seven Republicans formed for the purpose of devising ways and means to capture the next House, and also on the sub-committee of seven, which is a sort of a committee on details. I will tell you about that first, because it is a situation unique in American politics.

"The Republicans have 215 members and a week ago the Democrats had 215, but since then two of them have died, both representing sure Democratic districts, one in

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New York and the other in Chicago. However, the Governors of New York and Illinois are both Republicans, and it is not to be presumed that they will act with undue haste in calling an extra session at once.

"There are 435 members of the House, and it takes a clear majority of all elected to organize, in other words, 218; so even if the Democrats quota were full, they could not organize without the help of at least three of the five independents. None of these five is affiliated with either the Republican or the Democratic Party. One of them, Schall, of Minnesota, was elected as a Progressive; Fuller, of Massachusetts, as an Independent; Randall, of California, as a Prohibitionist; Martin, of Louisiana, as a Progressive-Protectionist; and London, of New York, as a Socialist. The probabilities now are that Schall, Fuller and Martin will vote with us, which would give us 218 votes. Randall will probably vote with the Democrats and possibly London, though it is a rule of the Socialist Party not to support candidates of other parties. I tried on the floor of the House the other day to get London to commit himself to the support of this rule, but he dodged. Thus it seems probable that we have enough votes to organize if we can hold every man to the support of our candidates when they shall be agreed on.

"There is a lot of opposition to Jim Mann for Speaker, who would be the logical candidate, and it may be that some combination will have to be made to divide leadership. Under any circumstances, the Speaker would not have great power, because we have decided not to allow him to name the committees but have them named by a

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committee on committees. You can see how interesting the situation is. There has been nothing like it since the foundation of the Government.

"The foreign situation is too complicated to try to comment on it in a letter. On the question of giving the President authority to arm and convoy American ships I supported the President, as you saw, without reserve. I was not willing to give him the authority he apparently asked when he appeared before Congress, which was that we should adjourn until the 1st of December and in the meantime should give him unlimited authority and credit. I have to be for Wilson for President, but not for dictator. But with the situation developing into one which made an extra session necessary to pass appropriation bills, and with a proper bill presented to us by the Committee on Foreign Affairs (with the drafting of which I had something to do) I supported it. The bill, as you know, was talked to death in the Senate, and with it four or five of the big appropriation bills failed to pass. The situation as to the appropriation bills themselves makes an extra session necessary, because otherwise after the 1st of July there would be no money to run the Government. The only question is as to when the President will call it. This, under the situation I have described with regard to the organization of the House, will probably not be until the last moment, I should think sometime between the first and the middle of May. I shall have to stay here most of the time meanwhile, but I hope to get home for a week or two a little later. When Congress does meet it looks as though it would be in session

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right along, and so, on the whole, at least so far as I am concerned, it is probably just as well that you decided to rent 'Skerry.'

"In the chaos that prevails everywhere only a fool would try to predict what is going to happen, but I must admit that I don't like the look of things."

These apprehensions were soon justified and further illusions about "keeping out of war" were dispelled throughout the country. Nick, who had always been a partisan of "team work" through constructive compromise, felt more than ever, at this grave moment, the necessity of laying aside party prejudice and giving real practical help to the administration. Three days before the declaration of war he, together with his friends, Gussie Gardner and Medill McCormick, invited many of the new members of the Sixty-fifth Congress to a lunch where the unprecedented situation was the subject of discussion.

Mr. Fiorello La Guardia, member from New York, recalls the gathering which took place in a small basement restaurant near Pennsylvania Avenue and remarks that "it was a fine patriotic thing to have done, though little known about. Longworth pointed out that few realized what was ahead of us, that all this talk about moral support did not mean much, that it would need something much more tangible and that the thing to do was to cooperate in every way and to vigorously prosecute the war . . . and when he became interested in anything he certainly put a lot of action and drive back of it."

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No sooner had the Congress solemnly voted to enter into war against Central Europe than Nick set himself on record in reference to the utterances of one of his constituents who, at a pacifist meeting, demanded that the American government should not conscript any person who did not believe Germany to be the instigator and aggressor in the world conflict. Nick, at once, branded this attitude not only as un-American and unpatriotic but absolutely *treasonable*, saying:

"I would not feel called upon to comment upon this ignoble utterance if it were not for the fact that Mr. Bigelow is a resident of my Congressional district. I do so now only because I want this House to know, and I want the country to understand, that Mr. Bigelow is in no sense a representative of the people of my district and that his statement in no way reflects the opinion of the vast majority of those who live there. . . .

"In time of war the people of Cincinnati have never failed to take a man's part and to pay their full share of the sacrifice without palter and quibble and they are ready to do so now. Furthermore, you will find today, as always in the past, in the front rank of those prepared to make the greatest sacrifices for their country, our sturdy, liberty-loving, patriotic citizens of German birth or ancestry. To say that they or any large class of Cincinnati's citizenship would place their personal opinion as to what nation was responsible for the European war above the loyalty to their country is nothing less than a gross and cruel insult.

"Of what concern is it to any American citizen as to

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which nation in Europe was originally responsible for this lamentable war if we ourselves have been insulted and attacked by one of them? What man, who is a patriot in heart, would avoid or ever has avoided the service or sacrifice asked by his country in time of need, by the assertion of his personal opinion that the Government which menaced the integrity of his country and the lives and property of its citizens had not originally been at fault in its dealings with other nations? I can scarcely conceive of a doctrine more odious and abominable or one more subversive of the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, which must be the foundation of every free Republic which is long to endure. . . .

“This is a time to encourage bravery and love of country, not cowardice and disloyalty.

“I would be fearful indeed of the future of America if I believed that such teaching would be treated with anything but contempt by the vast majority of the people of our country, no matter what their race or the country of their origin. . . . I am supremely confident that the American people throughout the nation will patriotically arise to the occasion and that whatever may be the result of the war in which we seem bound to engage, it can never truthfully be said either that this country was divided against itself or that the American people proved false to the patriotic examples and teachings of our fathers.”

War Legislation

One of Nick's characteristics was to “stay on his own job” and at all times. When he entered the arena it was

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as a constructive legislator at the Capitol, not to practice musketry. If he left his desk it was to seek information which could lead him to help in his own way.

He took immense satisfaction in the arrival of Marshal Joffre, whose committee included my brother-in-law, Pierre de Chambrun, Deputy in the French Legislature, and who, it will be remembered, had held this office from the time of his marriage. Pierre was welcomed by Nick as a near kinsman and his presence in Washington gave my brother assurance of learning the truth about conditions abroad, facts about which he had reason to think were being held back.

Nick was on the steps of the Capitol to greet the foreign delegation and on the floor of the House when the official reception took place, but what interested him more was a private discussion to which Pierre and another member of the mission, François de Tessen, arranged that he should come. This took place at ex-Ambassador White's mansion where part of the French delegation was lodged. After listening to the explanation and projects submitted by the hero of the Marne which may be summed up: "all available troops sent abroad at once, all new conscripts in American training camps," Nick remarked, with his usual comic touch: "simplicity, brevity and good sense, but not much imagination, I should say, nor the leading traits that the public at large expects to see when a Frenchman is announced; we laughed when some one addressed your 'natural born orator' as *Signor Viviani*, but I should hardly have been surprised if some one had said 'Squire' Joffre."

When the Marshal departed, Nick made it a point to

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remain in almost daily contact with the permanent French Commission which soon was established in Washington. This was all the easier in that he particularly liked the society of "strenuous" Tardieu and "jolly" Cazenave.

Nick's correspondence during the period of intense activity then opening reflected his moral attitude and showed him happy each time he felt in closer touch with actual conditions, when he could intervene fruitfully by useful legislation or tighten a link in the "get together policy" as much with the French Commission as in the House, and disappointed when he observed that his efforts were not met halfway by the administration. The following letter to his mother shows his desire to see greater willingness on the Chief Executive's part to appreciate the support of the majority in Congress.

"It has been a long time since I have written but I thought that Alice would fill you so full of news that what I might write would be more or less superfluous.

"I saw the note she wrote you yesterday about Bertie. It is mighty good news. Cazenave did not know all the details. It seems certain that Bertie is chief of the French command with Pershing, and has very possibly been made a general. As soon as I hear any further news from Tardieu or any member of the French Commission I will telegraph you.

"Alice has told you of the proposition that Congress has been considering to join the interparliamentary union of the Allies and send a commission of twenty-five, seven-

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teen from the House and eight from the Senate, to the meeting in Paris in November. This invitation was formally presented by Franklin Bouillon, the leader of the Radical Party in the French Chamber of Deputies and a member of the new Cabinet, who came over here for that purpose. In the event that Congress should take favorable action I would almost certainly go as a member of the commission. . . . I understand that the President, while he has made no official announcement, is not favorable to the proposition. You may have observed that it is his general policy to try to keep all but himself in as complete ignorance as possible as to just what is going on, and he has consistently opposed any movement to give any committee of Congress more insight into the war machinery as, for instance, when we proposed a committee to examine into war expenditures. I made a short speech on the subject, which probably you did not see, but I am sending you a copy of the *Record* containing it.

"There is also a movement in Congress if Congress does not act on this proposition, to get together a few men of the House and Senate to go over unofficially. . . . It seems to me that it is of the highest importance that we should have, next winter, some men of standing in the Senate and House who could speak with first-hand knowledge of conditions in Europe, not only for the effect it might have on legislation, but also the effect it might have in the country generally, particularly in districts where, as is unfortunately but too frequently the case, enthusiasm is very lukewarm."

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A question which seemed to be outside the domain of the interests of the period is touched upon in the next letter, for it was one which preoccupied my mother greatly. As a matter of taste and temperament, she was "unalterably opposed" to giving votes to women.

In private life my brother agreed with her and considered that representative government could voice majority opinion and reflect the will of women constituents without a female ballot, which, while it adds to the number, remains as divided as before. However, when the time came, persuaded that the majority in his district was pro suffrage, he gave the bill his voice and Mamma, whose personal influence directed so many opinions, submitting to the majority principle, carried her lonely little vote to the capacious ballot box.

"I have just sent you a telegram in reply to your asking as to when the suffrage amendment will probably come up in the Senate," Nick wrote. "It is impossible to say now. The situation seems to be that the bill will remain in committee until the suffrage advocates think that they have enough votes to pass it. The general opinion now is that they are at least eight votes short of the necessary two-thirds, in which case it is possible that the bill will not be brought up at all this session. This is one of those things, though, that it is impossible to make any definite prognostications about, because there are so many men who change their minds at the last minute. There are at least four members of the House who told me not very many minutes before the roll was called that they were strongly opposed to suffrage and would vote against

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the resolution who, when the roll was called, voted 'aye.' Whether that sort of thing is going to hold true in the Senate I do not know. If not, the probabilities are that they cannot pass it.

"I have one very pleasant piece of news for you which I do not know whether you have heard, and that is that Charlie de Chambrun is coming here as Counsellor of the French Embassy. Tardieu told me this on Sunday and said that he expected him within about three weeks. I have an idea that this means a reorganization of the Embassy here, though I do not know definitely. At any rate, it will be mighty nice to have Charlie in our midst.

"I have seldom felt so shocked and grieved as at hearing of Gus Gardner's death yesterday afternoon. We heard on Saturday that he was threatened with pneumonia, but as late as yesterday noon Senator Lodge said that he was doing well. We all felt, though, that in all probability he could not recover if it was real pneumonia, as it turned out to be, and of a very virulent type. The House did this morning, I think, an unprecedented thing in adjourning, out of respect to his memory, he not being a sitting member of either the House or the Senate, and it is probable that he will be given a public funeral in the Capitol. That will be a wonderfully high compliment, but not more than he deserves."

The loss of such a friend as was this colleague from Massachusetts, so firm, courageous and "individual," was deeply mourned at this time and made his associates more conscious of their political isolation.

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Feeling that all of his party were held at arm's length by the White House but conscious also of the gigantic effort demanded of the American people as much to raise money as men, Nick was filled with forebodings as he contemplated the complete setting aside of the Republican forces; and, as time went on, the phrase "I can uphold Wilson as President but not as Dictator" was often on his lips. He became convinced that the Chief Executive inclined to conduct the war without much regard to parliamentary opinion as compared with preconceived theory. One of the things that hurt was that the Tariff Commission, his own pet idea, which had been thrown out by a "Democratic filibuster" in the Senate was now taken up by the adverse party. But instead of a board constituted by non-partisan elements recommended in the original bill, the one which was now contemplated included only members known for their immutable opinions in favor of free trade and was headed by a professor who had no experience in practical legislation but whose theories had been widely disseminated at Harvard, where he had instituted a veritable propaganda against even moderate protective tariff.

It was with the eloquence of indignation that Longworth rose to protest, on the 16th of March, against certain grossly partisan measures. He urged the Republicans in the House and Senate not to be afraid to "call their souls their own," insisting on the unwisdom of a policy of "merely trailing behind" and letting the adverse party create an organization "the like of which has never been seen."

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The speech he pronounced on this occasion was the first appeal in view of the fall campaign and was greeted with sympathetic applause.

Two letters, the first addressed by George W. Wickersham to Nick (March 18th, 1918), the other, by Nick to Colonel Roosevelt (March 21st, 1918), show how former divergence had melted into similar hopes and ideals for the Republican Party.

“Dear Mr. Longworth:

“I read with intense interest and great satisfaction, the report of so much of your speech as was printed in yesterday’s papers, and I am looking forward with anticipation to the full text in the *Congressional Record*. It is certainly time that a vigorous and effective protest was made by conservative Republicans against the policy of Mr. Wilson’s administration, in running this war as a Democratic partisan political enterprise. Apparently he and the group of men around him, are engaged in building up a great political organization which will have such vast control of patronage that it will be impossible—at least, that must be their thought—to dislodge them from power for a long time to come. Partisanship never was carried to greater lengths than under this present administration, and I am glad that a man of your well-known conservative character and lack of sensational tendencies has voiced an effective protest against it.”

“Dear Col. Roosevelt:

“I am mighty glad to know that you approve what I said the other day. I seem to ‘have stirred up the animals

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some,' and two gentlemen have already replied to it on the floor, one of them suggesting that you wrote the speech for me, which I need not say I regard as a high compliment; but it is rather significant that four or five of the real Democratic leaders in the House congratulated me on it just as heartily as the Republicans.

"I am returning McGovern's letter, which I had to keep for several days in order to show it to Senator Lodge, who was in Boston. It appears to-day that Lenroot is certainly nominated and he had asked me to come out next week to speak for him. I do not believe I will be able to get away though, as we are taking up, next Monday, in the Ways and Means Committee, the new Liberty Loan bond legislation. . . ."

Nick's work at the Capitol was not interfered with by the exigencies of the campaign then going on, nor did his judgment of the highly partial manner in which the President and his administration viewed their solemn responsibilities discourage him from the laborious work in the preparation of the war appropriations. The most important of these was presented on the floor of the House on September 10th, 1918, and was entitled the "War Revenue Bill." This document, by its very essence, is extremely arid, dealing as it does with dry facts and figures; but I extract a few passages which show the far-reaching political consequences of these financial measures and the high plane on which they were conceived.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the House, I wish to say at the very outset that I speak here today not as a

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Republican but as a willing worker in the cause and as a Representative responsible to all of the people of my district, regardless of party. There is no one here, I think, more interested in the welfare of my party than I, but in a crisis like this I subordinate that interest entirely to what I conceive to be the welfare of all the American people and the winning of this war.

“Never before in my fourteen years’ service in this House have I approached the consideration of any measure with such a sense of heavy responsibility. We are about to impose upon the American people taxes far higher than they have ever borne; we are about to burden them as no peoples in the history of the world have been burdened; we are about to cause them to pay in taxes a sum which would have financed the entire cost of the Civil War for both sides, and then left something over. . . . Each one of us should be fully alive to the grave responsibility that rests upon him. . . .

“Any man who would seek in this solemn hour to obtain partisan advantages or make political capital for home consumption out of such a bill as this, is, to my mind, a creature so infinitesimally small that when he shall retire to private life, as he speedily will if he meets his deserts, his neighbors may well say of him, ‘There goes nothing.’ . . .

“This bill imposes a flat tax of 80 per cent on war-profits; a tax running as high as 70 per cent on excess profits, and a tax running as high as 77 per cent on incomes. This, I think, is high enough. In fact, I am not sure but that it is mighty near the danger mark. We must

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remember that this is a bill to raise revenue, not a bill to reorganize society. The question as to what some of us may think is a proper amount for a rich man to live on in war time is subordinate now to the amount we can properly and effectively exact from wealth for the support of our military program. . . .

"In principle, to my mind, war-profits tax is the fairest of all taxes in time of war. The only trouble about it is that it does not catch, as does the excess-profits tax, the profits of some of the richest corporations in the country. But it is anticipated that nine-tenths of all the corporations of this country will fall this year under the war-profits tax, and it will therefore raise enormous revenue. . . .

"The American giant is now wide awake. He is anxious to do penance for his lethargy and his failure to arm himself when danger imminently threatened and he is prepared now to strip even to the buff to win the fight. We know now full well, if we were slow to realize it at first, that the triumph of the Hun would mean death not only to the pride and prosperity and prestige but to the very soul of the American Republic. I ask you, my colleagues, to look upon two pictures, one of American origin of more than half a century ago, the other of German origin and brand new. I ask you to contrast the two and say whether the first does not accurately reflect the soul of America from the beginning of our existence as a Republic, and the second the soul of Germany since her enthrallment by the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns.

"In the early sixties Abraham Lincoln, hearing that the five sons of a woman in Massachusetts had been killed in

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battle, wrote her the following letter. Of course, it is familiar to all of you, and yet I will read it, because so sublime are its sentiments, so lofty its inspiration that its words cannot be too often repeated, and especially in times like these. Lincoln wrote:

“‘I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the agony of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.’

“Thus speaks the Chief by popular suffrage of a great Nation. Thus speaks the man of tender heart, the man bowed down with woe for the suffering of his countrymen. Does it not seem to you in these few simple but wonderfully beautiful sentences lies revealed the very soul of America?

“Contrast with this a letter sent by direction of the Kaiser to a German mother, nine of whose sons had perished in battle, a woman who is now destitute and begging for food, they say, on the streets of Delmenhorsk-Oldenberg. This letter runs as follows:

“‘His Majesty the Kaiser hears that you have sacrificed nine sons in defense of the Fatherland in the present war.

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His Majesty is immensely gratified at the fact, and in recognition is pleased to send you his photograph, with frame and autograph signature.'

"Not a suggestion, not a word of sympathy for the bereaved mother, but only arrogant assumption, bred by his sublime egotism, that the photograph of him, whose insane ambition to rule the world has brought these woes upon her and upon the whole human family, would be ample compensation for what she had suffered for the Fatherland. . . .

"Every American, at home or abroad, has his duty to perform. By most of us it can be performed more effectively in some other sphere of action than in the line; but we must not for a moment forget that the success or failure of our cause depends upon the men who do the actual fighting. It is our duty to see to it that every resource of the country shall be placed behind them. For this the prime requisite is money, money in quantity so vast that it cannot be procured unless every American citizen shall sacrifice and save.

"This the American people must do to pay the taxes in this bill. This they must do if the approaching issues of Liberty Bonds, and others to follow, are to be successful. This they will do. Who can doubt it? For a wave of patriotic fervor is sweeping over this country, unexampled in our history, a wave which has already engulfed some men in high places whose hearts were suspected, at least, of not being wholly in this war, and which in the near future will have swept away many another. . . .

"Let this high spirit of patriotism animate us here in this House in whatever we do. Let it continue to banish

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all selfish and partisan spirit from our deliberations and make us as brothers in the cause, so that we may stand shoulder to shoulder, Northerner and Southerner, Republican and Democrat, united indissolubly by the passionate resolve that government of the Kaiser, by the Kaiser, and for the Kaiser shall perish from the earth."

A month later when the question arose of possible negotiations in view of an armistice, a few prominent Congressmen were asked what terms should be offered Germany, the following telegram shows that Nick had never modified the stand first taken:

October 28, 1918.

CHARLES STEWART DAVISON,
Chairman, Board Trustees, American Defense Society,
44 East 23rd Street, New York.

Absolutely and unequivocally against any peace with Germany not based on unconditional surrender.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

Nick's reelection coincided with the date of the signature of the armistice and brought him the following message from Colonel Roosevelt:

OFFICE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

November 11, 1918.

DEAR NICK:

I congratulate you with all my heart on what I agree with you was your most satisfactory victory. That was really a first-class interview of yours. I need hardly say I am as pleased with the result as you are. Ford, thank the Lord, is defeated, but I am very melancholy about the defeat of Weeks.

Ever yours,

T. R.

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Return to Normal Conditions

The efforts made by Nick as a legislator to help carry on the war were equalled by his vigorous action to hasten return to normal conditions; witness: his stand on the restoration of commercial liberty, establishment of peace and repeal of prohibition.

Nick made no pretention of being a teetotaller, either in theory or practice, and often used to say that he could not go back upon ancestral traditions according to which two great-grandfathers labored to procure cheap ale and pure wine for their countrymen. Sometimes he would add "there is a great deal to be said for and against drink, and I can conscientiously talk on both sides. Much of the trouble I have seen, and most that I have been in, came from drinking and good fellowship, but I can affirm, with equal truth, that some of the most interesting and valuable experiences of my life have also come from drinking and good fellowship . . . so there you are."

The passage quoted from the *Congressional Record* of July 21, 1919, is characteristic of his practical good sense, fairness of mind and original sort of wit which, like a Parthian dart, could turn the missile intended for himself back on his opponent, thus terminating a conflict on a salutary note of laughter.

"I was very glad to hear the distinguished chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, the gentleman from *Minnesota* (Mr. Volstead) voice his opposition to the pending amendment, because it shows that there is still

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some sanity left among the active proponents of this measure. . . .

"I sincerely regret that I have not the opportunity to vote for what I can regard as a reasonable measure to enforce the prohibition amendment. It is true that I voted against that amendment, but as it was duly enacted and made a part of the Constitution of the United States I think it was plainly the duty of Congress to provide the machinery for its enforcement.

"If this bill stopped at that it might have been possible, though disagreeing with the fundamental principle of the amendment, for me to have given it my support, but this bill goes infinitely further. It is a hodge-podge of all sorts of liberty-crushing regulations in no way connected with the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. In the first place it provides for the rigid enforcement of war-time prohibition when the necessity for it has been declared to have ceased by no less an authority than the President himself. While we are rejoicing at the final conclusion of the peace negotiations we are at the same time legislating as though we were in the direct stress of war. No one ever urged the original enactment for war-time prohibition except on the ground of the necessity for conserving food supply and protecting the morale of our Army. Since the armistice was signed the necessity for food conservation has entirely ceased and our Army is being disbanded as fast as it is humanly possible to do it. Why, then, should we proceed as though the din of battle still resounded about the world? What we ought to do is to follow the President's advice and repeal the

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law; not at this late date to provide measures for its rigid enforcement.

“Even in that portion of this bill which deals with the constitutional amendment we have gone far afield. . . .

“We are vastly exceeding any instructions which could reasonably be construed as having been laid upon us by the American people. We are providing rules of conduct which will take an army of sleuths and millions of money to even attempt to enforce. I am sincerely afraid that this bill will not make for a temperate America. I fear that it will act as a stimulation to the business of the moonshiner and the drug peddler. I cannot bring myself to support this measure. I fear that we are sowing the wind, and I only pray that we may not reap the whirlwind.

“MR. UPSHAW: Mr. Chairman, I move to strike out the last word. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, in all good humor I feel like asking the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Longworth) who has just taken his seat, and all who sympathize with his utterance praising the President’s wisdom, why it is that he and others are unwilling to follow the President of the United States in so many things but are willing to follow him if they think he leads to a beer saloon or a liquor shop?

“MR. LONGWORTH: Mr. Chairman, I will say to the gentleman that the President has never issued such an invitation to me.”

A year after this debate, a letter which further explains my brother’s sentiments regarding this legislation is so

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appropriate to the conditions of the present day that it might serve as a campaign document for 1932:

"I am in receipt of your letter of April 28th, asking my views generally on the subject of prohibition legislation and particularly as to whether any modification of the Volstead Law by the present Congress is likely.

"Permit me at the outset to review briefly the history of the Volstead Law. It has been voted upon four different times by the present Congress. On July 22, the final vote was taken on the passage of the Volstead Bill. The vote was ayes 287, noes 100, present 3, not voting 40. I was among those who voted in the negative.

"On October 10th the bill, having passed the Senate with some amendments, the vote was taken in the House upon the conference report. Upon this vote the ayes were 230, noes 69, answering present 1, not voting 129. I was among those voting in the negative.

"On October 27th the President having vetoed the bill, upon the question of passing it over his veto the ayes were 175, noes 55, answering present 3, not voting 167. I was among those recorded in the negative.

"On March 4th, during the consideration of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, a motion was made to repeal the Volstead Law. Upon the question the ayes were 85, noes 254, not voting 88. Upon the question I voted in the affirmative.

"My consistent opposition to the Volstead Act deserves perhaps a word of explanation, it being a law to enforce the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment which had been adopted by a majority of American people. My posi-

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tion was that while I had voted against the Prohibition Amendment I should have felt it incumbent upon me, as a Member of Congress, to have supported some reasonable measure to enforce it, but I regarded, and still regard, the Volstead Act as entirely unreasonable and violative not only of the letter but of the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment. I believe that the majority of people who supported the Eighteenth Amendment did so in order that drunkenness might be eliminated and crimes of stimulated passion reduced to the minimum. They did not have in mind, I believe, that any part of the American public should be deprived of the legitimate pleasures and comforts of life. . . .

"Believing as I did, I could not support the Volstead Law, and even went to the extent of voting for its repeal. That, however, in my judgment, is impossible at this session of Congress. . . .

"The Eighteenth Amendment does not define the phrase 'intoxicating liquors,' and certainly I do not think that the supporters of the amendment intended that any definition should be given of that phrase by Congress which would eliminate beverages which are in fact not intoxicating—certainly not to beverages which, of themselves, are harmless and contribute to the health, comfort and well-being of the people.

"I shall vote, therefore, in this Congress or in the next, should I be elected a Member, to so modify the definition of the phrase 'intoxicating liquors' as to admit the milder beverages like beer and light wines. I am convinced that some such modification as this is inevitable if not in this

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then in some succeeding Congress, and that the sooner it comes the better, and that it will do much to relieve the prevailing unrest and discontent which is evident throughout the country. . . .”

Nick's attitude at the time of the Peace Treaty was consistent with his sturdy Americanism, and certainly cannot be criticized by the writer of these pages. Unlike a number of Republicans who approved of such an international league, until a Democratic President endeavored to push it through, Nick had never accepted a principle which he judged as the most permanent kind of “entangling alliance.”

“I have always been unalterably opposed to my country's entrance into the League of Nations. I am opposed also to its association in any manner with the League or any of its recognized and direct agencies. I want America to continue as she now is, unrestricted by any covenant, free to take such action as she may, herself, determine, either in aid of her less fortunate friends, or in the preservation of her own national interests.”

Although discussion of the Versailles Treaty was a prerogative of the Senate, its ratification or non-ratification being the exclusive business of that house, Nick was a much interested spectator. His home was the center where Republicans of all shades gathered to discuss the situation. Certain Senators then much opposed to the treaty like Lodge, McCormick, Brandegee, and Knox often met there. When it came to considering the celebrated Article 10, by which America would be forced, arms in hand, to

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sustain the decision of a league composed of foreign nations, my brother was absolutely of the opinion that it should not be upheld. In short, he could not admit as an American concept, any abrogation in advance of the National will. That is why his face was so firmly set against Woodrow Wilson's pet theory.

When circumstances again called upon him to take a stand on these and tangent questions, hostilities had long ceased. But, for eighteen months, sterile discussions had been rife in the Senate, and Nick suspected that the Executive was opposed to a return to peace-time conditions for, while a "state of war with Germany" continued, the President was enabled to maintain autocratic power. Nick reproached him with using his authority, not only against the majority will, but in order to elevate himself through partisan action on a national and international issue, which ought to have been supported by close union between parties. Such a thing, he thought, could have, and should have, been done. Had the President on coming to Paris, admitted to his councils even one Republican Senator, there could never have been such bitter opposition to the purely partisan policy he had maintained on his return from Europe.

He blamed the President for having fostered overseas a general misconception as to the precise nature of the credentials brought by him from America. Few realized that under the American form of government Wilson had, at best, only half the treaty-making power, and no longer could boast of having the majority behind him.

So it was, that Nick, who had stood for preparedness,

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who had sustained the President when war was declared and after, by his Peace Resolution of April 9, 1920, was one of the first in the lower House to raise his voice to put an end to a still existing state of war which could only retard commerce and "cramp and fetter the production of our farms, mines and industries."

"It has been seventeen long, weary months now since the American people were electrified by the news that the enemy had laid down his arms and that hostilities had ceased. They heard that the Kaiser, the arch foe of civilization, was fleeing from his country with his precious progeny and they rejoiced that peace was at hand. Not for one moment did they contemplate the possibility that a year and a half could elapse and state of war still continue to exist. Yet today, though our Army is disbanded and our Navy reduced to a peace footing, all the war powers of the Executive continue in full force and vigor. Trade and commerce are out of joint. War boards and war commissions flourish, and thousands upon thousands of useless employees and chair warmers abound in the land. Under all the rules of international law we are today as much at war as when our guns were thundering in the Argonne, and it is time that this abnormal and anomalous condition should cease.

"The people of this country want peace. They are entitled to its fruits. They expected it, and had no reason to expect that it would be so long withheld from them by one man, no matter how stubborn, and armed with no matter how great power and authority. But there has

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been, and is now, one insurmountable obstacle in our path toward peace, and that obstacle is the President of the United States. More than a year ago the treaty of peace would have been negotiated and ratified had he not forced the inclusion, in a manner and form inseparable from the rest of the document, as he has frequently boasted, of the child of his brain, that un-American monstrosity known as the Wilson League of Nations. It still remains, though twice repudiated, an integral part of the treaty, and in the exact phraseology bargained for and brought back by the President. From the beginning he has insisted, and still insists that there shall be no peace unless that document as originally conceived and drafted by him shall be kept intact, and insofar as the peace negotiations were concerned he was successful. . . .

"His resolution is designed to meet a situation for which there is no other remedy. Without action by this House no peace is possible except by the sacrifice of principles that millions have fought to preserve and that of all Presidents Woodrow Wilson has been the first to abandon. . . .

"To me our duty seems so clear and manifest that it amazes me that you, you gentlemen of the Democratic Party, should make it a matter of partisan politics. When you were in the majority we upon this side did everything in our power to assist you in winning the victory. Yet now that we are in the majority you do everything in your power to prevent our bringing to the American people the full enjoyment of the fruits of the victory. You know—who does not?—that we are proposing the only

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possible method of bringing about peace. Yet you are doing all you can to thwart us. You suggest no remedy, yet you repudiate the only one available.

“We wish that we could have had your help to pass this resolution, but we can and we will accomplish our purpose without it. We in this House have a double duty to perform—a duty to ourselves and a duty to the people. By our action today we will demonstrate that the House of Representatives has ceased to be the legislative amanuensis of the Executive, that we have again become at least a coördinate branch of the Government. We will demonstrate, too, that when the manifest will of the many is being thwarted by the will of the few there is at least one political party of sufficient constructive ability to see to it that the will of the majority is made effective. Before we adjourn tonight we shall have paved the way to peace, an American peace, a peace of which Washington, or Jefferson, or Lincoln, or Roosevelt would not have been ashamed.”

We were again in Washington at this period; for Colonel de Chambrun had accepted the flattering invitation of his comrades-in-arms from overseas to give a course of lectures at the War College in Washington, and I was glad to join him there and be with my mother when the decision was made to operate on her eyes. For she, who had so valiantly stood hardships and privations when they could be shared with us and who had remained so astonishingly young while in France, was not proof against three years' strain when far away from

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the objects of her anxiety and the haunting fear of blindness.

Thanks to Dr. Wilmer's skill we had the satisfaction of seeing her rally and return nearly to her old self with sight restored. And when in the autumn of 1920, the exigencies of my husband's profession obliged us to accept a post in Morocco we left completely reassured.

We were far from her side when pneumonia developed and it was through Nick's letter filled with the tact, tenderness and moral dignity which were his at supreme moments, that we learned that the end had come.

"Mummy died quite peacefully this morning at about eight o'clock. I arrived just a week ago. While she recognized me then, and twice thereafter, she remained practically unconscious, rallying at intervals but with constantly recurring heart attacks during which her pulse practically vanished, leaving her always somewhat weaker. Uncle Ned says her vitality was the most amazing he has ever known. While during the last three days her breathing has seemed very labored, Uncle Ned assures me that there was no suffering, for which thank God.

"The funeral will be at 'Rookwood' on Thursday at half past three, Frank Nelson officiating. John Stettinius, Bill Anderson, the two Chatfields, George Warrington, Fred Cassatt, Joe Graydon and one other yet undecided, probably Burton Hollister, will be the pall-bearers. Alice arrives tomorrow, she was anxious to come before but we thought it best not. Nan has been a perfect brick, almost constantly with Mummy day and night since she returned from abroad, and now she is bearing up splendidly.

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"Don't take it too hard, my dearest sister, it was inevitable and has been for the past two years. It was only merciful, as I thoroughly believe that her suffering both mental and physical was not prolonged. . . ."

An element in his profound grief to which he reconciled himself with difficulty was that she could not know the joy which was in store for the family in the birth of his little Paulina.

Every effort had been made to keep "Rookwood" intact while our mother lived, but with her passing the family was faced with the absolute necessity of dividing our place, whose distinction was never to have been bought or sold, having come by Indian treaty to Cincinnati, and by grant to Major Howell.

This sacrifice in Nick's hands became like an act of piety for it was a real labor of love to draw the lines of the subdivision so as to spare the great trees and retain the woodland spirit, the sacred "genus loci."

When the work was in progress he wrote:

"The 'Rookwood' improvement is by far the finest thing in Cincinnati, and I think the handsomest subdivision I have ever seen. You have no idea how beautifully the trees stand out in the vistas looking down the streets. Two lots have been sold on the Grandin Road; one of 200 feet where the old well was, on which Phil Swing has built a really beautiful stone house, and another of 150 feet front, on which Hilda Ault (now Henry) has built a very nice house.

"The winding roads have added to the beauty rather than detracted from it. The old driveway has been eli-

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minated and everything in front and on the East side of the house is lawn, and the driveway now comes to the East side of the porch.

"Where the old pump used to be is now a level grass terrace, flanked at both ends by stone-work. Under the big oak trees is a stone-terrace, the leaves on the tree being so thick that the sun never gets in at any time of day. We take all our meals there except when it is actually raining, and it is really delightful. . . ."

From this time on, Nick's position in the House and in the Party was steadily growing. He had revealed himself as a wise and statesmanlike legislator, ever ready to seize the essence of a debate and doggedly pursue the object at heart until he had prevailed.

As early as April, 1919, there had been a suggestion of making Nick Floor Leader, but that plan was abortive, and it was not until 1923 that he was named his Party's Leader in the House of Representatives.

Nick accordingly continued his work on the Ways and Means Committee and won the respect of the entire House by vigorous speeches on the floor and by efficiency in committee.

His wisdom in counsel, soundness of judgment and vigor in action were commented upon by many.

His recognized mastery of many difficult financial problems gave him an undisputed right to advise what stand should be taken by the newly elected Executive regarding the two major questions of the moment—tax reduction and tariff revision. He presented his theories



NICHOLAS AND PAULINA LONGWORTH

Harris & Ewing

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on this subject, advising President Harding to make them the basis of his forthcoming message.

“One thing that will have to be decided almost immediately after the next Congress is called together is whether tariff or revenue legislation shall take precedence. I am firmly of the opinion, and I know it to be acquiesced in by most of the Republican leaders in the House and Senate, that the first thing we ought to do is to revise to some extent at least the present revenue law. Mr. Fordney takes the opposite view, that no revision of the revenue law should be undertaken until a complete tariff bill has passed the House. More than ninety per cent of all our revenues come from internal taxation and only about ten per cent from customs receipts. My observation is for every man who is asking for tariff revision, ten are asking to be relieved of some of the most onerous burdens of war taxation.

“I believe we could pass through the House in a very short time a revision of the revenue law and that it would not interfere at all with or postpone the ultimate passage of a scientific tariff revision.”

Herein Nick returned consistently to his belief that no amateurish manipulations of the schedules should be undertaken and pointed out with vigor that the Committee on Ways and Means was not, and could not, for a long time, be in possession of the data necessary to make a sound and just revision. He submitted a method by which an immediate reduction of taxes approximating \$900,000,000 could be obtained and immediately com-

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pensated by small percentages levied on corporation income.

But it is difficult, as Nick himself used to remark ruefully, to get up much popular enthusiasm for such dry subjects as these, and as he felt assured that many of his wisest sayings were consigned to the waste-paper basket I shall not repeat them here, particularly as they are on record where "he who runs may read."

However keen on economy, he thought at this time that in making cuts in Navy Appropriations the committee had "cut below the quick" and took on this question the same patriotic stand that he maintained until the end for a "Treaty Navy" and not a "Lame Duck Navy."

Nick was with me in Paris when the news of President Harding's death reached us and we went together to the service at the American Church. When the ceremony was over, he explained the political situation, and asked my worthless advice, but perhaps merely in order to settle his mind, doubtless already made up. He remarked that Calvin Coolidge was not popular with the "boys of the party" but that he himself felt sure that the Vice President would make good if he could get strong support. Then laughingly, Nick added: "the only trouble is that I don't know how on earth a man can send a cable hereabouts."

There was a post-office a block away and, hand in hand, we sought a yellow blank, then pen and ink which are always difficult to discover. At length the message of sympathy for the loss of the Nation's Chief was sent. Assurances were added that Mr. Coolidge might count upon my brother to support his candidacy as President elect as

THE MAN RETURN TO CONGRESS

well as *de facto*. This, I learned afterwards, was the first offer Mr. Coolidge received of support as future Republican nominee.

When on his return Nick was made Floor Leader of the Sixty-eighth Congress, "insurgency" was rampant. So much so indeed that, except on paper, no rule was possible. The so-called "La Follette Group" held the balance of power and by a combination vote of Democrats and Republican radicals was able at any moment to overthrow the regular Republican majority.

Ignoring the advice of certain party leaders who considered that any attempt to organize the House would be idle, Nick set to work upon the lines of constructive compromise which he always handled so ably. The group of insurgents felt that their preponderant position in the House gave them the right to demand certain important concessions from the regular Republicans. After a council held with the chiefs of his own party, the Floor Leader staged quite a dramatic meeting in his office with the chiefs of the insurgency. Nick's ability to conciliate opposing factions was never better illustrated, and after the demands had been made clear it was agreed that certain important committee assignments should be accorded to this group—thereby establishing an "entente" which was fruitful in good legislative results, if not enthusiastically "cordial." Nick who had studied all forms of the working—or rather failure to accomplish any work—of the bloc system in England, Germany and France was a convinced partisan of majority rule. "I like stability and responsibility, I do not like to see legislation as the product of bluster and back alley trading among groups.

THE MAKING OF NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

Bloc government may work abroad, though I know many statesmen there who envy us our system, but it will not work in this country under the Constitution of the United States."

How well Nick managed the insubordinate elements which had declared their intention of "hamstringing" Mr. Coolidge's administration is attested by the following letter:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 17, 1923.

MY DEAR MR. LONGWORTH:

Permit me to send you a word of very hearty congratulation on, as well as sincere personal appreciation of, the altogether fine leadership you displayed during the organization of the House and of the Rules Committee. I am happy to feel that your notable achievement in these matters augurs well for a most successful session, a result for which the whole country so much hopes.

Very truly yours,

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

As Nick had cabled from Paris, Mr. Coolidge might count on his militant support. The Republican campaign had scarcely begun when, as a commencement to frequent interventions, he addressed the Republican women of Pennsylvania (April, 1924):

"A few months ago we lost a President, but we gained one. Calvin Coolidge has already proved himself a great executive. In his next term he will prove himself a greater one. It was characteristic of the stability of our Government, and a tribute to the wisdom of the last Republican Convention that the accession of its choice for the Vice

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President to the Presidency, caused not a ripple on the waters. The people had confidence in Coolidge and that confidence has increased as the days have gone by until the question of his practically unanimous nomination has ceased to be debated. He represents the type of man that the country most needs in the highest office in its gift; a man of absolute honesty, both mental and moral; a man whose words are few but who makes every word count, and who uses language to make clear his views, not to conceal them; a patriot and a statesman, Calvin Coolidge will be the next President of the United States."

Nick's fruitful endeavors to bring the campaign to a successful issue, in spite of the insurgent maneuver introducing a third ticket at election time, was generously recognized.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

November 8, 1924.

MY DEAR MR. LONGWORTH:

For your message of congratulations and rejoicing, I wish to return my fullest acknowledgment, with the recognition of what I consider to have been your own valuable part in helping to make the great victory possible. You have had a significant share in shaping and carrying out those programs which are now given so emphatic an approval by the voters of the Nation. You know how much of confidence and reliance I have placed in your wisdom and discretion. These have meant much in our dealings with the problems that have confronted the administration and so it is good to know that you have received so handsome an endorsement at the hands of your own constituency.

Very truly yours,

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

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Success does not always mean popularity, and the blatant abuse heaped upon Nick by the insurgent group in the next Congress still echoes in the press of to-day. But his calm, judicial and fair-minded reply to Mr. Frear's statement that the Majority Floor Leader was about to "torture and execute" the Wisconsin delegation would best be given textually.

"Punishment and torture necessarily involve bad feeling, and execution, legal execution at least, involves expiation of a crime committed.

"I want to most emphatically disavow any feeling of enmity or hostility toward any member of the Wisconsin delegation, or any one in this House who supported the La Follette-Wheeler ticket in the last campaign. On the contrary, I have only feelings of the greatest respect and friendship for them all. Nor do I think that they committed any crime. On the contrary they only exercised the right any American citizen has, to support the cause that he believes for the best interests of the country. They believed evidently that the election of President Coolidge and the carrying forward of the Republican program and of Republican principles was injurious to the country, and they, therefore, supported Senator La Follette for President and did all they could to defeat President Coolidge and to elect him, and in a large number of cases to defeat at the same time Republican candidates for Congress.

"They had a perfect right to do this. They did it with the utmost deliberation. But while they expected and hoped for victory, they must at the same time have been prepared to take the consequences of defeat.

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"Surely no sane man could have believed that the consequences of defeat could have involved anything less than divorcement, temporarily at least, from any of the advantages to be gained by membership in the victorious Republican Party. . . .

"These gentlemen showed their true colors in the last election. They repudiated the Republican platform; they had a Presidential candidate of their own; they opposed the election of President Coolidge even more vigorously than they did that of Mr. Davis. While they had no hope of electing their candidate, they avowedly hoped to elect a group in Congress sufficiently large, as one of their leaders said in the campaign, 'to hamstring the administration of President Coolidge.' At the election the people repudiated this sort of thing by a huge majority, but owing to peculiar conditions in their states, these gentlemen were returned to Congress. They have asked, notwithstanding their bitter opposition in the last election, to be treated as members of the Republican Party, and to hold their positions on the committees. The Republican Party has a substantial majority with or without them. Ought we to have acceded to their request? To my mind such a course would have been a deliberate violation of the mandate imposed upon us by the electorate. By the mandate we are instructed to do certain things which they demand. We had to meet the situation, and we have met it by excluding them from participation in our party counsels and from representation on the important key committees. We have no ill-will toward them. What we have done was not in any sense by way of punishment.

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We have left the door open for their return to our party, and will welcome them back upon their return, but until they do so we propose to proceed according to the American system of responsible party government."

This vigorous attitude of genuine leadership was a definitive factor in the choice of the successful Floor Leader as Speaker of the House.

CHAPTER X

SPEAKER

THE election of Nicholas Longworth to the Speakership was the crowning of his past labors and was greeted with very general satisfaction, especially in his home State.

On the twenty-sixth of March a joint resolution was adopted in the Ohio Assembly wherein Harry D. Silver, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Charles H. Lewis, President of the Senate, paid their old-time associate this tribute:

JOINT RESOLUTION

Relating to the endorsement of the Honorable Nicholas Longworth for the Speakership of the national House of Representatives.

WHEREAS, The General Assembly of Ohio, has noted with great pleasure and pardonable pride the selection of the Honorable Nicholas Longworth, an honored and distinguished citizen of Ohio and Hamilton county, and a former honored member of the Ohio General Assembly, to the exalted position of the Speakership of the national House of Representatives; and

WHEREAS, We recognize the full weight of the responsibility that is inseparably connected with this important position; and we are fully agreed with that former distinguished Speaker, Thomas B. Reed, that the Speakership of the national House of Representatives "has but one superior—the President, and no peers"; therefore,

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Resolved, That we extend our hearty congratulations to the House of Representatives and Congress, the nation and the State on the wise selection that has been made for the Speakership; also our hearty felicitations to the Honorable Nicholas Longworth, and assure him we are pleased and proud that his activities in the House have been such as to merit this signal honor that he has brought to Ohio for the second time in the history of the government.

We commend the Republican members of the House for their wise choice and recognition of real worth, and express the full confidence that they have chosen a leader who will render the House and nation wise, fearless, patriotic and distinguished service.

In this high office my brother found such an opportunity as is rarely met for exhibiting his peculiar combination of abilities. The structure of his mind was essentially judicial so that, from the mass of heated debate to which he listened, he unfailingly detected any chinks in the armor of reasoning. He could remain attentive with extreme patience to foolish talk, bide his time, then, with a rapid lash of irony, put a sudden end to it. A quick "venew" of wit was immediately followed by a sunny glint of humor calculated to salve the wound which the Honorable Gentleman who had been perorating on the floor might feel. He was as brilliant as "Czar" Reed in his retorts, but they left no sting; incisive but not so hard as "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and more in human touch with the men chosen by the people than his immediate predecessor and familiar friend, Frederick Gillett.

One of his colleagues who certainly cannot be accused of partiality toward the Speaker—the Honorable F. H. La Guardia—declared:

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"He had the same domineering strength and control that Cannon exercised, although he exercised it without creating friction and protest. He left quite a record in the legislative history of the country."

Another commentator, Ashmun Brown, of the *Providence Journal*, less measured in his terms, declared: "Though hailed as a 'play boy' in politics, he rose to heights of statesmanship and leadership exceeded by few men in American public life—a curious man in the political environment of Washington, a many-sided man who did many things but did them all well. The joy he found in life did not soften or vitiate the intrinsic sturdiness of his character. . . ."

Although, as I said before, my brother was not a great orator, he possessed a psychological sense which permitted him to use words "where they could do the most good" and, when warmed up by debate, his turn of phrase was highly felicitous and "in season." He liked homely expressions and avoided what he called high-brow turns of speech. He had to a great degree the faculty of drawing out men to show what was in them; when he found vanity or affectation he was inclined to administer correction in the subtle form his family knew so well: that of good-natured but reiterated teasing.

His philosophy was to recognize the weakness of those he loved whether at home, at school or in Congress and, by playing with their defects, correct or at least profit by them, in argument.

His extraordinary success as a toastmaster had been so early appreciated, he had so completely mastered the art

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of amusing a students' gathering, a dinner table or banquet room, that a political or official function held no terrors for him; in fact, I believe he generally looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to what many consider the most tiresome obligations of public life. He made people enjoy themselves because he himself was happy in company. If we could reckon the sum of pleasure that he brought to many by his mere presence, he might almost be classed as one of the benefactors of humanity. This is why he was so generally beloved and why affection for him will be enduring, for as the men and women who knew him grow older and sadder they look back with increasing gratitude and sentiment to the rare bright spots of existence in which he was so often the center.

Ashmun Brown again described Longworth as a "modern of the moderns, equally at home in the Court circles of Europe and in his mid-Western environment, debonnaire—soft hat a-tilt and a merry twinkle in his eye, a gay spirit, a man of infinite charm and high culture, there was yet something about him that brought always to mind the characters that novelists have created with a setting in the English political atmosphere of the Four Georges."

There were those who saw him rather in an Elizabethan setting. I have heard some affirm that he represented to them the *dignity of office*; others thought he typified the *joyous element* in life; some judged his chief trait to be innate *romanticism*; some declared that he was a *skeptical mocker*; still another, with perhaps truer ob-

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servation, declared that Nick was the *loneliest man he ever met*.

Does not this diversity of opinion show that he had learned, like the Apostle, and with equal sincerity, to be all things to all men, the true definition of leadership? Nick did many things well, but with a certain wise moderation and sense of measure which is rather rare among his compatriots. When one phase of daily life was over, when a task was finished, instead of carrying the burden in his thoughts he could, with extraordinary resilience, shift to something else and enter into some pastime with open mind.

On leaving home in the morning, he generally picked up Mr. Garner, his rival for the Speakership, and drove to the Capitol in what he called "our carriage." When he could get off in the afternoon it would be "to play hookey" at a concert or musicale, take a hand at bridge or poker, or better, a turn on the links.

After his little girl was three years old he never missed the hour of her music or French lesson, remarking, with a tinge of regret: "I must seem to her more as Dada did to us, an educator rather than a playmate." But I am sure that Paulina did not feel that there was any great gap of age between them. It was her Saturday privilege to "dig" her father out of his office and she loved, now and then on Sundays, to hear the organ with him in church.

Dinner-time or evenings in society formed a relaxation which he thoroughly appreciated and to which he always brought more than his quota of enjoyment to others. His social popularity became as great as his political. His

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house was always a center where personal friends and men of all parties met and mingled as they did nowhere else. Alice's vivid conversational talent made the dinner parties, on Massachusetts Avenue as on M Street, particularly memorable.

To old Washington friendships, so close and numerous, many others were added as time went on: the Bob Bacons, Warren Robbinses, Leland Harrisons and "Jim" Curtises had a prominent place. His affection for Ogden Mills senior, went out afresh to his son and daughter-in-law. He found much pleasure in the society of his old office associate "Dick" Ernst, Senator from Kentucky, and few men were closer to him during the latter years of his life than the Honorable Isaac Bacharach for whom Nick held great respect and affection.

In summer he loved to cruise for a week or two with Percy Pyne and divide the rest of vacation time between General Cornelius Vanderbilt, to whom he was appreciatively attached, and R. Livingston Beeckman, Governor of Rhode Island. He seldom omitted an early autumn visit to Mrs. Bryce Allan on the Beverly Shore.

To attempt a list of those who held an intimate place in Nick's life, would be an impossible task to one who, for half a life-time dwelt with an ocean between, but the blanks are often as significant in a biography as the spaces closely covered with print, and I hope that all who loved Nick, and whom Nick loved, will write his or her name in its own place.

Golf was his favorite sport and he easily found the old "form" which classed him, when the game was young

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in America, among leading amateurs. He was almost as great a fanatic for "cross-country walking" as his father-in-law had been, but as a "rough rider" considerably more "tame," having exhausted his tendencies in that direction while a youth in Cincinnati, where he shone a star of great magnitude during our yearly riding club circus as bare-back performer, Cossack or Roman charioteer.

His Excellency, Walter Evans Edge, Ambassador to Paris and a firm friend of Nick's, has been kind enough to send me this reminiscence in which their Sunday exercise and social activities are described:

"While I had the privilege for many years, particularly between 1919 and 1929, as a colleague of Nick's in Congress, to work with him on many problems of government and political policy, always with much appreciation of his keen, balanced mind, nevertheless my closer contacts were of a more personal character. Nick and I were in many ways playmates. In the hours in Washington that permitted recreation, we golfed together; we played the good old American game of poker together; and in these diversions he was always the same imperturbable Nick. I venture to say that none of his pals or comrades can recall an occasion when Nick, in such surroundings, ever really lost his temper no matter what the provocation. A prince of good fellows, always suave and thoroughly in hand, he was never troubled with self-consciousness. I do not think I have ever known a man who was more completely at ease no matter what the surroundings. This was well emphasized and illustrated by the range of friendships. Rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, presented no distinction to Nick.

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In fact, he contributed much in a really practical way to eliminate these social differences that have frequently caused misunderstanding and discomfort. For instance, one of his closest friends, who happened to be a Hebrew, was always greeted by Nick as 'Deacon,' and this well-known citizen became 'Deacon' to many of his pals and acquaintances.

"An occasion that I frequently enjoyed with Nick and which gave opportunity for a wide range of discussion, never unfriendly or certainly never vicious, were the Sunday morning walks. Practically every Sunday morning, rain or shine, bitter cold or otherwise, Nick would leave his home very early with hiking clothes and a heavy sweater, usually accompanied in the old days by Senator Jim Wadsworth, Richard Aldrich; sometimes by Henry Spencer, a near neighbor, frequently by myself, and for two or three unbroken hours, over hill and dale, we would engage in a cross-country Marathon, returning to town better fit for the never-ending grind. I repeat, on these occasions Nick would lead in a discussion of national and international policies, but always so charitable and with a notable absence of venom or maliciousness which poisoned so many natures.

"Nick's control and influence with the House of Representatives, over which he presided for many years, and the real affection of the members, will go down in history as never surpassed in American annals."

These two-hour walks through Rock Creek Park were called "the Statesmen's Sunday Morning Marching Club" and it was jokingly set down as a rule that those who

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joined the original "charter members" had no right to participate in serious discussion but might occasionally make a modest discreet inquiry of the "Byzantine Logothetes"—rare intellects, who from the rarefied atmosphere in which they dwelt, might speak words of wisdom to the "lowly." Among these Admiral Byrd and Ted Roosevelt often figured.

Senator Wadsworth recalls Longworth's appearance on those walks as "scarcely Byzantine." "He wore wretched old shoes and clothing, patched trousers, a powerful sweater—the same in winter or summer. The people who met us on the bridle-path marveled at him, none more so than Senator Borah whose horse Nick would examine and diagnose as being afflicted with bog spavin. He was no respecter of persons and his wit in 'kidding' solemn and important people was always delicious. Most of our clowning originated with him. It brought relief from the weariness of the days at the Capitol. He loved it and it helped the rest of us a lot; but all this joking and play-acting was illustrative of a fun-loving, friendly nature and did not interfere with his ability as a public man.

"Often he would stage a mock scuffle for precedence at an informal dinner party and only yield after a flood of picturesque and abusive language, and when his elevation to the Speakership entitled him to go in first on ordinary occasions, he pretended to arm himself with a large book as protection from anticipated attacks from behind."

As soon as his election to the Speakership was an accomplished fact Nick came to Paris, and I hastened from

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Morocco to enjoy the rare treat of having him again under my roof and all to myself. Long separation never makes any difference with a person of his nature with whom the intimacy of childhood can be immediately re-established as though there had been no break. Honors and responsibilities could do nothing to alter the charm and the simplicity which fifty years before made him the beloved chief of our youthful Legion.

He received a welcome which was most gratifying from the Elysée, French Senate and the Chamber. He insisted on my coming with him whenever possible, and it was a real pleasure to see that his peculiar and personal charm was equally potent in France and at home. I had more reason than ever to be proud of Nick and found it most interesting to get his impressions, always extremely rapid and analytical, of the sister Republic's distinguished personalities, both military and civil. Our outings began with an intimate dinner at Marshal Petain's, where he went at once on arrival, the boat-train having been late at St. Lazare.

On several occasions we lunched informally with most of the Cabinet. On one of these, when the conversation had been extremely brilliant, Nick was toasted with great sincerity by M. Painlevé as his "most witty colleague overseas"; this was capped by M. Briand, who raised his glass to the future "President of the United States."

Before responding in French, Nick inquired of me with a humorous twinkle, "how the dickens do you say 'bee'?" As soon as I had grasped his thought and hinted that the particular form of obsession known in America

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as the Presidential bee was better translated by the word *marotte* than *abeille*, he rose and made a delightful extempore speech explaining how and why he had always been able to keep his "bonnet" free from that sort of buzzing.

The lunch concluded gaily, but on the way home he explained his attitude to me in all seriousness and gave a complete statement of his political faith practically in these words: "I want you to understand now and always that behind all that fun and foolishness, I was absolutely sincere. I have realized *more* than I ever hoped for in the way of ambition. There was a time, I might have wanted to be in the Senate; what they have given me is much better and more in line with my aptitudes. I have a real horror of the Presidential bee; I have seen it ruin too many good men. Statesmen turn into politicians and lose interest in jobs they were doing well before they got stung. Let's have all the fun we can get out of this Duck-creek business and never think of political ambition."

I do not remember on which occasion Nick coined this phrase "Duck-creek business," which he used to express things pompous and official, but I know that it corresponded in his mind to a certain paradoxical contrast between the pleasures of our common childhood and the honors which were then being heaped upon him. That one of the despised band of coal-hod carriers, a "Krawling Karniverous Kossack" of our childish days, should come in for some reflected glory made him regret

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that Nan and Min, sole survivors of his famous "Legion," were not there to participate as well.

I particularly remember one evening when, after dining with Mr. Ogden Mills and his daughter Lady Granard in the stately mansion on the Rue de Varenne, which is one of the most perfect types of eighteenth-century architecture, we went on to inspect the nightly illumination of the Decorative Art Exposition. I rather expected that my brother as a representative of the new world and modern ideas would think highly of the cubist efforts we were asked to admire and was struck with his sigh of relief when after an hour's visit we emerged opposite the stately façade of the *Invalides* bathed in moonlight.

"When people have *this sort* of thing to look at at will, wouldn't you think they might drop all this cubist stuff?" he exclaimed. So I perceived that he had remained as old-fashioned in his standards of beauty in art, as in music.

It was a satisfaction to find that the years of separation, during which we had both grown so much older, had brought us together rather than forcing us apart in our views on men and things. We discussed all the burning questions of the hour from Prohibition to World Courts and debt entanglements, from the New Episcopal Prayer-book to Koranic problems in North Africa, but we always came back to what he hoped to make of the Speakership.

Every one who knew him well, understood how great was his reverence for the American Congress and how important was the rôle which he considered due to the

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“misnamed Lower House.” He firmly believed that, under a strong Republican leadership, this body could and ought, through a harmonious link with the Executive, operate effectively in the codification of constructive law in such a manner as to obviate bickerings with, and obstructions from, the Senate.

In our talks on these matters he clearly emphasized how much he believed that our Republic, originally based on party government, should continue so, and how strenuously he was opposed to the formation of dissident groups—“if an idea is good let one party or the other take it on and try it out; the people can decide at election time; all this talk about blocs leads to confusion and demagoguery.” I suspected some of our conversations of being a practical rehearsal of what he would say when inducted into office. Here indeed are his opening words on December 7th, 1925:

“Gentlewomen and Gentlemen, I am a proud and happy man this day, yet my pride and elation are tinged with a feeling approaching humility in contemplation of the burden and responsibilities I shall be called upon to bear during my term of office. To administer to the satisfaction of this House and of the country, I must have the friendly coöperation of all of you. This, my colleagues, I solicit, knowing full well that, without it, I cannot hope to be successful. The function and duty of the Speakership, as I view them, divide themselves into two classes, the one parliamentary, the other political.

“The first I propose to administer with most rigid im-

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partiality, with an eye solely to the maintenance, in the fullest degree, of the dignity and honor of the House and the rights and privileges of its members. I promise you that there will be no such thing as favoritism in the treatment by the Chair of either parties or individuals.

“The political side of my mind involves a question of party service. I believe it to be the duty of the Speaker, standing squarely on the platform of his party, to assist as he properly can in the enactment of legislation and prevent the violation thereof. I believe in responsible party government. I regard as among the most beneficent provisions of the Constitution those two which provide for the election of the entire membership of the House of Representatives every second year and for the divorcement of the Congress from the Executive branch. Under these provisions, unique among the constitutions of the great nations, it has been proved necessary, if the will of the people, bi-ennially expressed, is to be effectively translated into legislation, that it must be through the action of one major political party whose members are united upon basic principles and policies and responsible every two years to their constituencies.

“Just as I stand for this, the American custom of responsible party government, I am against the European system of bloc government. I have observed its workings abroad at first hand. It works badly enough over there where legislation is generally a matter of bluster and trafficking between groups, where governments fall over night; here it won't work at all because it is un-American.

“I have said that I propose to assist, so far as I properly

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can, the majority party in the carrying out of the policies and in the preservation of its principles. As a direct corollary, I propose to be equally insistent that the right of the minority to speech and debate and the opportunity to record their position on all matters of public moment, be given full latitude.

"The policy I have outlined will, I believe, make for efficiency in the transaction of the public business of this house. It will make too, I hope, for a continued feeling of mutual regard and good will among us all whether we be, for the moment, united or divided upon questions of high public import.

"I rejoice that we are setting forth upon our legislative voyage practically without partisan division upon the most important measure, probably, that this Congress will face, the reduction in great degree of the tax burden of the American people.

"And before I take the solemn oath of office for the eleventh time in my service here, may I say to you, my colleagues, that, while my ambition to successfully perform the duties of the Speakership is as high, I believe, as any personal ambition can be, I cherish also an ambition less personal in its nature which is higher.

"I want to effectively assist you in bringing about universal recognition of the fact that this House, closer as it is to the people than any similar body and more directly responsive to their will, is in very truth, as it ought to be, the great dominant legislative assembly of the World. Thus we may rest assured that the Republic of the United States shall forever live and that popular government shall never die. . . ."

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No honor was ever given Nick that he did not share it—in so far as was possible with his family and friends. He insisted that the Wallingfords should be present at the ceremony when he took the Chair for the first time and invited all his particular cronies to lunch at the Capitol that day.

As soon as he was able to test his aptitude for this new office—among other objects of personal concern he wrote to me as follows:

“. . . The Speakership is a fine thing, better than I had hoped or expected, largely because I was able to take the majority leadership from the Floor to the Chair, which most Speakers in recent years, except Reed and Cannon, were not able to do. I am afraid the Republicans are going to lose control of the Senate this year, which will make the House, if we have a real Republican majority, as I expect, the body of the first importance.

“I am glad you approved the message I gave the youth of New York University, when I joined you in being a doctor. . . .

“Lovingly,

“NICK.

“Alice is away but Paulina sends love. She is a great girl.”

The allusion to “joining me in being a doctor” recalls the special delight he always took in teasing me about my Sorbonne degree. He loved to address me in public as “Good Old Doctor Brownfield,” but all jesting aside, he made me feel the real interest he took in my work. I am sure that one of the great satisfactions of his career was

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the honor accorded him by three great American universities which had no connection with his own Alma Mater.* Also, he must have felt gratified when a motion was made and carried to print, in the *Congressional Record*, the address he made to the June, 1926, graduating class of New York University.

No speeches of my brother's were more felicitous than those which were addressed to a youthful audience. I would like to have space for all, including a little address made to the graduating class of the Cincinnati College of Music when he declared that nothing he learned at Harvard or in his later studies has been the source of such real pleasure and genuine profit as the ten years of study there. "No one who has the capacity to listen intelligently to good music can ever be a 'grouch.' One cannot, I think, hear the works of the great masters, or even the lesser, competently rendered, without forgetting to some extent his troubles real or fancied and having a kindlier feeling toward his fellow man and toward the world in general."

This thought was certainly the keynote of Nick's existence—the desire to love and view with charity his fellow man and to control the strong reactions of an exceptionally vigorous physique which led the natural man to dislike the stupidity, conceit and "general cussedness" of many of the species.

Narrow-mindedness was the fault which was the most

* He received the title Doctor of Laws from New York University in 1926, from the University of Michigan, 1927, and from the University of Pennsylvania, 1929.

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antipathetic to Nick and it must have been with particular satisfaction that in making an address on George Washington—the effect of his example and precepts upon the government of the United States to-day—he dwelt throughout on the broad spirit of religious tolerance advocated by Washington. Quoting him, Nick said:

“‘If I could have entertained the slightest apprehension that the Constitution framed in the convention, where I had the honor to preside, might possibly endanger the religious rights of any ecclesiastical society, certainly I would never have placed my signature to it; and if I could now conceive that the General Government might ever be so administered as to render the liberty of conscience insecure, I beg you will be persuaded that no one would be more zealous than myself to establish effectual barriers against the horrors of spiritual tyranny and every species of religious persecution.’”

The address continues with a plea for the continuance of the policies which were inaugurated by the first and greatest of American statesmen:

“While there have been occasional outbursts of bigotry and intolerance in this country, we have in the main followed the precepts of Washington in this regard, and to my mind that is one of the fundamental reasons why we have grown to be so immensely great, prosperous, and influential a nation. It is impossible for me to conceive how we could have so progressed had the American people divided into groups inveighing against each other on questions of social or racial hatred.

“It is for that reason that I am a firm believer in respon-

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sible party government in America, without which I do not believe that a representative democratic republic like ours can long endure.

"I believe that the governmental affairs of the Nation must always in the long run be administered by a majority political party, commissioned by the people to act for them with the power to so act and the will to accept full responsibility for such action. . . .

"Let me speak for a moment of the body over which I have the honor to preside. It is composed of 435 Members. They come from every section of the country, from districts varying in climatic conditions almost from the Arctic to the Tropic. As a consequence the interests of their constituencies are not only diverse but often absolutely antagonistic one to the other. If they were to divide on sectional lines, what hope would there be for the prosperity and progress of the country as a whole? Among the citizens of the country there are 40 different races, either born abroad or of foreign racial origin. Forty different languages are daily spoken in America. Can you conceive of a House of Representatives composed of groups and blocs based on racial origin? Yet that is what might happen if we strayed away from our present system.

"There are 60 different forms of religious practice and belief in America. Conceive of a House of Representatives divided into groups and blocs based upon religion! Yet these are the recognized bases of political divisions in most countries of Europe.

"We must realize that there are only three alternatives

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for a representative democratic republic of which we are to-day the only pure example—a monarchy, a dictatorship, or some form of communism. The surest way to drift toward any one of these alternatives is to abandon our party system in favor of the foreign group or bloc system. I pray that the day may never come when great political parties in America shall divide on the basis of sectionalism, race prejudice, or religious bigotry.”

From the address made on June 9th, 1926, at the New York University—to which I have already referred—I am tempted to quote at some length not only because it was the first in which Nick addressed the youth of the country with all the authority of a “successful man,” but because it deals so largely with the theory and practice of parliamentary government and I believe that it epitomizes his practical philosophy of government.

“To those of you who have fixed and definite ambitions to serve your country, whether by contributing to its increased wealth and prosperity or to the welfare and uplift of its citizenship, I wish success. It is highly probable that you may not all achieve your ambitions to the full. It is not in human nature to do so. But comparative failure should not cause you to be embittered or disheartened. It is, to my mind, far better to have lived with a real ambition ungratified than to have gone through life with no ambition at all.

“Of course, the goddess of chance will influence your

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lives, as she does those of every human being, but some time, somewhere, the chance will be offered you if you keep your mind on the game and stand ready to seize it. So I say that you stand to-day upon the threshold of opportunity, and, what is more, you all stand together—not one before, not one behind the other.

“The accident of birth in so far as it may affect your present material welfare or govern your religious beliefs will not of itself make or mar your future. That is because this is an American university and you are Americans.

“In all countries but ours the accident of birth may be all-controlling. There class and social distinctions, religious prejudices, are essential and vital elements. Here they are mere incidents. There a man may be ‘a man for a’ that,’ but there are certain things he can never accomplish, certain governmental positions to which he may not aspire. To achieve success in industry, in the learned professions, in politics—using the word in its higher and proper sense—there are here but three essentials, ability, perseverance and character.

“Except for two years I have been a Member of Congress continuously since 1903. Nearly four-fifths of my life since my college days have been spent there. I have seen men come and go. I have known in that time, sometimes intimately, all of the very great men in both the House and Senate. Similarly I have known most of the near great, and hundreds of those who were not great in any sense, and I am of the firm conviction that taken by

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and large the Membership of the Congress of the United States averages at least as high as that of any legislative body at any time in any country in the world. . . .

“One hears frequently complaint that the standard of Congress—and, for that matter, of all our public men—has lowered in recent years. I read in history that that was said of the Congresses of which Clay was a Member, of which Lincoln was a Member, of which Blaine and Reed and Carlyle and Randall were Members. It might be fruitful topic for debate, but the results would be unconvincing because it is insusceptible of proof. Quoting an illustration I used on a previous occasion, it would be just about as profitable to discuss the question as to whether Paganini was a greater violinist than Fritz Kreisler, or whether John L. Sullivan could have whipped Jack Dempsey.

“It would seem to follow that if the statesmanship of the country is degenerating the quality of citizenship of the country must be degenerating also. That the precise contrary is true I firmly believe. Hence it would seem highly improbable that as the citizen improves his representative in Washington should deteriorate. . . .

“There is one element I think that exists in the House of Representatives in far greater degree than in any similar legislative body abroad, and that is the saving grace of humor. It continually hovers over the Chamber and often comes to save a situation which seems dark indeed. . . .

“Gentlemen of the graduating class, may I in parting

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with you offer one word of advice? It is this: No matter how exacting your duties may be in your chosen calling, no matter how onerous your responsibilities, do not fail to give some time to the study and discussion of public affairs. Talk with your neighbors, consult with your representatives in city council, in the legislature, in Congress. Take an interest in your national and in your local government. Take an interest in the elections both primary and final. If you fail to vote in these elections, it will ill lie in your mouth to complain of the successful candidates as many worthy people do who neglect to vote.

"This is the greatest, most prosperous, most influential country under the sun. It has become so under the most enlightened Constitution among the nations. Stand by that Constitution. Oppose in every way, whether by ballot box or otherwise, its enemies.

"Thus we shall go forward, playing a leading part in the affairs of the world, giving friendly assistance to our neighbors less fortunately situated, unfettered by any alliance or contractual obligation to steer any other course than that which we ourselves may at all times think best to a future of a brilliancy not even dreamed of by the Fathers of the Republic."

Nick's success "carrying leadership from the Floor to the Chair" was so considerable that it called forth sharp attacks from the Democratic camp and the insurgent element of Nick's own party. These attacks were launched against what was termed "the tyrannical triumvirate"

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consisting of Speaker, Floor Leader and the Chairman of the Rules Committee, "a body who held the unfortunate House in a grip of iron compared to which the régime of 'Uncle Joe' Cannon and 'Czar' Reed was mild and inefficacious."

Now this triumvirate—consisting of Longworth, John Q. Tilson of Connecticut, his successor in the majority leadership, and Mr. Snell of New York, Chairman of the Rules Committee—agreed that taking the blame for right but unpopular action is one of the duties of those in power. By preventing the passage of unwise and expensive legislation they felt that they rendered signal service to the country, justly esteeming that, had all the bills which were pressed been enacted by the Sixty-ninth Congress, an annual burden of \$600,000,000 would have been fixed upon the shoulders of the taxpayers for, as one of the triumvirate remarked:

"Often a substantial majority will gladly acquiesce in our quietly 'killing' a bad bill, while the same majority would vote for it if it were to come on the Floor owing to pressure of what is believed to be public opinion in their respective districts. Such pressure often influences Members of Congress to support certain measures that they know, at heart, to be unsound. It is easy to tell constituents how much their Congressman is in favor of their pet measure but that the 'hard-boiled triumvirate' will not let it come up for a vote."

The following verses amusingly reflect the spirit of the time, but whether Nick had any hand in them, I do not pretend to say.

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If you can't get your bill through our Congress
And the voters at home start to yell,
Just unload all the blame and the cussin'
On Longworth and Tilson and Snell.

These guys are legitimate targets
Go to it and give the bunch hell;
Don't blame the whole rout
When bills are thrown out,
Slang Longworth and Tilson and Snell.

Those who took a broader view were, however, grateful to Longworth for the astonishing growth in dignity and prestige which the "misnamed Lower House" acquired during his régime as Speaker. The following extract emanates from one of the foremost Washington correspondents, and illustrates this point better than any words of mine could do:

"When the Republicans came to organize the House of Representatives anew in 1925 it came as a surprise to many of them that their playboy friend, Nick Longworth, was the logical and outstanding man for the Speakership. His industry, his knowledge, his ability to bring conflicting factions into harmony and his quality to swift and sure decision were recognized.

"Since then he has brought to the House a respect that, not so many years ago, it lacked. It has grown in efficiency and in dignity, as all who observe the performances on Capitol Hill will realize. There have been protests, to be sure, against the great powers that have been gathered into the hands of the little Longworth group, but because those powers, under the guidance of the Speaker, have been exercised with rare wisdom and un-

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derstanding, the protests have never been permitted to grow into agitations and rebellions.

"And, exercising almost regal authority, Nick Longworth won to him year after year the admiration, the respect, the profound affection of the ever-changing membership of the House, without regard to political differences. That was leadership."

Leadership, however, does not mean popularity. Many were the attacks, hostile comments and angry queries. The following letter is typical of his manner of replying to what *they* "said he said."

February 21, 1927.

Honorable John M. Nelson,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR JOHN:

I have your letter of the 19th, which I have read with interest and with surprise that a reputable newspaper in your district should publish such false and misleading statements.

In the first place you ask me whether it is true, as is asserted in the paper, that I ever spoke of the late Senator LaFollette as a "Red radical." My answer is that I never so spoke of him at any time or anywhere. As a matter of fact Senator LaFollette and I were friends for many years. I met him first when he was Governor of Wisconsin and I was a member of the Ohio Legislature, and after that and during his service as Senator we met frequently and always on terms of complete cordiality. With many of Senator LaFollette's views on matters of public policy I did not agree, but I always believed, and frequently asserted, that both in word and action he was inspired by sincere conviction and by nothing but honorable and patriotic motives.

With regard to our conversations about your appointment as Chairman of the Invalid Pensions Committee, no thought of "buying" you ever entered my mind. You were the ranking Republican

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on the Committee, your service in the House has been long and honorable. I thought, and think now, that as a Republican you are entitled to that Chairmanship.

So far as the question of my re-election as Speaker is concerned, nothing that you might do would in any way affect my personal feeling of friendship for you. Of course I think that any Republican who attends his Party caucus tonight would be bound to support the various nominees agreed upon by a majority of his caucus, but that is another question. So far as this particular caucus is concerned there is nothing unusual or "secret" about it. It is the method by which all political parties or meetings of men generally determine the personnel of the officials they may desire to serve them. The meeting tonight will involve nothing except the selection of the individuals who will be in positions of leadership and will serve as officers of the next House. Specifically, the Speaker, the Leader, the various officers like the Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms, etc., and the Committee on Committees, who are chosen by their various states.

No questions of Party policy or of procedure will be considered. The only obligation that will be put on any one attending the meeting tonight will be to support in the House when we convene next December the various nominees agreed upon by the Majority. Such an obligation is, I think, an entirely proper and honorable one, and one which any gentleman I am sure would be glad to assume.

Trusting that I have made clear the situation with regard to the various matters referred to in your letter, I am, with sentiments of high regard,

Yours sincerely,

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

That Nick was not more consistently "slanged" at various periods of his career was, I believe, largely due to the fact that he exercised over the leading newspaper men the same attraction which was so potent among his colleagues. The ease of manner, frankness and courtesy with which he met them on their own ground, his desire to

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give them all he could and the confidence he showed that they would not misuse private conversation struck the right note. In all the statements he made he introduced the familiar or even slangy turn of phrase which enlivens an article, adding the bit of reasoned wisdom that "catches the public." The pressman did not have to go to work and practically translate for the newspaper the pompous dictum of a statesman posing as such, but was able to utilize the bit of statesmanship which he found ready to hand. And that is perhaps why the press of the United States became a friendly instrument instead of a vehicle for hostile criticism.

Miss Mildred Reeves to whom, as my brother's secretary during a long period of years, I owe much in these pages, considers that the hold obtained through sheer personality and imaginative appeal over the American journalist was a large factor in Mr. Longworth's popularity. It may therefore be interesting to read what Walter Chamblin, reporter for the Associated Press between 1923 and 1925, says of the House Leader's "way" in these special dealings.

"Never did he seek personal publicity. Never did he evade a question but would frankly tell you if, for some reason, he deemed it unadvisable to answer.

"When time shall write its final estimate of Nicholas Longworth it must turn for one of its most colorful chapters to those hours late in the day when the four bells of adjournment had sent members scurrying from the Capitol to the House Office Building and Nick had retired to his private office just off the Rotunda.

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"It was in this retreat that the press learned to know and to love him. His door never was closed to a reporter and no matter how muddled the legislative situation might be, Nick ever was smiling and genial. Nothing pleased him more than for the correspondents to arrive with a batch of good stories. He would laugh heartily and then would tell one of his own. His supply seemingly was inexhaustible.

"It was in such a setting that Nick liked best to discuss affairs with the press. He never cared much for formal conferences, which are so popular with most officials in Washington, although at times a troop of correspondents would arrive from the Senate or downtown departments and insist on such an interview. He always complied, but seldom spoke as freely as he did at the informal gatherings.

"No matter how his social engagements might pile up, he always found time to attend any gathering of correspondents. He was invited to all. His appearance was not for just a few minutes. He usually was among the first to arrive and the last to leave. He seemed to love the informality of such get-togethers.

"Upon a few occasions when the correspondents felt that their prerogatives were being ignored, such instances usually arising with some new Representative who arrived at the Capitol quite puffed up over the importance of his office, the Speaker each time personally took up the battle for the press. He believed the press of paramount importance in the functioning of the House."

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The reporter who kept repeating that "Longworth was a dandy, the best dressed man in Congress," found little else to say by way of belittlement. Nobody could accuse Nick of being a demagogue, a hypocrite or even an aristocrat in any but the best sense of the latter word. Never was human being more free from what is known as class feeling; those who approached him with such an idea were obliged to dismiss it speedily. There was no category of mankind which struck Nick with more amazement than the "snob"; that such a person should exist in our Republic was to him a theme of wonder; but so great were his charity and catholicity of taste that he by no means excluded all snobs from his friendship. I suppose he viewed superciliousness as a malady to be treated with pity rather than contempt.

As for the accusation of being "well-dressed," it seemed highly comic to those who knew that there was hardly a man in office who spent less than he upon his wardrobe. If Nick appeared well dressed it was because he had that natural elegance which comes from lack of self-consciousness; in short, like certain women, it was not what he wore, but the way he wore it which gave distinction to his appearance.

I have tried to show the varied aspects of my brother's life and, in doing so, to give a true picture of the man he was, but perhaps I have not sufficiently brought out what was at the very core of his personal philosophy of existence: acquiescence in what each day brings forth and a serene acceptance of what is vaguely termed the will of Providence. He had no restless ambition; no man, I be-

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lieve, unless it were Washington or Cincinnatus, was more free from the preoccupation concerning what was coming to him. His ambition to serve his country and help his family to attain what they sought in life was confined strictly to the present.

I was far away when there was any considerable discussion of Nick's chances as a candidate among other "dark horses" should there have been a deadlock in the approaching Republican Convention. But I know that he remained true to the declaration made in Paris, and kept his "bonnet" perfectly free from the buzzing of a Presidential bee, ready as always, to fall in with the decrees of destiny.

"Dearest Kiggy,

"I have been meaning to write for a long time but, what with this and with that, and my peculiar ineptness in letter-writing, I have just 'sort of put it off.' For this non-feasance of what should be not only a duty but a pleasure, I appeal to your better nature.

"I wish I could have come abroad this year. I got back about ten days ago from the Pacific Coast on a six weeks' trip. I had a bully time, but it was mighty strenuous. I had to speak on all sorts of occasions and compared with it my Duck-creek business in Paris was extremely amateurish. I am leaving for Buffalo tonight to speak at a dinner of the American Bar Association, and from there I go to the North Shore to spend a week or ten days with Anna Allan. From then on, I don't see much vacation on the horizon.

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"I haven't any idea what is going to happen in the next year, but whatever does, it is going to be interesting. I am thoroughly and entirely satisfied with my present job, but since the President made his statement which is properly, I think, to be interpreted as a positive declination to be a candidate under any circumstances in 1928, the field is open, and I cannot help realizing that I may be called upon to undertake the great adventure. So far, those generally mentioned as candidates are Hoover, Dawes, Lowden, Hughes and myself. Of course, it is probable that in the next few months a number of favorite sons may pop up. After all, though, the whole thing is on the lap of the gods."

Contrary to general prediction there was no deadlock in the Republican Convention, Herbert C. Hoover having been easily nominated on first ballot. "Dark horses" and "favorite sons" were not discussed. Nick took part as usual in the campaign and election, returning in December to the duties of Speakership as he conceived them.

In an address to the Ohio Bar Association, he began with whimsical thought that the office of Speaker was the only one where the incumbent was never expected and could not be obliged to discourse. Neither the Chief Justice backed by the Court nor the Sergeant-at-arms could make the Speaker speak.

During his term of service, thrice renewed, Nick remained, in fact, chary of words when on the rostrum but judicial and judicious in attitude toward the contending factions. He kept ever before him the object that he had

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set out to accomplish: raising the House and its chairmanship to the status of dignity and consideration which he believed their due under the Constitution.

Although silent on the rostrum, he considered himself the active leader of his party. As such, his constant preoccupation was to push through necessary legislation with "maximum neatness and dispatch." In truth, never before his administration had Congress such a record of accomplishment.

When session closed Nick was proud to sum up the long list of laws enacted and, I believe, toward the last, the country at large began to realize how much better it was to get things done with "vim and vigor" than to spend public time and money in sterile bickering.

By well-organized work off the Floor, he was able to supervise and prepare the expeditious passage of the bills examined in committee, never losing touch with each piece of legislation while it was going through the mill. All this, he called his "indoor job"; his outdoor being the personal application of "get-together" activities tending to coördinate the work in Congress with that of the Senate and Chief Executive.

Hon. Isaac Bacharach, of New Jersey, notes with some surprise, that "Longworth was not particularly zealous in his attendance upon the hearings in committee but that when, discussion over, the committee got down to work upon the real business of writing a bill, he had as much information on the subject at issue as those who had been in constant attendance.

"Keen of mind, he promptly grasped a situation and

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had full command of facts and figures to bolster up his arguments. He might be referred to as an 'institution.' I have never known one person of so many accomplished parts. He was a scholar of rare attainments and one of the best informed men of his time. His parliamentary decisions as Speaker of the House were fair, clear and cogent and will stand as noteworthy precedents in the years to come."

The presence in the Senate ranks of many friends and a number of former comrades of the House transferred to the higher body, facilitated cohesion. After the harmonious fashion dear to his heart, how much was accomplished through understanding with Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic leader, and James E. Watson of Indiana, Republican leader!

As to the Executive, he always remained in close *entente* with each successive President. After Mr. Wilson's retirement he was a valued adviser at the White House breakfast table, whither he was often summoned, and did much to facilitate the enactment of Administration measures and the coördination of party policies.

He had always been so convinced of the necessity for collaboration between the President and the Speaker that, long before, during the period when "Uncle Joe" Cannon refused to set foot in the White House and President Roosevelt certainly could not look him up at home, Nick made a practice of inviting both to meet quietly if not clandestinely at his dinner table, where they could converse on neutral ground.

It was with extreme hesitation that Nick ever took a

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stand in order to obtain passage of a bill over the President's veto. He never did so in war, rarely in peace time; but his action in supporting the Navy Subsidy Bill was, with him, a matter of patriotism and of what he considered the constitutional rights of the House.

The Speaker of the House, it should be remembered, does not vote save on the exceptional occasion of a deadlock, but, as a member of the House, he may leave the Speaker's Chair and appoint a substitute to fill his place on the rostrum.

This he did on this occasion with dramatic effect, descending to give voice as a voter to what he deemed the inalienable rights of the House of Representatives and to join gladly—as on one other occasion—in “a revolt against the President of the United States.” He took the position:

“In the Constitution are provided eighteen different powers which are delegated to the Congress. Of these, ten are closely allied with the national defense. It is, therefore, especially and peculiarly the duty of Congress to see to it that adequate equipment and preparation for the common defense shall be at all times maintained in order to promote the general welfare and secure the blessing of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

“For myself, I have, during my Congressional life, held it to be my paramount duty to abide by these principles as promulgated by the fathers of the Republic. I have at all times declined to support legislation which I thought tended to bring the national defensive equipment below the point of thorough adequacy. If I have erred, or shall

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err, in this regard it has been and always will be in the direction of securing the best possible protection for the interests of my Country and my family."

Nick's theories on naval affairs are fully defined in the following statement made August 20th, 1917, and addressed to the Universal Service League:

"My position on the Navy has not changed since I first came to Congress. I am not for a big navy as such. I am for an adequate navy, a navy measured not by the number of its ships but by its efficiency as a fighting machine as compared with the efficiency of the machines of the other great naval powers. I regret that the Geneva Conference was a failure and did not result in an agreement for a mutual limitation of building programs. I was not surprised, however, because I never believed that certain other powers were prepared to emulate us in the great sacrifices we made at the time of the Washington Conference or were prepared to make at Geneva.

"As a result of the Washington Conference we assumed, in my view, two definite obligations, the one to our associates in the Conference not to go above the five-five-three ratio, the other at least equally binding to the American people not to be below it. Shortly after the Washington Conference Mr. Secretary Hughes, who probably had more to do with its successful outcome than any one, said on the celebration of Navy Day: 'It is essential that we should maintain the relative naval strength of the United States.' That, in my judgment, is the way to peace and security. It will be upon that basis that we would enter

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any future conferences or make agreements for limitation and it would be folly to undermine our position."

It is unnecessary to recall that Longworth's intervention on the Floor obtained a large majority for the Naval Subsidy Bill over the Presidential veto.

As for the Veterans' Loan Bill which was obtained on his motion over Mr. Hoover's veto, his action was based on what he considered opportune and necessary. He favored the bill because he considered that it was a more moderate measure than could possibly be obtained from the future Democratic Congress which was about to come in and he was consistent with himself in desiring to obtain a moderate rather than a radical measure.

The following attestations, from the pen of Calvin Coolidge, may suffice, without any comment of mine, to show how completely Nick succeeded in what he had set out to do:

"Both sides of the Chamber held his decisions in respect because of their fairness. His discipline always had an air of graciousness in it which compelled loyalty without resentment. His attitude on public questions, his relations with his fellow members in the House and with office holders brought him a high degree of deserved popularity. He gained one of the chief rewards of public life in the enduring friendship of many thousands of his countrymen."

There was a private duty to which, for several years, those of us who remained had been looking forward

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with a certain dread; a duty for which, it was understood, Nick would summon me when the time came.

We have all been accustomed to look upon "Rookwood" with a tinge of the fetish worship that individuals of an older civilization often felt toward the place of their birth, but which the transitory conditions of life in America—where few dwell in the house of their fathers—render unusual and is, perhaps, incomprehensible to many. As lot after lot went from the family acres, there was one set aside, until the last; it was that spot in the beech woods—of old a place of awed and pious pilgrimage to our childish feet—where our grandfather slept between his wife and son.

Now, with the city's growth, it became necessary to make a transfer to the permanent cemetery of Spring Grove. There the first Nicholas Longworth had provided his own last resting place on a grassy slope large enough, as he said, "to contain all the Longworths in the nation."

One August day, under the marble shaft designed by Hiram Powers, Nick, Nan, Cousin Mary Stettinius and myself stood, a small remnant of the clan, while the Rector of our old parish read some beautiful and appropriate passages from the Episcopal Prayer-book. Nick was deeply moved throughout the ceremony and, of course, each of us wondered internally as we stood near our mother's grave, which of us would join her first beyond the mysterious line which separates things of the world from those of the spirit.

Nick had a great shrinking from outward expression characteristic of deep emotional sentiment and I remem-

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ber how, a few evenings before, when he was playing an organ "voluntary" improvised from stately austere passages of the Berlioz Requiem, he said: "A man who hears so much vain debate and idle chatter, as I do, wonders sometimes why any human language was ever invented . . . except this."

A strange appropriate consecration of Nick's official labors marked the solemn breaking up of the Seventieth Congress when the man most often opposed to its ruling rose and addressed the chair.

"I recall," said Mr. Crisp, "that when our distinguished Speaker first assumed the Chair, he made this statement that, as a representative from one of the Congressional districts of Ohio, he was a partisan; that, as the Speaker of the House, he would know no partisanship but would be the Speaker of the entire body and faithfully, fairly, courteously and impartially discharge the duties of that great office. I desire to say that he has kept faith and has lived up to that promise. He will take rank as one of the great Speakers of this House."

Nick responded: "Perhaps this is the last time I will address you from this rostrum. . . . The decision lies with none of us here; it is a decision that rests with an all wise Providence . . . with whatever Providence may decree I am abundantly satisfied. I ought to be, for but three Speakers of the House, in all history, will have had a longer term of consecutive service than I have had. . . . If I am to retire from this office, I do so with profound gratitude to my colleagues, not so much for having

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elevated me to this, the greatest office in any legislative branch of any government of the world, but more for the esteem and confidence you have had in me. . . . And now the hour of twelve o'clock having arrived, I declare this Congress adjourned *sine die*."

A number of those present at the ceremony which took place after official adjournment described the combined humor and dignity of the parting between members who had been designated by their constituents for the Seventy-first Congress and their colleagues who had met defeat as characteristic of "Longworth's special way" of connecting music with the great and small affairs of life.

A piano was brought in and Ruth Bryan Owen, retiring Democrat from Florida, sang some of the good old songs of other days. Then the Speaker beat out a spirited accompaniment to the Hon. Clifton Woodman's "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" and a chorus of "Lame Ducks" took up the refrain.

A week later news flashed over the continent and to me, in Tunis, that Nick was desperately ill with pneumonia. Like his father and Uncle Landon, after a three days' struggle, all was over. An article from the *Herald Tribune* the day after his death, gives what seemed to many a just estimate of his character and work. I have since learned that it was written by Henry Cabot Lodge who had just been elected to represent my brother's second home—Beverly, so that it seems doubly appropriate to quote from that tribute:

"The sudden death of any able man who has served his country for more than thirty years, six of them in the

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Speaker's chair, is a cause for widespread public sorrow. In the case of Nicholas Longworth the personal element is so strong that formal expressions of regret are wholly inadequate. There is grief today not only for an irreplaceable public official, but for a man whose personal attractions were unique and who, by reason of them, had gained an extraordinary hold upon the affections of his countrymen.

"A keen sense of humor was an outstanding trait in Mr. Longworth's character, and it offers a key to the essential greatness of his mind. It colored his whole philosophy of life and was at the core of his accurate judgment of men and policies. The clear perspective with which he viewed the political scene and which gave the quality of statesmanship to all that he did was lit by it.

"Instinctively he saw through the claptrap and the windy phrases of politics. Immersed in the business of public appeal as he was, he never loaded the *Congressional Record* with heart-throb oratory and never denied himself the luxury of calling pompousness by its true name. When he was bored with deliberately time-wasting speeches, he would yawn or look at the carnation in his buttonhole. In the foggy and overstuffed atmosphere of official Washington he was a salty and refreshing breeze. . . .

"Unvarying friendliness was his natural habit. His avoidance of pretense gave him much of his strength and also distinguished him from the great mass of politicians.

"This fine friendliness was supplemented by an esthe-

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tic side, for he was a true lover of music and played the violin proficiently. With his many gifts, with his unfailing popularity and with his independent means, he could have led the life of the agreeable loafer. That he never yielded to such temptation was typical of his underlying strength of will.

“Although he was called a conservative, he by no means always stood with the “stand-patters” in his own party. For example, he led the insurgent movement which kept the Speakership from the late James Mann, a Republican regular. There was ample faith in progress in Mr. Longworth’s nature, but he believed in settling questions within the party, and he would have no traffic with the nostrums of the demagogues.

“He worked hard, mastering parliamentary law and the complicated business of legislation. As a lover of personal liberty he was opposed to prohibition. As a thoughtful patriot he believed in the United States, the development of its home market and its adequate defense. . . .

“By birth, training and temperament he was sufficiently removed from the market place to make bluster and haggling foreign to his nature. In his life there seemed to be few prizes worth losing one’s temper for, or which justified descending to an ignoble scramble. Politeness, to him, was not a mere useful adjunct but a virtue in itself. This spirit made itself felt in the House. His humor won him friends who soon discovered that there was iron behind his good nature. Expert, patient and far-seeing,

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his death removes one of the strongest Speakers Washington has ever had.

"The prestige of the House grew amazingly in recent years, and the major credit therefor unquestionably belongs to Mr. Longworth. . . . Time and again in the last few years it has been the House which led the way toward sound legislation or courageously blocked the path of vicious demagoguery. It is unmistakably to the House that the country has learned to look for legislative leadership.

"The present loss to the nation is correspondingly great. The new House, split almost equally between the two parties, will sorely miss the steady hand and clear head of the late Speaker. Yet it is not to politics that minds turn in the present hour. A true leader of men has passed on. His valiant years are still vivid, his spirit is still alight. May the example of his clear-seeing mind, of his straightforward speech and his unflinching courage long be remembered!"

I have quoted Nick's last official words, "With whatever Providence may decree, I am abundantly satisfied . . ." because the phrase was in complete accord with his life philosophy and also with his favorite Biblical passage from the third chapter of Ecclesiastes: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven, a time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted."

Those who scarcely a month later thronged the roads between "Rookwood," Christ Church and Spring Grove

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seemed mysteriously aware of what he himself had so profoundly felt: that stellar harmony which attunes the spheres and brings minds like his in fuller touch with the Universal Law through the rhythmic sequence of Earth, Times and Seasons.

THE MAKING of NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

By CLARA LONGWORTH
de CHAMBRUN

This book is written by the one person best qualified to tell the story of Nicholas Longworth—his sister, the Comtesse de Chambrun. Her intimate knowledge of his life extended from the time they played together as children under the oaks at Rookwood through his whole career, which culminated in his rise to the second most powerful position in the Government of the United States.

How Nicholas Longworth came to be what he was—not only a political personage of great importance, but also a rare personality who was a delight to his friends—the author tells with insight and charm. He was, in fact, the most distinguished member of a family whose roots struck deep into American soil, and whose pioneer heritage came to full flower in his typical Americanism. The backgrounds from which he sprang, with their origins in the Cincinnati of pioneer days, are given fully; and in creating the human portrait of her brother the author has also re-created a picture of the age in which he lived.

Full value is accorded his political achievement; to the hard work he did through many years, at first in humble political positions, and at last as Speaker when the country came fully to appreciate his remarkable qualities as a statesman. But no less interesting is the author's account of his genius for friendship, and of his other unusual gifts, among them his virtuosity as a violinist.

Here is the first full length biography of one of the most engaging figures in American annals.

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of

NICHOLAS

LONGWORTH

by OLIVER L. LONGWORTH

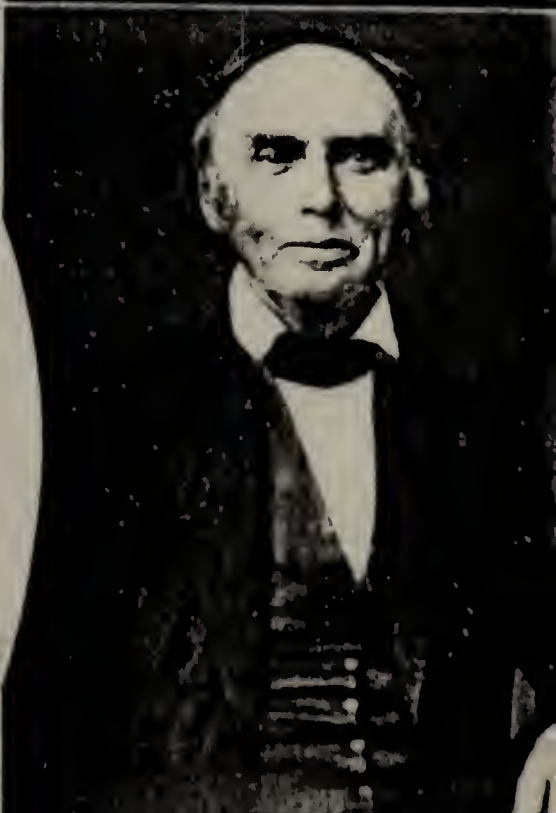
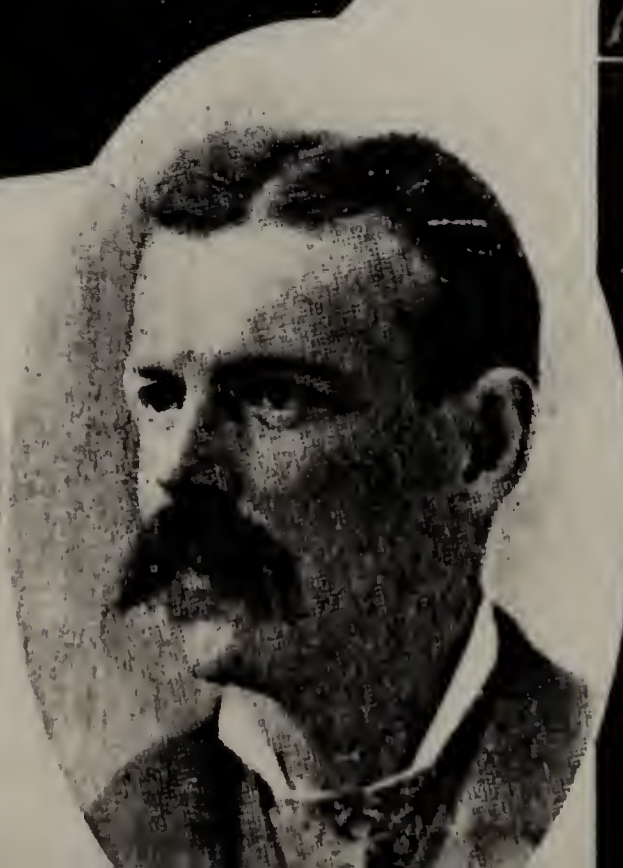
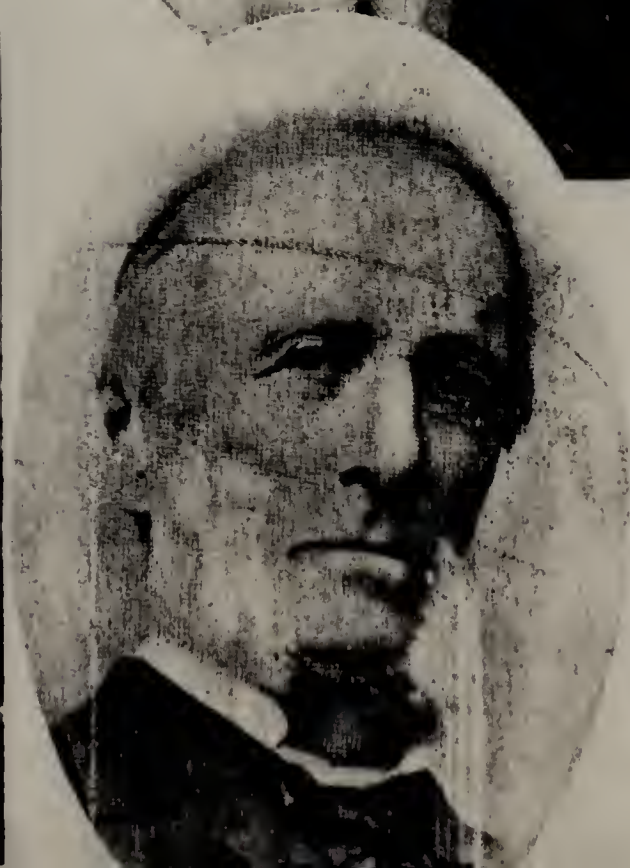
with an introduction by the author

The book is written for the young man who is just beginning to read the history of the United States. It is written in a simple, straightforward manner, and it is written in a way that is easy to read. The author has written this book for the young man who is just beginning to read the history of the United States. It is written in a simple, straightforward manner, and it is written in a way that is easy to read.

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